THE GRAPHIC

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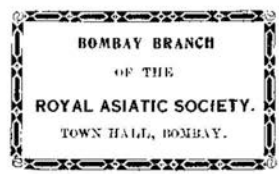

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GRAPHIC

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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF 2 TO 7 YEARS OF AGE.
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In various Colours, with coat Collar, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11. Cap included.
With Sailor Collar, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11, 10/6.
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ROYAL NAVY SUITS
Consisting of Blue Serge Blouse (with Badge on sleeve) and Knickerbockers, Flannel Singlet, Lanyard, & Whistle complete, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11.
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FOR SUMMER WEAR.
Blouse and Knickerbockers, with White Flannel Singlet, Lanyard, and Whistle complete, 5/11, 6/11.
Blouse and Trousers, Singlet, Lanyard, and Whistle complete, 5/11, 10/6.

BOYS' REEFERS
In Blue Nap, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11, 10/6, 12/6. In Blue Serge, 7/11, 8/11, 10/6, 12/6.
BLUE SERGE KNICKERBOCKERS, 2/11, 3/11
BLUE SERGE TROUSERS, 3/11 pair. Large size Illustration, Plain, 4/6, with Badge & Cord, 5/11, 6/11.

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In Jersey and Durable Tweeds, Prettily Braided,
6/11, 7/11, 8/11, 9/11, 10/11.
Without Braid, as Illustration, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11, 9/11.
In Black Diagonal Cloths, 9/11, 10/11, 11/11, 12/11.

BOYS' BROWN VELVET CORD PATIENCE SUITS
Extra Extra Quality, 13/9
KNICKERBOCKERS in Tweeds and Serges, 1/11, 2/11, 3/11 pair.

BOYS' VELVET-PARK SUITS
In Tweeds, 7/11, 8/11, 9/11, 10/11, 11/11, 12/6, 14/6.
In Serges, Blue, Green, and Claret Velvet, 10/11, 11/11, 12/11, 13/11, 14/11, 15/11, 16/6.

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GENTLEMEN'S MORNING COAT AND VEST.
To Measure (Patterns post free).
Morning Coats, to measure, from All Wool Diagonal Cloths, and shades not trimmed, 24/6, 26/6, 28/6, 30/6.
Ditto, Morning Contrast Vest, 12/6, 14/6, 16/6, 18/6.
READY MADE.
Black Diagonal Morning Coat, thoroughly well made, lined, and bound, 19/11, 21/6, 23/6.
Ditto, Morning Coat and Vest, 28/6, 30/6.
Ditto ditto, very superior, 34/6, 36/6, 38/6, 42/6.
Overcoats.
To Measure, Kersey, 42/6, 44/6, 46/6 per pair.
Ready made, 21/6, 23/6, 25/6, 27/6, 29/6, 31/6, 34/6 per pair.

ETON SUITS.
Eton Jacket and Vest, in super Black and Diagonal Cloths, 19/6, 23/6, 24/6.
To Measure, 30/6, 35/6.
The Vests for these Suits are kept in stock or made to order, either open, as illustrated, or closed buttoned up to the neck, as worn at Eton.

CRICKETING SUITS.
Striped Flannel Jackets - Boys', 6/11; Youths', 8/11; Gentlemen's, 9/11.
Cricketing Shirts - Boys', 2/6; Youths', 3/6; Gentlemen's, 4/11.
White Flannel Trousers: Boys', 5/11; Youths', 6/11; Gentlemen's, 6/11, 8/11, 10/6.

YOUTHS' MORNING COAT AND VEST,
In Black Diagonal Cloths, 24/6, 26/6, 28/6.
Tweed Trousers, 4/11, 6/11, 8/11, 10/6 per pair.

YOUTHS' TWEED SUITS
West Moor, Cleth, and Lister, In useful Tweeds, Cheviots, &c. 6/11, 7/11, 8/11, 9/11.
In real West of England Cloths, Scotch Cheviots, &c., 9/11, 10/6, 11/6, 12/6.
In Blue Serges, 10/11, 11/11, 12/6, 13/6.
In Black Diagonal Cloths, 12/11, 14/6, 15/6, 16/6, 18/6.

BOYS' RUGBY SUITS.
Consisting of Jacket, Vest, and Knickers.
In good durable Tweeds, 8/11, 9/11, 10/11, 11/11, 12/11.
In real West of England Cloths, Scotch Cheviots, &c., 13/11, 14/6, 15/6, 16/6.
In All Wool Black Diagonal, 19/11, 21/6, 23/6, 24/6.

GENTLEMEN'S TWEED AND SERGE SUITS.
STYLE OF ILLUSTRATION.
To Measure (Patterns post free).
From Real West of England Tweeds, Scotch and Irish Cheviots, Blue Serges, &c., well made, trimmed, and lined, 34/6, 36/6, 42/6, 45/6, 48/6, 52/6.
READY MADE.
From superior Tweeds, Cheviots, Blue Serges, &c.
28/6, 30/6, 34/6, 36/6, 38/6.
Very Superior do., 39/6, 42/6, 45/6.

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Patterns of Cloth with Prices and Self-Measurement Forms, for Gentlemen's Bespoke Clothing, forwarded post free to any part of the world.

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"IS THE BEST"

AND MOST CONVENIENT FOR DAILY USE.

DISSOLVES INSTANTLY IN HOT, COLD, OR WARM WATER; IS FAR SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS, AS IT LEAVES NO UNPLEASANT SMELL ON THE HANDS OR CLOTHING.

The Queen's Patent for Excellence. Highest Award in the World.

In Quarter, Half, and Pound Packets. Full Directions on each.

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"THE GREAT DIRT EXTRACTER," "EXTRACTS" DIRT IMMEDIATELY. "PERFECTION OF PACKET SOAP."

UNDER HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL PATENT FOR UTILITY.

EXCELLENT FOR WASHING GLASSES, CROCKERY, KITCHEN UTENSILS, &c. MAKES LINEN WHITE AS SNOW, SWEET AS NEW-MOWN HAY.

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SOLD IN SMALL PACKETS WITH FULL DIRECTIONS, READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE IN EVERY HOME FROM THE PALACE TO THE COTTAGE EVERYWHERE. VERY VALUABLE ON SHIPBOARD, IN CAMP, and ON JOURNEY.

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IMPARTS ENAMEL-LIKE GLOSS TO THE STARCH, AND GIVES PERMANENT STIFFNESS, BRIGHTNESS, AND BRILLIANCY TO MUSLIN, LACE, LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, &c.

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IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.—Gosnell v. Durrant—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs, restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from Infringing Messrs. John Gosnell and Co.'s Registered Trade Mark, CHERRY BLOSSOM

THE LEGEND OF MURKI-TAHK

As Told 2000, A.D.

In Murki-Tahk, long years ago, Just after Babel's sad disaster,
Confusion reigned o'er all, and woe Befell that Afric City's Master.
The Potentate upon his Throne, Grew Wild With grief, and shame, and tears to
('Tis needful that the truth We own, Much reason had he for his fears too!)
Sp looking at the woodcut here,
You'll twig that gushing Monarch's silent tear.

The crime of Babel's Wicked thought Was now beginning to be seen, oh!
Dire Was the punishment it brought, And everyone was filled With opleen oh!
For hour by hour things blacker grew, The very people's forms got darker!
How to relieve it no one knew; The same fate seized each Murki-Tahker.
The King indignant, please observe;
Likewise, forsooth, the Courtier's graceful curve.

For years things went on getting worse, And Europeans scoffed and tittered;
No prayers availed to move the curse, Each Afric bore his lot embittered.
But when four thousand years had passed, The reigning Monarch had a notion:
"I've got the tip," he cried, "at last; I'll set the Daily Press in motion."
Behold the aspect of the Kingly face,
So redolent of Beauty and of Grace.

The Premier knew a thing or two (He'd had an English education).
Said he, "That's just the thing to do. Your daughter's hand the compensation."
The King dictated, as his wont, "Who cures our blackness has the prize, oh!"
And as for him Who tries, and don't, He'll have no time for future tries, oh!"
Sp casting to your left your optic,
You'll get a view of life entirely Coptic.

In 1880 odd, A.D., The fame of "Crosfield's Soap" had spread so,
That every other Soap, you see, Before its virtues long had fled. So
When the "Murki" came to hand, And Crosfield read the Proclamation,
He sent some Soap to that far land, And soon had whitened all the nation.
The joy of thus again being clean
In Murki-Tahk is (note the Illustration) seen.

So ends the tale of Murki-Tahk:
It may be true, or not; What matter?
'Twas stated as a fact, or—lark,
Most probably, indeed, the latter.
But this is what the Sailor told,
Who'd landed in that country tropic,
How each one there, both young and old,
Was full of this engrossing topic,
And Murki-Tahk, its virtues still enlargin'
Worships "Perfection Soap"
(as vide Margin).

CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT

SAFE BIND SAFE FIND

CHANCERY LANE (61 & 62) LONDON. W.C.

THE CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT is an Impregnable Stronghold, containing over 5,000 SAFES & STRONG ROOMS for the temporary or permanent use of Private Individuals, Societies, Bankers, Brokers, Merchants, Solicitors, Trustees, and others for the safe keeping of all kinds of IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS and VALUABLES.

GUARDED NIGHT AND DAY.
NIGHT WATCHMEN ARMED.

THE CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT has been constructed regardless of cost, and everything that modern science and skill could devise has been done to ensure its being

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LIGHTED THROUGHOUT BY ELECTRIC LIGHT

Each Renter has a separate Safe or Strong Room, and is possessed of the only key to it in existence, thus insuring perfect

PRIVACY AND SECURITY.

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OF
SAFES,
1 TO 5 GUINEAS.

The Safes are specially adapted for keeping Securities, Deeds, Policies, Bills, Receipts, and all ordinary signed Documents. Bullion, and small valuables

Prospectus and Card of Admission to View, post free on application to the
MANAGER, 61, and 62, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

Renters have the use of Elegant WRITING, READING, TELEPHONE, and WAITING ROOMS, and can have their letters addressed to the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit. A separate Room for Ladies.

Families and others leaving town can deposit their Plate Chests, Cash Boxes, Jewel Cases, Old China, &c., for short or long periods, at a small charge, and need then have no need of Fire, Theft, or Burglary.

ANNUAL RENT
OF
STRONG ROOMS,
8 TO 90 GUINEAS.

The Strong Rooms at the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit form one of its chief features. Since the opening of this Institution every one of the Strong Rooms originally built have been let, hence to supply the demand several hundred more have been constructed.

IN PROPORTION AS MEDICAL SCIENCE advances, and the conditions essential to the maintenance of health and vigour become better understood, the importance is increasingly realised of a pure and wholesome diet, and the adoption of such articles of food and drink as are not only nourishing and appetising, but which, being easy of digestion, are rapidly assimilated.

The growth in the consumption of Cocoa in the United Kingdom is an interesting fact, and proves the increasing appreciation by the public of this article as a beverage. Thus in the year 1820, duty was paid on only 267,000 lbs., whilst in 1886 the quantity was 15,000,000.

This increase in the consumption of Cocoa is no doubt partly due to the perfection to which, in some cases, the manufacture of Cocoa and Chocolate has been brought; and in the preparation of their Pure Concentrated Cocoa, Messrs. Fry have succeeded in producing a light refreshing beverage of most easy digestion and rapid assimilation, and which preserves the fine and delicious aroma and flavour of the freshly-roasted Cocoa.

Many eminent members of the medical profession have expressed a very high opinion of the value of Messrs. Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, as will be seen from a perusal of the accompanying extracts :—

Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D., President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.—"I have formed a high opinion of its dietetic value. I have never tasted Cocoa I like so well. It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak, and I strongly recommend it as a substitute for tea for young persons."

Dr. Nicholas C. Whyte, Coroner for the City of Dublin.—"There are innumerable varieties of Cocoa; but, to my mind, incomparably the best is Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa. I have been using it myself for some time with manifest advantage."

A. T. Masters, L.S.A., R.C.S., Eng.—"I have given your Pure Concentrated Cocoa a fair trial. It is by far the best I have ever taken. It is readily soluble, has a pleasant flavour, and is easily digested. I have recommended it to several of my patients, who are equally pleased with it."

J. P. Hubbard, M.R.C.S.—"I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the great efficacy of your Pure Concentrated Cocoa. I believe it to be the purest, most genuine, and delicious Cocoa that has ever been produced to the public."

E. Bucknill, M.D., M.R.C.S.—"Your Pure Concentrated Cocoa is so extremely nice that I have ordered it for family use, and I shall certainly recommend it to my patients."

W. H. R. Stanley, M.D.—"I consider it a very rich, delicious Cocoa. It is highly concentrated, and therefore economical as a family food. It is the drink *par excellence* for children, and given no trouble in making."

Alfred Crespi, M.D.—"The Concentrated Cocoa is excellent; its flavour, solubility, and wholesomeness leave nothing to be desired. I heartily recommend it."

J. Mackay, M.D.—"I tasted it practically by drinking it. I am a Cocoa drinker myself daily, instead of tea; and I must say your sample is the most Soluble Cocoa I have ever seen, and is extremely pleasant to the taste. I have used pure cocoas manufactured by other firms, but I prefer yours to any of them."

J. Wybrants Olphert, M.D.—"I find it the most agreeable beverage of the kind I have ever tasted, delicious both in flavour and odour, most wholesome, and easy of digestion."

Abraham Kidd, M.D., F.R.C.S., I. and Ed.—"I consider the quality excellent; indeed, I never tasted Cocoa that I like so well, and I can most strongly recommend it, especially in cases where digestion is not good."

Edward Haughton, M.D., B.A.—"It has good flavour, and is free from starch. It is also more soluble than any other specimens of repute."

Geo. Robt. Trewman, M.R.C.S.—"I very much appreciate your Cocoa, and consider the solubility and flavour the acme of perfection."

John Woods Bick, M.D., Master in Surgery.—"I find it a very superior article, much better than anything of the kind I have been in the habit of using, easily soluble, and of an excellent flavour."

Thos. Langston, L.R.C.P.&c.—"Having carefully tested your Cocoa, which is more soluble and delicious in flavour than ordinary Cocoas, and better suited for those to whom tea is often objectionable, I have decided to recommend the use of Fry's Cocoa in preference to all others."

W. Dowson, M.A., M.B.—"I have been greatly impressed by the ease and readiness with which a most agreeable and easily-digestible drink can be made from your Concentrated Cocoa."

Rowland P. Williams, L.R.C.P.—"The sample of your Pure Concentrated Cocoa was really delicious."

William J. Kisby, Medical Officer.—"The specimen of Cocoa is, without doubt, the finest I have ever seen, and I look upon it as of the greatest value for nutritious use, more especially for children, as an article of diet, and I am of opinion Messrs. Fry's stands first in the market for more ready solubility and taste."

AMERICAN MEDICAL OPINIONS

J. G. Belden, M.D.—"They are, in my opinion, the finest preparations of Cocoa manufactured."

J. T. Scott, M.D.—"Decidedly the purest article in the market. Preferable to tea and coffee, and far more healthful."

I. L. Cravcour, M.D.—"I take pleasure in testifying to the superior qualities possessed by it."

Wm. H. Holcombe, M.D.—"They are most agreeable beverages; delicious in flavour and odour, and both wholesome and easy of digestion, making them specially valuable as a dietetic."

C. G. Fellows, M.D.—"They take a place on our 'Diet List' above other preparations we have yet used. I use and prescribe it daily."

The Honourable Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America during the late Civil War, writing to Messrs. Fry's Agents, says :—"The samples of Cocoa which you kindly sent have been received safely, and have been tried by my family, who consider the different preparations of Cocoa unusually delicate and agreeable."

From the "AMERICAN ANALYST."

October 1st, 1886.

Fry's Concentrated Soluble Cocoa is prepared by a new and scientific process, whose chief features are the cleaning of the bean, the separation of the oil, the thorough cooking of the bean, the conversion of starch into soluble starch and dextrine. This ensures great solubility and diffusibility of the finished preparation. It has among other advantages that of remarkable digestibility. The new preparation is assimilated with great rapidity and ease; chemical tests show that the cellulose has been completely removed, and that the amylaceous elements have been modified, so as to be more soluble and digestible. The new article is one which can be recommended to every housekeeper, invalid, or lover of good living.

To those who are curious to know how the articles of diet which are consumed daily in their households are manufactured, the following account of

A VISIT TO MESSRS. FRY'S MANUFACTORY

may prove interesting.

"At Bristol—the cocoa metropolis—an enormous national industry —has been created. Crossing the bridge which spans the floating harbour, a visitor makes his way to Union Street, and stands before lofty factories towering some eighty feet into the air. He enters a well-arranged office, and is forthwith introduced to a maze of floors and rooms constituting premises which have been growing in bulk for more than a century. It was in 1728 that this business was first established in premises which were later found to be too small, and just about 100 years ago the adventure in a local newspaper announced that 'Messrs. Fry's chocolate manufactory has been removed to more commodious premises.' Still more pertinent evidence of the position of the enterprise at that time is afforded by the files of the *Bury and Norwich Post*, for, in the issue for June 6th, 1798, the following paragraph appeared :—

'Since the great improvements of the Steam-Engine, it is astonishing to what a variety of Manufactures this useful machine has been applied; yet it does not a little excite our surprise that one is used for the trifling object of grinding Chocolate; it is, however, a fact, or, at least, we are credibly informed, that Mr. Fry, of Bristol, the maker of the famous Churchman's Chocolate, has, in his new manufactory, which he has lately erected, one of these Engines (improved by Mr. Jones, an ingenious Millwright of that city) for the *sole purpose* of manufacturing Chocolate and Cocoa. Either the consumption far exceeds our ideas; or, which we think much more likely, a very large portion of what is drank in this kingdom must be made by him.'

Four factories, numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, in the order in which they have been built. To these factories come the bags of Cocoa beans, of the shape of unginally thick almonds, from Brazil, Surinam, Grenada, Venezuela, Trinidad, and other of the West Indian Islands, and Ceylon, the last, a new and much-esteemed source of supply. Passing along corridors lined with oblong blocks of Cocoa and Chocolate, I find myself ascending No. 3 factory, till, upon the top and eighth floor, the roasting-room is reached. A large portion of the floor is occupied with bags containing from one to two cwt. of beans, in their raw imported state, but ranged along the sides are at least a score of roomy revolving cylinders hung over coke fires. In these the beans, from which all palpably imperfect specimens have been picked, are carefully roasted, a process upon which very much depends. The nuts are shot into hoppers, and crushed and winnowed in order to remove the thin adhering shell, the crushing reducing the nut itself to the form of the familiar Cocoa-nibs. The clean nuts are then ground to a fine paste of a cream-like consistency, and poured into moulds, from which it emerges in solid blocks of pure Chocolate. To make the famous "Cocoa Extract," this liquid passes through some further important stages. Well-filled canvas bags are placed in metal cylinders with punctured holes, hydraulic pressure is applied to the extent of 1,200lbs. to the square inch, and out comes the Cocoa Butter, when warm, as liquid as salad oil. It possesses the rare quality of never becoming rancid. But to get back to the solid residuum in the cold and pressative embrace of the hydraulic presses. When taken out, the dry mass is broken, ground many times, and sifted with fine sieves, constituting "Cocoa Extract," that celebrated preparation with which Messrs. Fry have for so long supplied Cocoa drinkers. The most scrupulous cleanliness prevails in every stage of its preparation, and it consists, as will be seen, of the finest and most valuable constituents of the bean, deprived of the superfluous richness, but possessing all essential virtues, with an aroma developed by careful selection and accurate judgment. Not content with the triumph achieved in bringing the "Extract" before the market, Messrs. Fry, determined to solve once for all the problem how to secure extreme solubility and absolute adaptability to all digestions, have, after some little research, produced what they term "Pure Concentrated Soluble Cocoa." The already finely ground powder to which I have referred is ground again and again, and passed through sieves with 2,000 holes to the inch, securing perfect fineness. By a new scientific process the finest flavour of carefully blended Cocoas is developed, and the result is an article that medical men of undoubted standing, such as Sir Charles Cameron, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, and Dr. A. H. Hassall, and analysts of high repute, have spoken of in exceedingly laudatory terms. It claims to be the "most perfect form" in which Cocoa can be taken as a beverage, and more than one analyst says it is. For myself, nothing superior to it has, in the form of Cocoa, adorned my table.

Many familiar descriptions become clear as the various processes are unfolded. Here, for instance, are several men busily engaged in preparing the well-known and popular Caracas and Homœopathic cocoas. Suitably selected varieties having been brought to the paste of the blocks I have referred to, are broken up, ground, and carefully mixed with fine sugar and choice flavouring substances, according to the particular description of cocoa in hand. One mixture that has secured no small amount of favour is the Malted Cocoa, a combination of the Extract, Messrs. Allen and Hanbury's Concentrated Extract of Malt. The simplicity of the arrangements is the best guarantee of the perfect purity of the articles used, and of the genuine worth of the preparations.

The way is now clear to refer to what is perhaps the most striking department of the manufactory in the eyes of an uninitiated visitor—the manufacture of chocolate, as it is known to the middle-aged lover of sweetmeats, to the ubiquitous youths pressing so closely on the heels of those of maturer years, and to that army of consumers ever ready to welcome delicious fancy confectionery. Cake chocolate, such has that heralded by the famous Churchman's Chocolate of 1798, consists of the simple mixture of the pure cocoa with finely ground white sugar. On one floor I watched with interest eighty rotary machines at work mixing sugar and pure chocolate. With different varieties of nut to work with, with the multitudinous demands of popular taste, and the resources which capital, scientific knowledge, and business enterprise place at the disposal of large producers, it is clear that the field is almost inimitable. The celebrated Caracas chocolate is made from the best Caracas nuts with other choice varieties, prepared with the most scrupulous care. Especial attention is being attracted just now to the Ceylon chocolate, the nut from this pearl-shaped island of the Indian Sea possessing a delicate flavour decidedly individual.

The fancy confectionery department is more complicated. I will take the well-known "dreams" as typical of more classes than one. The chocolate used for covering these "morsels of delight" is reduced to a thin and workable paste. To prepare the "cream," pure boiled sugar is poured into an open pan, and allowed to cool. It is then efficiently stirred, till it assumes the opaque creamy consistency so much relished. By a means of a machine from the printing-press, hundreds of tiny moulds are "dabbed" out on trays of powdered starch, and into these moulds the sugar, with any flavouring or colouring required, is rapidly poured by dexterous assistants. Hence the tiny globes are taken to the covering-rooms, where scores of young damsels with fairy fingers of thin prepared chocolate perform their part. Here, again, it is only necessary to change the mould and the particular flavouring to produce vastly different forms of sweetmeat. There are sugar-boiling rooms, moulding-rooms, and covering-rooms, apparently without number. Skilled men are kept on the premises, who are constantly designing new and more tempting baits. Take what is called the Tangerine biscuit—the perfection of a sweetmeat. What is it like? Try it. In one or two of the rooms a visitor will be struck with the "dancing" of the trays, which, by their incessant motion, to shake the thin paste well into the moulds, and to produce accuracy of detail. The last process undergone by the vast army of delicious morsels thus manipulated, is that of cooling, carried on in refrigerating cellars, by means of condensed air. On the hottest day in summer snowballs are not uncommon.

What with the "Extract" and the "Concentrated," the prepared Cocoas, the Chocolates, and the fancy confectionery, it is clear there must be some hundreds of packers and fillers, so these dexterous feminine fingers merrily manipulate the sheets of prepared papers, and, as if by magic, pound and full-pound packets, labelled and ready for filling, tumble into capacious baskets. Equally dexterous, and with more precision, are the packers which, in the tin department, roll the bodies of canisters, emboss and shape the lid, and stamp the bottoms—the canisters being cut, lapped, soldered, and finished with wonderful rapidity. In the filling-rooms equal dexterity prevails. The firm has in its employ tinsmiths, carpenters, and fitters—his specially-prepared papers for fancy receptacles, and does no little of the work connected with making and blocking fancy boxes on the premises. As an extensive export trade is done, special rooms are set apart where tin-lined cases, water-tight and air-tight, are prepared. It is interesting to find that an English firm competes so successfully in the fancy department with the French makers, and that the trade with the colonies has extended very much during the past few years. During my visit, special activity was being displayed in fancy preparations, and on all sides delicate cabinets, tiny straw baskets, brightly-tinted boxes, decked with gay satins and resplendent in silken cord, were exposed to view.

The premises are supplied throughout with adequate fire appliances, and each night the fire brigade on the works is well represented. In the more recent factories electric communication exists between all the floors and the engine-room. Every proper arrangement is made for the comfort of the large number of hands employed, and ventilating and sanitary requirements are not by any means minimised."

"VERITAS."

The illustration at the top of the page represents a Cocoa Walk and Drying House, Trinidad.

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Should prove a great boon to hotel proprietors, who, by its use, can improve the appearance of their establishments, and get rid of the dangerous looking views so often visible from the bedrooms.

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White, Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums to Old Age. Over 60 Years in Use. CAUTION.—See that the Signature of JEWSBURY & BROWN is on each Pot.

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Manufactured in Keramic Ware, as supplied to H.R.H. Princess Louise. These Stoves burn any mineral oil, free from smoke or smell, and are fitted with receptacles to burn 18 hours at the rate of 1d. for four hours, a wick lasting three months. Suitable for bedroom, dining & drawing rooms, bed rooms, greenhouses, conservatories, &c. Price in Keramic, glazed Brown or Green,

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Best Refined Oil for stoves, Government test, 6s. 6d. per gallon, in 2s. 6d. tins, 5s. 6d. drums. By the cask, at gallons, carriage paid.

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18-in. Plated, £6. Silver, £7 10s.

Is Black or Brown Cowhide, with Strong Lock and Brass Catches, Removable Centre, fitted complete with Comb, Hair Brush, Clothes and Hat Brushes, Tooth, Nail, and Shaving Brushes, Razor Strop, Paper Knife, Scent Bottle, Jar, Soap Dish, Writing Case, Telegraph Pencil, Pins, Stamps, Match Box, Looking Glass, Two Razors, Scissors, Nail File, and Button Hook. Fitty complete, £6 with Plated Fittings, £5 10s. with Silver Fittings.

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The New Lady's Bag. Removable Centre, Morocco Leather, Fitted complete, Silver Mounts, Ivory Handles. Very Elegant. A small Fitted Bag, Complete, being Brush, Jar, Scent Bottle, Comb, and Nail Brushes, Paper Knife, Glove Stretchers, Comb, Hair Brush, Velvety Brush, Looking Glass, Scissors, Button Hook, Nail File, Knife, Cornsaver

Price £4 15s.

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Is firmly established on the principle of the system for supplying the Public with Watches and Jewellery direct from the Manufactory at

VERY LOWEST WHOLESALE CASH PRICES.

MARVELLOUS VALUE! THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS CONFIRM THIS.—Any goods not approved of to be returned within one week, and the money will be immediately refunded in full.

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A saving of 25 per cent.

Send for our BEAUTIFUL CATALOGUE containing Low prices in Gold and Silver Keyless and Keyless Watches, Clocks, Bracelets, Diamond Rings, Necklets, Lockets, Guards, Albert Chains, Pearl Jewellery, Electro-Plate, Cutlery, Dressing Cases, Despatch Boxes, Envelope Cases, Writing Cases, Work Boxes, Jewel Cases, Purses, Travelling Bags, Portmanteaux, Dressing Bags, Fancy Leather Goods, Table Cutlery, Electro-Plate, Fish Carvers, Tea Trays, Tea Urns, Tea Pots, Coffee Pots, Cruets, Biscuit Boxes, Entree Dishes, Spoons and Forks, Marble Clocks, Bronzes, Ormolu Clocks, Candelabra, Vases, Fenders, Fire Irons, Kitchen Utensils, Copper and Brass Goods, Turnery, Iron Bedsteads, Bedding, Mattresses, Quilts, Blankets, Sheets, Table Linen, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Oilcloths, Mats, Perambulators, Mail Carts, Bassinettes, Cots, Toys, Games, Fishing Tackle, Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Ammunition, Gun Cases, Shooting Accessories, Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Sticks, Portmanteaux, Travelling Bags, Rugs, Waterproofs, Overcoats, Ulsters, Jackets, Trousers, Vests, Hosiery, Braces, Gloves, Ties, Scarves, Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, Dressing Gowns, Smoking Jackets, Fancy Waistcoats, Dress Suits, Frock Coats, Morning Coats, Tweed Suits, Serge Suits, Cricketing Suits, Boating Suits, Flannel Suits, Knickerbocker Suits, Sailor Suits, Boys' Suits, Infants' Outfits, Perfumery, Soaps, Sponges, Brushes, Combs, Toilet Requisites, Pianos, Harmoniums, Musical Boxes, Concertinas, Violins, Violoncellos, Guitars, Banjoes, Harmoniums, Band Instruments, Musical Boxes, Flutes, Concertinas, Melodions, Strings, Sewing Machines, Mangles, Wringers, Washing Machines, Lamps, Chandeliers, Gasaliers, Globes, Shades, Oil, Candles, Stoves, Ranges, Grates

NOBILITY OF LIFE.

WHO BEST CAN SUFFER, BEST CAN DO.—*Milton.*

The Victorian Reign is unparalleled in the History of Great Empires for its Purity, Goodness, and Greatness!!!

WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE TALE OF LIFE?

Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the *Tale* of Life; what sheds the *purest light upon our reason;* what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to *soften the heart* of man and elevate his soul,—I would answer with Lassues, it is

EXPERIENCE.—*Lord Lytton.*

"J. C. ENO— "QUEEN'S HEAD HOTEL, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, *4th June*, 1877.

"SIR,—Will you to-day allow me to present you with this **Testimonial** and **Poem** on your justly celebrated FRUIT SALT? Being the Writer for several first-class London Magazines, and my occupation being a very sedentary one, I came here for a few weeks, in order to see what change of air would do for me, and at the wish of some *personal friends* of mine here, I have taken your FRUIT SALT, and the good results accruing therefrom have been my reason for addressing you.—I am, Sir, Yours truly, A LADY."

As sunshine on fair Nature's face,
Which dearly do we love to trace;
As welcome as the flowers in May,
That bloom around us on our way;
As welcome as the wild bird's song,
Which greets us as we go along;
As welcome as the flower's perfume,
That scents the air in sweet, sweet June,
Is Eno's famous Fruit Salt!

Cool and refreshing as the breeze,
To Headache it gives certain ease:
Biliousness it does assuage,
And cures it both in Youth and Age.
Giddiness it will arrest,
And give both confidence and rest;
Thirst it will at once allay,
And what's the best in every way?
Why, Eno's famous Fruit Salt!

The Appetite it will enforce,
And help the system in its course;
Perhaps you've ate or drank too much,
It will restore like magic touch.
Depression, with its fearful sway,
It drives electric-like away;
And if the Blood is found impure,
What effects a perfect cure?
Why, Eno's famous Fruit Salt!

Free from Danger, free from harm,
It acts like some magician's charm;
At any time a dainty draught,
Which will dispel disease's shaft;
More priceless than the richest gold,
That ever did its wealth unfold;
And all throughout our native land
Should always have at their command
Eno's famous Fruit Salt!

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO"

(A SIMPLE VEGETABLE EXTRACT), *occasionally a desirable adjunct to* ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

As a Laxative, Stomachic, Blood, Brain, Nerve, Bile or Liver Tonic, it will be found invaluable for creating and sustaining a natural action of the **Stomach and Biliary Secretions.**

In a word—ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" is **Mild, Effective,** and **Agreeable,** and **lasting without force** or **strain. Indigestion, Biliousness,** Sick Headache, Gout, Rheumatism, Female Ailments, Head Affections, Nervousness, Sleeplessness from Liver Derangement, Flatulency at the commencement of Coughs and Colds, Blood Poisons and their kindred evils, are prevented and cured by the use of the **VEGETABLE MOTO** and **ENO'S FRUIT SALT.**

DUTY. { Knowest thou yesterday by its aim and reason? / Worksest thou well to-day for worthy things? | Calmly wait to-morrow's hidden season; / Need'st not fear what hap so e'er it brings.

What higher aim can Man attain than conquest over human pain?

A Gouty Rheumatic Condition of the Blood, producing Liver Disturbance, Liver Indigestion, Biliary Derangement, and Persisting Indigestion.

"MR. ENO,—Dear Sir,—I suffered severely for three months, consulted three eminent Medical men, and had three changes of air without any good result; my Liver and Digestive Organs felt as if they had ceased to act; my Stomach was distended with flatulence (wind), so much so that every part of the body was afflicted. My head at night seemed to hear a hundred bells ringing. I was compelled to be propped up in bed; I got very little sleep, for the severe pain under my shoulders and on my left side produced a restlessness not easily described; in a word, prior to using your 'Vegetable Moto' my Nervous System was out of order, rendering life a burden to myself and all near me; I felt there was a very short span between my life and the end of the chapter. Five weeks ago I tried your 'Vegetable Moto.' After three days I was able to take sufficient food to support nature, sleep gradually returned, and my health assumed its usual condition; I continued the 'Moto' five weeks. I can only express my gratitude by saying, make what use you like of this.—Yours, &c., TRUTH. *London*, 1886."

"ASYLUM ROAD, OLD KENT ROAD, S.E., FEB. 7, 1887.

"TO J. C. ENO,—*Sir*,—For several years I was troubled with a severe Dyspeptic, Bronchial disturbance, causing shortness of breath, particularly in the mornings. I took many cough remedies, but they, in fact, only aggravated the irritation in the stomach. At length I tried your 'Vegetable Moto,' and after a few doses found all the bad symptoms leaving me as if by magic; the 'Moto,' by its tonic action, had evidently found the source of the disorder, and I can assert it is the finest remedy I ever had, its effect being so lasting, yet so mild, and if I wish to hasten its action have only to take a small draught of ENO'S FRUIT SALT. An occasional dose of the 'Moto' is all that I now require, but I would not be without a supply of it on any consideration.—I am, Sir, Yours faithfully, VERITAS."

A GENTLEMAN writes: "The 'Moto' are of great value. I have suffered from Biliousness, &c., for upwards of forty years; I have taken ENO'S FRUIT SALT for upwards of twelve years, the 'Moto' about two; I have never known them fail. There is nothing drastic or any discomfort in using them.—N. Y. Z., 1887."

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have taken many antidotes during my life to cause an action on the bowels, but the general effect of your 'Vegetable Moto' is happier in more ways than one; I find them gentle and corrective in their action, and in some mysterious way helpful alike to the stomach and liver. I like to have them always at hand.—Yours, N. B. C., Strand, W.C., September 13th, 1886."

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ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E.

SAVES LABOUR AND PROLONGS LIFE.

PROMOTES CLEANLINESS AND SECURES HEALTH

SPARES TIME AND INSURES LEISURE

CAUSES BRIGHTNESS AND DISPELS GLOOM.

4d. A LARGE BAR.

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MONKEY BRAND

MARY.—"Well, I declare if dear old Jocko isn't admiring himself in the Frying Pan which I have just cleaned with BROOKE'S SOAP."

TEACHES ECONOMY AND AVOIDS WASTE

LESSENS WORK AND SAVES WAGES

CREATES SPEED AND MAKES COMFORT

MAKES DRUDGERY A PLEASURE.

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COPPER LIKE GOLD. | CROCKERY LIKE MARBLE | BRASS LIKE MIRRORS. | SPOTLESS EARTHENWARE | WHITE MARBLE

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ELEGANCE! COMFORT!! DURABILITY!!!

BROWN'S PATENT "Dermathistic" CORSET

BONES, BUSKS AND SIDE STEELS PROTECTED BY LEATHER.

"The actual wearing out of such a Corset as this becomes an absolute impossibility."—LADY'S PICTORIAL.

Ladies who indulge in such healthful and exhilarating exercises as Rowing, Riding, Driving, Lawn Tennis, &c., will find the "Dermathistic" invaluable, the leather facing being a sure preventive against Bones, Busks, and Steels breaking, while it renders the Corset most delightfully pliable to the figure during the most active or violent exertions, while at the same time retaining its original perfect shape, thus making it the greatest Wear, Comfort, and Durability the Most Useful Corset ever invented.

From Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters throughout the Kingdom.

5s. 11D. per pair. ALL COLOURS. Beware of Worthless Imitations.

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THE TWO MOST COMFORTABLE BRACES WORN.

PATENT SPIRAL SPRINGS. ELASTIC WITHOUT INDIA-RUBBER.

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For the Healthful Rearing of Hand-fed Children and the Preservation of Infant Life.

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FOOD IS THE BEST.

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As we patented No. 98 HAMMOCK CARRIAGE is a totally new conception, novel design, and we—not in its wake, combining all the requisites of a child's carriage. It has one long, powerful steel spring, which has a handle at each end, can be propelled from either handle, and reverses the position of body to head, from these handles by means of four buckled leather suspenders, which permit the carriage to vibrate and oscillate to any irregularity of the road, affording ease and comfort to the occupants; the wheels will always run straight, be level, and not go down sideways, nothing to get out of order. A very light, graceful, comfortable, and easy riding carriage; delicate in appearance, but strong as any. Orders by post. May be bought in any town in the three kingdoms.

SIMPSON, FAWCETT, AND CO., Leeds, Manufacturers of every description of Basketware. Wonderette, also of the PATENT ROYAL MAIL CART for children, will give the address of the nearest agent from whom the goods may be procured.

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Sample Box of all kinds, by post, 1s. 1d. 2,187 new papers recommend them.—See THE GRAPHIC.

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IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS, hemmed by hand:—Per dozen—Children's, 1S. 2D.; Ladies', 2S. 4½D.; Gentlemen's, 3S. 9D. Hem-stitched: Ladies', 2S. 11½D.; Gents', 4S. 11D. Samples post free.—ROBINSON and CLEAVER, BELFAST.

IRISH LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS.—Collars—Ladies' and Children's, 2S. 6D. per dozen; Gentlemen's, 4S. 11D. to 5S. 11D. per dozen. Cuffs for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, 5S. 11D. to 10S. 9D. per dozen. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, and Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—*Court Circular.* Samples post free.—ROBINSON and CLEAVER, BELFAST.

18-CARAT GOLD CHAINS, AND JEWELLERY.

£10.

In return for a £10 Note, free and safe by post, one of SIR JOHN BENNETT'S LADIES' WATCHES.

Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship. With KEYLESS ACTION. Air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight.

£15.

In return for Post Office Order, free and safe by post, one of SIR JOHN BENNETT'S GENTLEMEN'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES.

Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship. With KEYLESS ACTION. Air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight.

NO MORE WATCH KEYS. SIR JOHN BENNETT offers his choice and valuable Stock of GOLD AND SILVER KEY WATCHES, at 20 PER CENT. REDUCTION, as he intends to keep none but Keyless Watches. 65, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

SIR JOHN BENNETT'S LAST PRODUCTION in WATCH WORK. For FIVE POUNDS a FINE KEYLESS LEVER WATCH, with Chronometer Balance, and jewelled in 13 actions, in strong silver case. The cheapest watch ever produced, air, damp, and dust-tight. Free and safe per post for Five Pounds, at SIR JOHN BENNETT'S, 65, CHEAPSIDE, London.

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£25. THE "SIR JOHN," A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS ¼-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in 13 actions. In massive 18-carat case, with monogram richly emblazoned. Free and safe per post. SIR JOHN BENNETT, 65, CHEAPSIDE, London.

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£20 LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS. Elegant and accurate.
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20-GUINEA GOLD HALF-CHRONOMETER, for all climates.

£25 MEDICAL and SCIENTIFIC CENTRE SECONDS.
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£25 HALL CLOCK, to chime on 8 Bells. In oak or mahogany With Bracket and Shield, 3 guineas extra.
SILVER WATCHES FROM £2 2S.
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THE JUBILEE TOY.

The celebrated "ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BOXES" well deserve the above title, as during this year of general rejoicing they were especially well received, which may be taken as the best proof that the public are more and more realising the great importance of providing for their children a toy that combines **both amusement and instruction.**

The "**Anchor Stone Building Boxes**" have found their way into the nurseries of the Royalty, the nobility, and into humble cottages, everywhere highly approved and appreciated.

The "ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BOXES" are kept throughout the kingdom, by Toydealers, Booksellers, Stationers, Educational Depots, &c., and are sold at from 1s. 3d. upwards to 63s. per box. Everybox contains a number of bricks, made of real stone, in various shapes and in three natural colours, and a book of artistically executed designs accompanies the box. By the ingenious "Supplement System" any box, even the smallest, may gradually and systematically be enlarged to the most expensive one.

With each successive supplement box a book of entirely new and more complicated designs is given, so that the interest of the child is continually encouraged. Further scope in building is afforded to children by the *Second* book of designs now published; these books contain again perfectly different and more advanced designs than those given with the boxes.

The "**Anchor Stone Building Boxes**" can always be kept complete, the various stones of 277 shapes and sizes may be obtained singly or in any quantity. The illustrated list of "Loose Stones" will be forwarded on receipt of a penny stamp.

Particulars about the "ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BOXES" are contained in the illustrated price list, which upon application to the London Depot will be forwarded gratis. Owing to the correctness of the bricks and the artistic execution of the building designs, the larger boxes are frequently bought by elderly ladies and gentlemen, or invalids, who are confined to their residences. They are also well recommended for school prizes.

The illustration represented herewith is a castle, which was exhibited in the late **Antwerp Exhibition**, and is built with the "Anchor Stone Building Bricks," thus showing that the material consists of correctly proportioned miniature building stones of practical shapes with which even the most elaborate buildings can be erected.

CAUTION.—When purchasing beware of imitations, most of which are manufactured of spuck-bone—no investions to boabbs. The genuine "Anchor Stone Building Boxes" bear the trade marks, "**Anchor**" and "**Squirrel**," without which none are genuine.

F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF THE

"ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BOXES"

1, RAILWAY PLACE, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

And at **New York, Rudolstadt, Thuringia, Vienna, Rotterdam, Prague, Leipsic, Nuremberg, Olten (Switzerland).**

Independent of the highly favourable remarks on our Stone Building Boxes which have recently appeared in the *Illustrated London News* (March 5th), *Walton's Ladies' Journal* (April 1st), *Truth* (Feb. 25th), *Municipal Review* (Feb. 5th), &c., &c., we are receiving numerous testimonials from Ladies, Gentlemen, and from the Clergy, Teachers, and others interested in the education and useful occupation of children, a few of which we take the liberty of bringing herewith before the public:—

The Rev. THEODORE JOHNSON, Diocesan Inspector of Schools, author of "The Clergyman's Ready Reference," "The Parish Guide," and many other works, writes:—"I remember your toy to be the best of the age, for it possesses properties combined with *Amusement* in both old and young. I shall constantly recommend it to the clergy and teachers of our schools during my rounds of inspection, as I consider it a public duty to make known such an excellent toy to all engaged in education."

The Rev. EDWARD H. SANKEY, M.A., Vicar of Wragby, Wakefield, writes:—"I have pleasure in saying that I believe Richter's Anchor Stone Building Bricks to be a most useful toy. I have purchased two boxes for my children, and find they are one of the utmost service to him during convalescence after a dangerous illness. I purchased two supplementary boxes last Christmas, and I have a complete set. I consider that the toy not only affords recreation, but has also an educational value, for a child who will construct one of the larger designs must exercise thought, care and exactness. I am also much pleased with the amount of genius and thought that must evidently have been expended in the manufacture of these bricks, as regards the shape of the bricks, their make and the ingenuity with which one box is made to supplement another, are evidently the result of careful study and experience. I have ordered a local toy dealer to keep a stock of building boxes, and he tells me that he finds a good sale for them."

Mr. W. FOSTER, Head Master of the Mexsham Board School, writes:—"We have used your Anchor Building Stones in our infant school for some time, and I am pleased to say they are unequalled for *Infant Education*. As an aid to observation and methodical arrangement these stones have an advantage of the highest order for educational purposes. Our little ones look forward with keen interest to their building lessons. With the *Supplementary Box* just received I find that larger and more complicated buildings—requiring the connection of both hands—can be erected when the difficulties of the earlier stages are overcome. This arrangement is calculated to sustain the interest in these stones for a very long time, and, indeed, raises them far beyond the scope of ordinary toys."

The Rev. GEO. R. S. WATSON, M.A., B.D., Canon Missioner, Norwich, N.B.—"I write to thank you for your prompt response to my statement to the excellence of your Stone Building Bricks. I am glad for themselves whenever they are adopted. I think can be no doubt that they would be of immense value in Kindergarten, on account of the training which is universally involved in their use, as the boy-mason invariably finds his own plans grow in power, so boy-he must grow out of the distinctive temptation to be mischievous. I am sure that the use of your bricks would be more useful than your goods, with reasonableness in the bricks. They would be a great gain as a help to home and school use as well as a great interest at once to the wearied mother and the invariable teacher. They should be an instrument of education in the training of our children."

WOOD'S

ACHROMATIC BINOCULAR GLASSES.

As supplied to the

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS,

THE MERSEY DOCKS & HARBOUR BOARD,

THE MILITARY, &c., &c.

THE NEW **PRICE LIST** IS SENT BY RETURN POST ON APPLICATION.

20, LORD STREET,

LIVERPOOL.

The "TOURIST," 4 in. high (closed), 40s.; the "UNIVERSAL," 70s.; the "MILITARY STAFF," 4½ in. high, 90s.

THE ROYAL NAVY BLUE

AND OTHER FASHIONABLE COLOURS. NEW SEASON'S PATTERNS FREE.

By Special **SPEARMAN'S SERGES** Royal Appointment.

AND PURE WOOL DRESS FABRICS FOR LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

According to the *Queen* "without a rival." For Ladies' Dresses, 10, 6d. to 42, 6d. the yard.

For Gentlemen, double width, 42, 1yd. to 70, 6d. yard. For Children, especially strong, 10, 3d. to 21, yard.

NAVY BLUES AND BLACKS ARE FAST DYES, ANY LENGTH CUT.

CARRIAGE PAID TO PRINCIPAL STATIONS. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. OUR ONLY ADDRESS IS

SPEARMAN & SPEARMAN, PLYMOUTH.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—I will send you most free for 21 stamps (worth 1s.) my CAMPILON HAIR RESTORER, "Simply applied, harmless, and for Strengthening Weak Hair, and producing any Shade desired. No an more Grey Hair or Whiskers."

JOHN G. SMITH, F.M. EAGLE CLIFF, MOSELEY, WARWICKSHIRE.

HALF MARKED SILVER BRIAR PIPES, beautifully engraved or plain, in Leather-covered Case. Free by Parcel post for 4s. 6d.—A. W. ABRAHAMS, 22, Edgbaston Street, Birmingham. Wholesale Manufacturer of Fancy Goods. Illustrated Catalogue Free.

HAIRDESTROYER for superfluous hair. Has not the bad effect of depilatories or razors. Sample by post, 2s. 6d. Ladies' Hair Work a Specialité.—ALEZ ROSS, 21, Leadenhall Street, London.

Every Householder should read this Advertisement.

LEGGOTT'S PATENT

HEAT INDICATOR

For Domestic Ovens.

This very little Self-registering Instrument is simplicity itself, and can be applied to the door of any Oven already in use in a few minutes, so as to place it within the means of every householder.

It does away entirely with the guesswork, and tells the Oven only the Degree of the Indicator is seen. The enamel has a warm tone. It is engraved "Cold," "Warm," "Meat," "Bread," and "Pastry," and with a series of numbers to register the degrees of heat from 250° to 500° Fah. Thereby nothing to get out of order or to require management. On the contrary, it is a real deterrence to the experienced cook, and an invaluable help and instructor to the inexperienced.

How to ascertain the heat of the Oven, without allowing much of it to escape by opening the door, has been the crux of every cook in every age. A glance at the Indicator will show whether the temperature of the Oven is suited to the purpose for which it is in use, and what alteration is required when it is not so.

Any improper lowering of temperature can at once be detected, and it is computed to save, at, per cent. of heat, and fuel in proportion to the stain thus avoided. A Full Particulars, Illustrations, and Testimonials of LEGGOTT'S PATENT INDICATOR that it enables the Mistress of the house, without confusion or bustle, to ascertain for herself whether the Oven is at the desired heat.

Uncertainty of results, caused by bad cooking do not end with waste of money, and the mortification or disappointment of the moment, but lasting injury is often caused to the human system by the consumption of ill-cooked or insufficiently cooked food.

Price 10s. 6d., by post 1s. extra.

Any Village smith can fix it to ten minutes.

Testimonial from JOHN JOBSON, Esq., J.P. Derby, February 15, 1887.

Gentlemen,

In reply to your enquiry, the "Heat Indicator" that you have supplied me with has been at work for some months, attached to an oven door in the kitchen of my house, and gives every satisfaction. My cook, who would not now like to be without it.

Yours respectfully,

J. JOBSON.

Messrs. W. & R. Leggott, Bradford.

Testimonial from WM. M. GRAY, Esq. Sutton Lodge, Bradford, February 15, 1887.

Gentlemen,

I have had your oven "Heat Indicator" fixed at my house about two months. I consider it most useful and satisfactory, it fully answers the purpose for which it is designed.

Yours truly,

WM. M. GRAY.

Messrs. W. & R. Leggott, Bradford.

W. & R. LEGGOTT,

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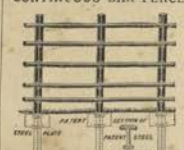

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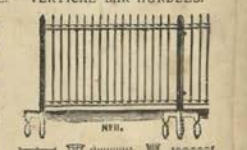

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This Food should be tried wherever other nourishment has not proved entirely satisfactory. It is already Cooked—Requires neither boiling nor straining—Is made in a minute.

Allen & Hanburys' Infants' Food

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"We shall, after being at Death's door for weeks from exhaustion, consequent upon severe diarrhœa, and inability to retain any form of Infants' Food or Milk, begin to improve immediately by your most excellent preparation, and I have never seen an infant gain in weight so rapidly as he has done."—H. E. TAYLEURE, F.R.C.S., M.R.C.P.

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Aromatic, Clove, Strawberry, Raspberry, Pineapple, Sarsaparilla, Jargonelle, Peppermint.

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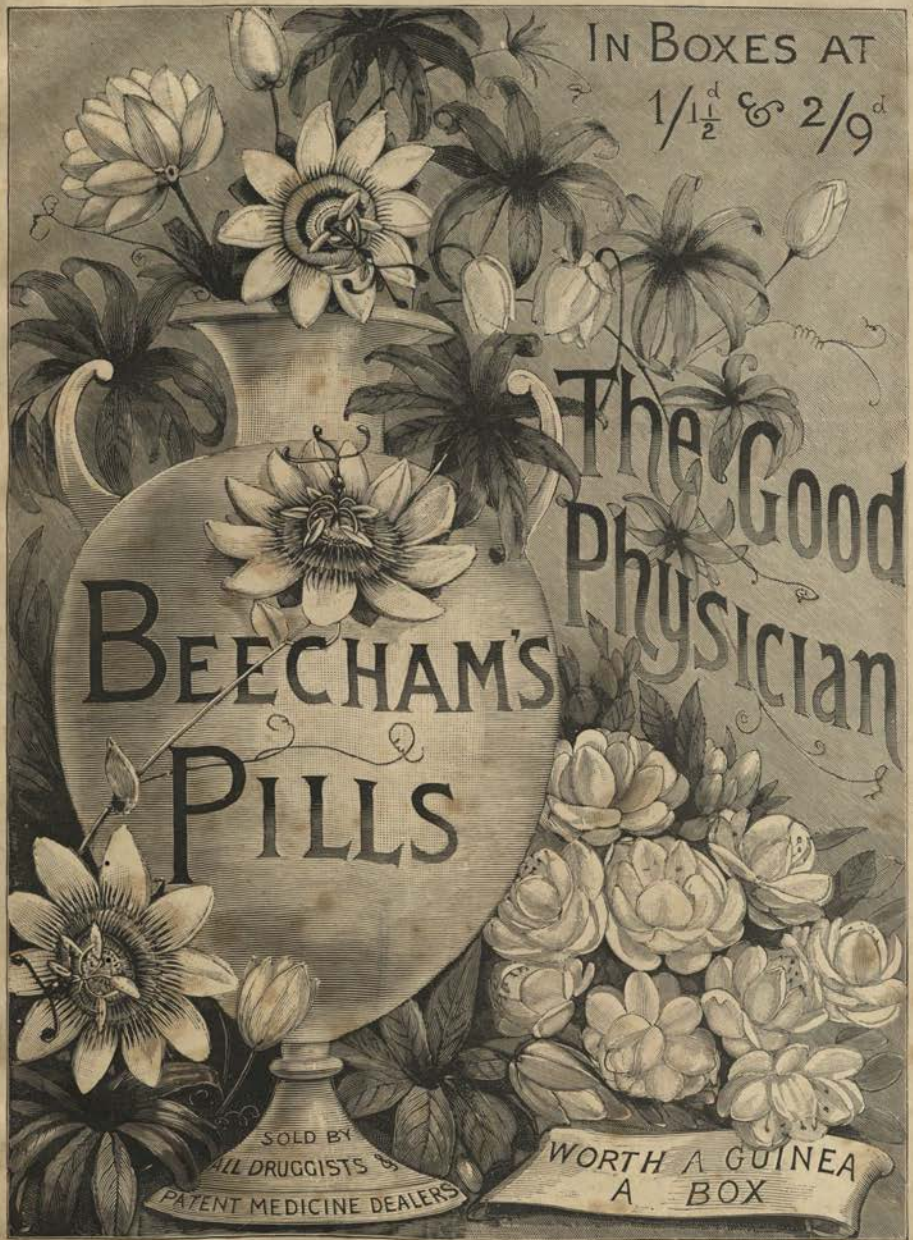

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I have found it matchless for the hands and complexion.

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For preserving the Complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the finest Soap in the world.

M. Fortescue

London: Printed and Published for the Proprietors by Edward Joseph Mansfield, at 190, Strand, June 20, 1887

For Fifty Years Our Queen

Victoria R.I.

"THE ENGLISH LOVE A QUEEN."

FIFTY YEARS AGO; OR, THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION

By Walter Besant

I.

GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, AND THE COLONIES.

I PROPOSE TO SET BEFORE THE READERS OF *The Graphic* a picture of the country as it was when Queen Victoria first saw the Queen's Accession the Throne. Not a picture. It will be a picture of a thing so small, so dry that I am afraid that a young man can hardly understand it. I, who am a lawyer, have no power to picture, and who so helpless heard the name of the Queen—or can be trained this time, become so many years, and therefore in the manner of the middle class, ignorant of habits which were out of fashion in London Society in the country town, and formed part of my own early experience.

In the year 1837—I shall repeat this remark several times, because I wish to impress the fact upon every reader's mind—in the small particulars in the eighteenth century. As yet the country was not touched by that Aladdin's lamp which is now rising all over it with new ideas. Each was still held in the ancient reverence. Religion was still that of the eighteenth century church; the rights of labour were not yet recognised; there were no trades' unions; there were no railways to speak of; nobody travelled except by the roads; without roads country was unknown to the people; the majority of country folk could not read or write; the

ARRIVAL OF THE CORONATION NUMBER OF "THE SUN"—ONE PAPER, AND ONE MAN WHO CAN READ IT IN THE TOWN

good old doctrines of Father Stick and his children, Cat-o'-Nine-Tails, Rope's End, Stump, Birch, Fetule, and Cane, was wholesomely maintained by landlords, manufacturers, and employers of all kinds. All were the pleasant days when Jack Ketch and the Blue Ribbon was unheard of. There were still some fiery spirits in whose breasts lingered the ideas of the French Revolution, and the Chartists were already beginning to run their course. Beneath the surface there was discontent, which was not to be suppressed. But Freedom of speech was limited, and if the foreign People had agitated to hold a meeting in Trafalgar Square, that meeting would have been dispersed in a very swift and surprising manner. The Reform Bill had been passed, but it had not produced its effect. Elections were carried by open bribery; the Civil Service was full of great men's nominees; the Church was devoured by pluralists; there were no competitive examinations; the perpetual pensions were many and fat; and for the younger sons and their family the State was a happy hunting-ground of honours. How men contrived to live and to be respected in this state of things one knows not. But really, I think it made very little apparent difference to their happiness that the country was crammed full of sinecures, that the Church was a close corporation, that the Civil Service stood to expose and flounder.

This is to be a chapter of figures. Figures mean very little unless they can be used for purposes of comparison. When, for instance, one reads that in the year 1831 the population of Great Britain was 16,539,318, the fact has little significance except when compared with the Census of 1881, which shows that the population of the country had increased in fifty years from sixteen millions to thirty-four millions. And, for the purpose of comparison, it is not necessary to worry over this fact until it has been ascertained how the conditions of food and clothing have changed for better or for worse, and whether the outlook for the future is, in the next fifty years, likely to become thirty-six, or thirty-four millions, or perhaps only thirty-two millions. And, for the purpose of comparison, it is not necessary to worry over this fact until it has been ascertained how the conditions of food and clothing have changed for better or for worse, and whether the outlook for the future is, in the next fifty years, likely to become thirty-six, or thirty-four millions, or perhaps only thirty-two millions. And, for the purpose of comparison, it is not necessary to worry over this fact until it has been ascertained how the conditions of food and clothing have changed for better or for worse, and whether the outlook for the future is, in the next fifty years, likely to become thirty-six, or thirty-four millions, or perhaps only thirty-two millions.

LIFEGUARDS, 1837

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The Army and Navy together in 1831 contained no more than 227,047 men, or half their present number. But then the proportion of the English military strength to the French was much nearer on an equality. The relief of the poor in 1831 absorbed £6,736,553; but this sum in 1841 had dropped to £4,976,466; the saving of two millions being due to the new Poor Law. The stream of emigration had hardly yet begun to flow. Witness the following figures:—

The number of emigrants in 1830 was		1835	57,418
"	"	1836	76,224
"	"	1837	109,689
"	"	1838	34,439
"	"	1839	57,975
"	"	1840	90,743
"	"	1841	118,592
"	"	1842	128,307
"	"	1843	57,064
"	"	1844	70,013
"	"	1845	93,455
"	"	1846	129,851
"	"	1847	258,037
"	"	1848	248,089
"	"	1849	299,626
"	"	1850	280,849
"	"	1851	335,000

It was not until 1842 that the great flow of emigrants began in the direction of New Zealand and Australia. The emigrants of 1837 went chiefly to Canada, and to the United States were proportionately unaffected by the rush from the old countries.

The population of the great towns has for the most part doubled itself in the last fifty years. London has then a million and a half; Liverpool, 200,000; Manchester, 250,000; Glasgow, 230,000; Birmingham, 150,000; Leeds, 140,000; and Bristol, 120,000.

Penal settlements were still flourishing. Between 1825 and 1840, when they were suppressed, 18,712 convicts were sent out to Sydney. As regards travelling, the fastest rate along the high roads was ten miles an hour. There were 54 four-horse mail coaches in England, and 49 two-horse mails. In Ireland there were 30 four-horse coaches, and 10 in Scotland. There were 3,026 stage coaches in the country, of which 1,507 started from London.

There were already 668 British steamers afloat, though the penny steamboat did not as yet ply upon the river. Heavy goods travelled by the canals and navigable rivers, of which there were 4,000 in Great Britain; the hackney coach, with its pair of horses, lumbered slowly along the street; the cabriolet was the light vehicle for rapid conveyance, but it was not popular; the omnibus had only recently been introduced by Mr. Shillibeer; and there were no hansom cabs. There was a Twopenny Post in London, but no Penny Post as yet. There was no Book Post, no Parcel Post, no London Parcels Delivery Company. If you wanted to send a parcel to anywhere in the country you consulted it to the guard of the coach; if to a town in which there were street messengers and the "cads" about the stage-coach stations; there were no telegraphs, no telephones, no communicators.

GENERAL POSTMAN

Fifty years ago the great railways were all begun, but not one of them was completed. A map published in the *Athenæum* of January 23rd, 1836, shows the state of the railways at that date. The line between Liverpool and Manchester was opened in September, 1830. In 1836 it was carrying 450,000 passengers in the year, and paying a dividend of 9 per cent. The line between Carlisle and Newcastle was very nearly completed; that between Leeds and Selby was opened in 1834; there were many short lines in the coal and mining districts, and little bits of the great lines were already completed. The London and Greenwich line was begun in 1834 and opened in 1837. There were in progress the London and Birmingham, the Birmingham, Stafford, and Warrington, the Great Western as far as Bath and Bristol, and the London and Southampton passing through Basingstoke. It is amazing to think that Portsmouth, the chief naval port and place of embarkation for troops, was left out altogether. There were also a great many lines projected, which afterwards settled down into the present great Trunk lines. As they were projected in 1836, instead of Great Northern, North Western, and Great Eastern, we should have had one line passing through Saffron Walden, Cambridge, Peterborough, Lincoln, York, Appleby, and Carlisle, with another from London to Colchester, Ipswich, Norwich, and Yarmouth; there was also a line projected from the G.W.R. line from Bristol to Exeter, and three or four projected lines to Brighton and Dover. The writer of the article on the subject in the *Athenæum* considers that when these lines are completed, letters and passengers will be conveyed from London to Liverpool in ten hours. "Little attension," he says, "has yet been given to calculate the effects which must result from the establishment throughout the kingdom of great lines of intercourse 'traversed at a speed of twenty miles an hour.' Unfortunately he had no confidence in himself as a prophet, or we might have had some eminent and interesting forecasts.

As regards the extent of the British Empire there has been a very little contraction and an enormous extension. We have given up the twelve Ionian Islands to gratify the sentiment of Mr. Gladstone, and we have acquired Cyprus, which may perhaps prove of use. We have taken possession of Aden at the mouth of the Red Sea. In Hindostan, which in 1837 was still partially ruled by a number of native princes, the Bagelcund, Scindiah, Nagpore, Jeypore, Oudwhole of Burma, are now British Burmah; the little island of Hong Kong, which hardly appears in Arrowsmith's Atlas of 1840, is now a stronghold of the British Empire. Borneo, then wholly unknown, now belongs partially to us; New Guinea is partly ours; Fiji is ours. For the greatest change of all, however, we must look at the regions of Australia and New Zealand. In the former even the coast had not been completely surveyed; Melbourne was as yet but a little animportant town midway Between Melbourne and Hobart Town there was not a single village, settlement, or plantation. It was not until the year 1851, only three years after that Port Phillip was separated from New South Wales, and created an independent colony under the name of Victoria; and for a few years it was a very lively and noisy colony indeed.

In New South Wales, the population of which was about 150,000, convicts were still sent out. In the year 1840, when the transportation ceased, 21,000 convicts were assigned to private service. There were in Sydney many men, respectable men, who had once been convicts. Wealthy squatters were also found, all of whose fortunes dated from that generation by those on the one side whose antecedents were honourable and those on the other who had "served their time." Tasmania was also still a penal colony, and a most unhealthy place where the convicts did not do well as in New South Wales.

Queensland as a separate colony was not yet in existence, though Brisbane had been begun; tropical Australia was mostly unsettled; Western Australia was, what it still is, a poor and thinly-settled country.

The map of New Zealand—it was not important enough to have a map all to itself—shows the coast-line imperfectly surveyed, and not a single town or English settlement upon it. Fifty years ago that great colony was not yet even founded. The first settlement was made in 1840, when a colonist had at Port Nicholson, in Cook Strait, was bought from the natives for the first party of settlers sent out by the recently-established New Zealand Company.

In North America the whole of the North-West territory, including Manitoba, Muskoka, British Columbia, and Vancouver's Island was left to Indians, trappers, buffaloes, bears, and rattlesnakes. South Africa, along the Cape Colony and Natal, was in the hands of the Cape Face States, the Transvaal, Bechuanaland, Griqualand, and Zululand are all part of the great undiscovered continent. Considering that all these lands have now been opened up and settled, so that where was formerly a hundred square miles of forest and prairie there is now the same area covered with populous towns and farms, it will be understood that the British Empire has been increased not only in area, but in wealth, strength, and resources to an extent which would have been considered incredible fifty years ago. It is in fact just the difference between a few settlers in the forest and owning a cultivated farm. The British Empire in 1837 contained millions of square miles of barren heath and wild forest, which are now settled land and smiling plantations. It boasted of just enough people, chiefly a single European city of them, which are now filled with English towns. In 1837 prophets foretold the speedy downfall of an Empire which could no longer defend her vast territories. These territories can now defend themselves. For they boast an army of full-grown men, and the longer the day of battle is put off the better it will be for England, and the greater will be her might. The country on that way, these men, scattered over the whole of the British Empire, fifty millions of people speaking the Anglo-Saxon tongue. In fifty years' time there may be one hundred millions in Great Britain, Ireland, Australia, Africa, Asia, New Zealand, and the Islands, and other two hundred millions in the States. If the English-speaking races should decide to form a great Confederacy, no other Powers on the earth combined will not be able to do them any injury. Perhaps after this few we shall be allowed to be the most gone on the world. If so, there is joy in store for the British: if not, we will be ready for the worst.

Next to the extension and development of the Empire comes the opening up of new countries. We have enough since the year 1837 the third part of Africa from darkness; we have found the sources of the Nile; we have traced the great river Congo from its mouth to its mouth; we have explored the whole of South Africa; we have rediscovered the great African lakes which were known to the Jesuits in the seventeenth century; in Australia we have crossed and recrossed the Continent; the whole of North America has been form sea to sea; Red Indians, which is now settled in every part.

If the progress of Great Britain has been great, that of the United States has been amazing. Along the Pacific shore, where nine-fifty years ago and rock and snow, where forests the vigorous Mexicans and the Red Indians, there are now great towns and American States now flourish. Arkansas and Missouri were frontier Western States; Michigan was almost without settlers; Chicago was a little place otherwise called Fort Dearborn; Texas was a province of Mexico, and was peopled by negroes, and a few descendants of Germans, Dutch, and Swedes, chiefly of pure British descent. As yet there were in America few Irish, Germans (except in Pennsylvania), Norwegians, or Italians. Yet the Irish were much more numerous than now, and had little friendly feeling towards the Mother Country, and toward the kindly sentiment which has grown up of late years as they were quite out of touch with us strangers to us, and not speaking our tongue, nearly one hundred and seventy by the Irish.

As soon as the Battle of Waterloo was fairly fought and Napoleon put away at St. Helena, the Continental pensioners, historians, political students, and journalists all began with one accord to observe the approaching downfall of Great Britain. Some were affected to deplore and others regarded with complacency. Everything conspired, it was evident, not only to bring about this decline but also to accelerate it. The parallel of Carthage—England has always been set up as at the second Carthage—was fairly exhausted, especially when the resources which the Americans would have to play the part of Rome. It was pointed out that there was the dreadful dead weight of Ireland, with its incurable poverty and discontent; the approaching decay of trade which could be only in the nature of things known to the Empire; the fact that in the years the enormous weight of the National Debt; the ruined manufactures; the wasteful expenditure of the Government in every branch; the corrupting influence of the Poor Laws; the decay of slavery; the restriction of the Corn Laws; the decay of the Church; the narrowness and prejudice of the Universities; the ignorance of the people; their drinking habits; the exercise of the Empire. These causes, together with discontent, sedition, republicanism, atheism—in fact all the disagreeable things which doubt whatever England has enjoyed. Europe, in fact, not yet recovered from the extraordinary spectacle of Great Britain a long duel with France, and its successful termination, prophesied what they partly hoped on account and jealousy, and partly feared from self-interest. Therefore the politicians and publicists were always looking at this country, writing about it, watching it, visiting it. Not there could be no doubt: none of these changes and dangers could be denied: the future were evident with excessive peculiarity plainly stalked through the country in the streets were filled with ruined women; the streets were crammed with drunken men; the children were growing up in ignorance and neglect inconceivable; what could come of all this but

LONDON STREET CHARACTERS, 1837
From a drawing by John Leech

TELLER

A PARISH BEADLE
From a drawing by Thomas Shotter Boys in the possession of Charles Dickens, junior

LIBERTAS

...ible? Even—and this was the most wonderful and incredible thing to those who do not understand how long a Briton will go on enduring wrongs and suffering inequalities—the very House of Commons itself was packed with men of whom more than half the people, seats were openly bought and sold, others were filled with nominees of the great men who owned them. What could possibly follow but corruption and hopeless ruin? What, indeed? Prophets of disaster always point to two important elements in their calculations, and it is through these gaps that the people basely wriggle, instead of fulfilling prophecy as they ought to do. For instance, there is the recuperative power of man, and there is his indomitable hope. He may be full of carnal disease, but he is an excellent combination that he presently recovers—he shakes off his evil habits as he shakes the snow off his shoulders, and goes on an altered creature. Again, the man of sin may be in happy case, but the individual man is patient to bear the weight of suffering and endure until he can pull through the worst; he has patience to wait for better times; difficulties only call forth his ingenuity and his resource; disaster outlives his fears, danger finds him brave. Always, to the prophet who knows not man, the end is near. Always, to one who considers that he is looking into the looking-glass, especially immediately before or after his morning bath, he may perceive his brother as well as himself, things are hopeful. My brother, have things ever been so bad while you have despaired of recovery, seeing that you had only to resolve and you were cured? Even now the outlook of the whole world is truly dark, and the clouds are lowering. Yet surely the outlook was darker, the clouds were blacker, fifty years ago, when Carlyle—in "Past and Present," and numbers of other pamphlets before and after—was proving that society before our day was rotten to the core, and that we had suspected nothing. But if we still preserve the qualities which enabled us to stand up, almost alone, against the colossal force of Napoleon, with Europe at his back, and which carried us through the terrible troubles which followed the war: we surely need not despair.

II.

THE YEAR 1837

THE YEAR 1837, except for the death of the old King and the accession of the young Queen, was a tolerably insignificant year. It was on the 20th of June that the King died. He was buried on the evening of the 26th at St. George's Chapel, Windsor; on the 16th the Queen dissolved Parliament; on the 13th, she went to Buckingham Palace; and on the 9th of November she dined in the City, where they gave her a magnificent banquet, served in gold plate. Meanwhile fifty men of the Royal Artillery and Engineers were taken into hospital daily, with Influenza. The epidemic seems to have broken out suddenly; and suddenly to have departed. The most important event of the year was the establishment of steam communication with India by way of the Red Sea. The *Hindostan* left Bombay on October the 2nd, and arrived at Suez on October the 16th. The mails were brought into Alexandria on the 20th, and despatched, such was the celerity of the authorities, on November 7th by H.M.S. *Volcano*. They reached Malta on the 11th, Gibraltar on the 16th, and England on December 4th, taking sixty days in all, of which, however, eighteen days were wasted in Alexandria, so that the possible time of transit from Bombay to England was proved to be forty-two days.

This was the year of the Greenacre murder. The wretched man was under promise to marry an elderly woman, thinking she had money. One night, while they were drinking together, she confessed that she had none, and had deceived him; whereupon, seized with wrath, he took up whatever weapon lay to his hand, and struck her on the head so that she lay senseless and dead. Now panic! If this man had gone straight to the police-station, and, in a perfectly sane sense of humility, we would certainly have escaped hanging; but he was so basely frightened at what he had done that he tried to hide the thing by carrying off the body. Nothing could be more ingenious or more foolish. He was detected, and convicted. There was another murder which was supposed to have been in his confidence, and told with his help, when all the pieces had been recovered, and the murderer safely home in Ireland. He was tried, but acquitted. And never was there a hanging more unanimously or more fashionably attended. The principal performer, however, is said to have disappointed his audience by a pusillanimous shrinking from the gallows when he was brought out. The woman was sent to Australia, where, perhaps, she still survives.

There was also, this year, an extremely scandalous action in the High Court of Justice. It was a libel case brought by Lord De Ros, and arose out of a gambling quarrel, in which his lordship was accused of cheating at cards. It was said that, under pretence of a bad cough and asthma, he kept driving under the table and fishing up kings and aces, a thing which seems of elementary simplicity. But they said he did it, and the jury found that he did. Whereupon his lordship retired to the Continent, and shortly afterwards died, *e.p.*, without offspring to lament his errors.

There was a terrible earthquake this year in the Holy Land. The town of Safed was laid in ruins, and more than four thousand of the people were killed. There was a project against the life of Louis Philippe, by one Champion, who was arrested. He was base enough to hang himself in prison, so that no one ever knew if he had any accomplices.

The news arrived also of a dreadful massacre in New Zealand. There was only one English settlement in the country: it was at a place called Maketu, in the North Island, where a Mr. Jones, of Sydney, had a flax establishment, consisting of a hundred and twenty people, men, women, and children. They were attacked by a party of 300 natives, and were all barbarously murdered.

A fatal duel was fought on Hampstead Heath, near the Spaniards Tavern. The combatants were a Colonel Haring, of the Polish Army, and another Pole, whose name I forget. The seconds carried him to the Middlesex Hospital, where he died, and nothing more was said about it.

The dangers of emigration were illustrated by the voyage of the good ship *Diamond* of Liverpool. She had on board a number of passengers emigrating to New York. In the old sailing days, the passengers were expected to lay in their own provisions, the ship carrying water for them. Now the *Diamond* met with contrary winds, and was detained so long that the passengers began to starve. The ship had no more than enough provisions for the crew, and when the passengers had exhausted their store their sufferings were terrible.

An embassy from the King of Madagascar arrived this year and was duly presented at Court. I know not what business they transacted, but the fact has a certain interest for me because it was my privilege, about four-and-twenty years ago, to converse with one of the nobles who had formed part of the embassy, and after a quarter of a century was going on another mission to the Court of St. James. He was, when I saw him, an elderly man, dark of skin, but, being a Hova, most intelligent and well informed; also, being a Hova, anxious to say the thing which would please his hearers. He recalled many ancient memories with the long journey round the Cape in a sailing vessel, the crowds and noise of London, the venerable appearance of King William, and his general kindness to the ambassadors. When he had told us all he could recollect, he asked us if we would like to hear a song which had beguiled many weary hours of his voyage. We begged him to sing it, expecting to hear something national and fresh, something peculiar of the Madagascan soil, a song sung in the streets of its capital Antananarivo, or in the forests of its wilds, redolent of the spice, he neither dances a breakdown, nor did he whistle, nor did he sing us a national song at all. He only played, in a thin sweet tenor, and very correctly, that familiar hymn "Rock of Ages," to the familiar tune. I have never been able to believe that the gentleman, His Excellency the Right Honourable the Lord Radama-ratafiavo, Knight of the Fifteen Honour, entitled to wear a *tiaraka* as highly striped as they are made, commonly reported to be a pagan, with several wives, guilty of human sacrifice, addicted to rum, and what not, could be neither dancer

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
Drawn by H. J. Lane, A.R.A., in 1838

THE FIRST COUNCIL OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, KENSINGTON PALACE, JUNE 20, 18..
From the Picture by Sir David Wilkie, R.A., now in Windsor Castle

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT AFTER HER CORONATION IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 28, 1838
From the Picture by C. R. Leslie R.A., now in Windsor Castle

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
VIVAT 1838 REGINA
Be strong and of good courage
Stand firm and hold fast
Dieu et mon droit
Fear God Honour the

THE CORONATION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 28, 1838
From the Picture by Sir George Hayter

squares. For though London was then so small compared with its present extent, it was already a most considerable city. Those who want more figures will be pleased to read that at the census of 1831 London contained 140,000 acres, or rather more than two square miles. This area was divided into 153 parishes, containing 10,000 streets and courts, and 240,000 houses. Its population was 1,648,818. Fifty years before it was half that number, fifty years later it was almost double that number. We may take the population of the year 1837 as one million.

More figures. There were 90,000 passengers across London Bridge every day, there were 2,200 cabriolets, 600 hackney coaches, and 400 omnibuses; there were 30,000 deaths annually. The wagons every year were estimated at 12,000. Among the residents were 130,000 Scotchmen, 200,000 Irish, and 30,000 Jews. These figures convey to my own mind very little meaning, but they look big, and so I have put them down. Speaking roughly, London fifty years ago was twice as big as Paris is now, or the present New York.

As for the buildings of London proper, fifty years have witnessed many changes, and have brought many losses—more losses, perhaps, than gains. The Royal Exchange built by Edward Jerman in place of Sir Thomas Gresham's of 1570 was burned to the ground on January 10th, 1838. The present building, designed by Sir William Tite, was opened by the Queen in person on October 28th, 1844. Jerman's Royal Exchange was a quadrangular building, with a clock-tower of timber on the Cornhill side. It had an upper cloister and a "pawn," or gallery, above for the sale of fancy goods. It was decorated by a series of statues of the Kings, from Edward I. to George IV. Sion College, which until the other day stood in the street called London Wall, was not yet wantonly and wickedly destroyed by those who should have been its natural and official protectors, the London clergy. Things happen so quickly that one easily forgets; yet let me pay a tribute to the memory of the most delightful spot in the whole of London. The building was not of extreme age, but it stood upon the ancient site of Elsinge Spital; it was founded in 1623 by the will of one Dr. Thomas White, Vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West; the place was damaged by the Great Fire, and little of the building was older, I believe, than 1660, or thereabouts. But one stepped out of the noise and hurry of the very heart of London into a courtyard where the air was instantly hushed; on the right hand were the homes of the almsmen and women, though I believe they had of late ceased to occupy them. Above the almshouses was the long narrow library crammed with books, the sight and fragrance of which filled the soul with joy. On the left side of the court was the Hall used for meetings, and open all day to the London clergy for reading the magazines, reviews, and papers. A quiet, holy place. Fuller wrote his "Church History" in this cell; the illustrious Parliamentary orator here his "Universal History"—it was after he repented of his reformed life, and had begun to live clerany. Two hundred and fifty years have witnessed a long succession of London clergymen, learned and devout most of them, residing in this library and meeting in this hall. Now it is pulled down, and a huge warehouse occupies its place; and as for the parish thing they have stuck up on the Embankment, they may call it what they like, but it is not Sion College.

Another piece of wanton wickedness was the destruction of Northumberland House. It is, of course, absurd to say that its removal was required. The removal of a great historic house can never be required. It was the last of the great houses, with the exception of Somerset House, and the Adelphi, of modern, having been erected in 1776-1786, on the site of the old Palace. The Strand, indeed, is very much altered since the year 1837.

At the West End the removal of Northumberland House has been followed by the building of the Hotel, and the widening of the Northumberland Avenue; the Charing Cross Station and Hotel have been erected; two or three new theatres have been added; Temple Bar has been taken down—in any other country the old gate would have been set up, with a roadway on either side; the rookeries which formerly stood on the north side close to the Bar have been swept away, and the Law Courts stand in their place—where the rooks are gone it is impossible to say. I remember a labyrinth of lanes, streets, and courts on this site. They were inhabited, I believe, by a population consisting of thieves, fighting and betting men, and by all kinds of adventurers. Did not Mr. Allamont have chambers here, when he visited Captain Costigan in Lyons Inn? Lyons Inn itself is pulled down, and on its site is the Globe Theatre.

As for churches, there has been such an enormous increase of churches in the last fifty years, that it seems churlish to lament the loss of half-a-dozen. But this half-dozen belongs to the City: they were churches built, for the most part, before the Fire, on the site of ancient churches destroyed in the Fire: they were all hallowed by old and sacred associations: many of them were interesting and curious for their architecture: in a word, they ought not to have been pulled down in order to raise hideous warehouses over their site. Greed of gain prevailed; and they are gone. People found out that their number of worshippers was small, and argued that there was no longer any use for them. So they are gone, and can never be replaced. As for their names, they were the Churches of All-hallows, Bread Street; St. Benet's, Gracechurch Street; St. Dionis Backchurch; St. Michael's, Queenhithe; St. Antholin's, Budge Row; St. Bene't Fink; St. Mary Somerset; St. Mary Magdalen; and St. Mathew, Friday Street. The Church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane, in which was the grave of Sir William Walworth, disappeared in the year 1831; those of St. Bartholomew by Exchequer, and of St. Christopher-le-Stock, which stood on either side of the Bank, were taken down in the years 1840 and 1846 respectively. But of these old churches is generally marked by a small enclosure, grown over with thin grass, containing one, or at most two, tombs. It is about the size of a dining-room table, and you may read of it that the burying-ground of Solar Sownal-Sic is still preserved. Indeed! Were the City churchyards of such dimensions? The "preservation" of the burial grounds is like the respect which used to be paid to the First Day of the week in the early years of the Victorian Age by the tobacconist. He kept one shutter up. So the decorators of the body ground incensed city a square yard or two, kept one tomb, and built their warehouses over all the rest.

All round London the roads were flocked everywhere by turnpikes. It is difficult to understand the annoyance of being stopped continually to show a ticket or to pay the penny. Then, there were two or three turnpikes in what is now called the Euston Road, and was then the New Road, one of them was close to Great Portland Street, another at Gower Street. At Battle Bridge, which is now King's Cross, there were two, one at the east, and one at the west; there was a pike in St. John Street, Clerkenwell. There was two in the City Road, and one in New North Road, Hoxton; one at Shoreditch, one in Bethnal Green Road, now in Commercial Road. No fewer than three in East India Dock Road, three in the Old Kent Road, one in Bridge Street, Vauxhall; one in Great Surrey Street, near the Obelisk; one at Kennington Church—what man turned of forty cannot remember the scene at the turnpike on Derby Day

KENNINGTON GATE—DERBY DAY

when hundreds of carriages would be stopped while the pikeman was fighting for his fee? There was a turnpike named after Tyburn, close to Marble Arch; another at the beginning of Kensington Gardens, one at St. James's Church, Hampstead Road. Ingenious persons knew how to avoid the pike by making a long *détour*.

The turnpike has gone, and the pikeman with his apron has gone—nearly everybody's apron has gone too—and the gates have been removed. That is a clear gain. But there are also losses. What, for instance, has become of all the baths? Surely we have not, as a nation, ceased to desire cleanliness? Yet in reading the list of the London baths fifty years ago one cannot choose but ask the question. St. Annice-le-Clair used to be a medicinal spring, considered efficacious in rheumatic cases. Who stopped that spring and built upon its site? The Peerless Pool close beside it was the best swimming bath in all London. When was that filled up and built over? Where are St. Chad's Wells now? Formerly they were in Gray's Inn Road, near "Battle Bridge," which is now King's Cross, and their waters saved many an apothecary's bill. There were swimming baths in Shepherdess Walk, near the Almshouses. When were they destroyed? There was another in Cold Bath Fields; the spring, a remarkably cold one, still runs into a bath of marble slabs, represented to have been laid for Mistress Nell Gwynne, in the days of the Merry Monarch. Curiously, the list does not mention the most delightful bath of all—the old Roman Bath in the Strand. I remember making the acquaintance of this bath long ago, in the fifties, being then a student at King's. The water is icy cold, but fresh and bright, and always running. The place is never crowded; hardly anybody seems to know that here, in the heart of London, is a monument of Roman times, to visit which, if it were at Arles or Avignon, people would go all the way from London. Some day, no doubt, we shall hear that it has been sold and destroyed, and the spring built over.

HACKNEY COACHMAN
From a drawing by George Cruikshank in "London Characters"

IV.

IN THE STREET

LET US, FRIEND EIGHTY-SEVEN, take a walk down the Strand on this fine April afternoon of Thirty-seven. First, however, you must alter your dress a little. Put on this swallow-tail coat, with the high velvet collar—it is more becoming than the sporting coat in green bulging out over the hips;

LONDON STREET CHARACTERS, 1837
From a drawing by John Leech

change your light tie and masher collar for this beautiful satin stock and this double breasted waistcoat; put on a velvet waistcoat and an unbuttoned coat of cloth; thin Cossack trousers with straps will complete your costume; turn your shirt cuffs back outside the coat sleeve, carry your gloves in your hand, and take your cane. You are now, dear Eighty-seven, transformed into the dandy of fifty years ago, and will not excite any attention as we walk along the street.

We will start from Charing Cross and will walk towards the City. You cannot remember, Eighty-seven, the King's Mews that stood here on the site of Trafalgar Square. When it is completed, with the National Gallery on the north side, the monument and statue of Nelson, the fountains and statues that they talk about, there will be a very fine Square. And we have certainly got rid of a group of mean and squalid streets to make room for the Square. It is lucky that they have left Northumberland House, the last of the great palaces that once lined the Strand.

The Strand looks very much as it will in your time, though the shop fronts are not by any means so fine. There is no Charing Cross Station or Northumberland Avenue; there are more bow windows and there is no plate-glass. The people, however, have a surprisingly different appearance. The ladies, because the weather is cold, will keep on their furpretts, their thick shawls, and have their necks wrapped round with boas, the ends of which hang down to their skirts; their bonnets are remarkable structures, like an ornamental coal-scuttle of the Thirty-seven, not the Eighty-seven, period, and some of them are of surprising dimensions, and decorated with an amazing profusion of ribbons and artificial flowers. Their sleeves are shaped like a leg of mutton; their skirts come below a dining-room carpet of the time—not like your dining-room carpet, Eighty-seven. Well, the curls of the younger ladies are not without their charms, and their eyes are as bright as those of their grandchildren, are they not?

Let us stand still awhile and watch the throng where the tide of life, as Johnson said, is the fullest.

Here comes, with a roll intended for a military swagger, the cheap dandy. I know not what he is by trade: he is too old for a medical student, not shabby enough for an attorney's clerk, and not respectable enough for a City clerk. Is it possible that he is a young gentleman of very small fortune which he is running through? He wears a tall hat broader at the top than bottom, he carries white thread gloves, sports a cane, has his trousers tightly strapped, wears a tremendously high stock, with a sham diamond pin, a coat with a velvet collar, and a double-breasted waistcoat. His right hand is stuck in his coat-tail pocket. The little gold chain which he flaunts from his fob, his black shorts and white silk stockings, will be gone before your time; so will yonder tall and more ancient gentleman in powdered hair and pigtail who walks slowly along. Pigtails in your time will be clean forgotten as well as black silk stockings.

Do you see that old gentleman in the cloak, riding slowly along, followed by a mounted servant? The people all take off their hats to him, and country folk gape upon him curiously. That is the Duke. There is only one Duke to the ordinary British. It is the Duke with the hook nose—the Iron Duke.

The new-fashioned cabriolet, with a seat at the side for the driver and a high hood for the fare, is light and swift, but it is not popular. The wheels are too high and the machine is too narrow. It is always upsetting, and bringing its passengers to grief.

Here is one of the New Police, with blue swallow-tail coat tightly buttoned, and white trousers. They are reported to be mightily unpopular with the light-fingered gentry, with whom they are always interfering.

Here comes a gentleman, darkly and mysteriously clad in a fur-lined cloak, fastened at his neck by a brass buckle, and falling to his feet, such a cloak as in your time will only be used to enwrap the villains in a burlesque. But here is one takes no notice of it. There goes a man who may have been an officer, an actor, a literary man, a gambler—anything; whatever he was, he is now broken-down—his face is pale, his gait is shuffling, his elbows are gone, his boots are giving at the toes, and—see the stout red-faced man with the striped waistcoat and the bundle of serik has tapped him on the shoulder. That is a sheriff's officer, and he will now be conducted, after certain formalities, to the King's Bench or the Fleet, and in this retreat he will probably pass the remainder of his days. Here comes a middle-aged gentleman who looks almost like a coachman in his coat with many capes and his jaunty checks. That is the famous coaching baronet, than whom no better whip has ever been seen upon the road. Here come a pair of young bloods who scorn cloaks and great coats. How bravely do they tread in their tight inexpressibles, bright coloured waistcoats and cut-away coats, with what a jaunty air do they tilt their low-crowned hats over their long and waving locks! with what a flourish do they bear their canes! Here comes swaggering along the pavement a military gentleman in a coat much befrogged. He has the appearance of one who knows Chalk Farm; which is situated among meadows where the morning air has been known to prove suddenly fatal to many gallant gentlemen. How he swings his shoulders and squares his elbows! and how the peaceful passengers make room for him to pass. He is no doubt, as old Pentonville, there are still many like unto him; he is the ruffling Captain known to Queen Elizabeth's time; in the last century he took the wall and shoved everybody into the gutter. Presently he will turn into the Cigar Divan—he learned to smoke cigars in Spain—in the course of what will now be the Repository of Art: we breathe more freely when he is gone.

THE LAST CABRIOLET DRIVER
From the drawing by George Cruikshank in "Sketches by Boz"

Here comes a great hulking sailor; his face beams with honesty, he rolls in his gait, he hitches up his wide trousers, he wears his shiny hat at the back of his head; his hair hangs in ringlets, he chews a quid; under his arm is a parcel tied in a red handkerchief. He looks as if he were in some perplexity. Sighing a rustic country visitor, he leans down upon him.

"Yo'll excuse, I hope," he whispers, hoarsely, "if you like, there's a chance that I doosn't come every day. For why? I've got to go to sea again, and though they're smuggled—I've smuggled them myself, your honour—and worth their weight in gold, you shall have the box for thirty shillin'. Say the word, my captain, and come round the corner with me."

Honest tar! Shall we meet him to-morrow with another parcel tied in the same handanna, his face screwed up with the same perplexity and anxiety to get rid of his valuable burden? You yourself, Eighty-Seven, will have your confidence trick, your long-lost cousin, your thimble-and-pea, your fat partridge-seller, even though the bold smuggler be no more.

A GREENWICH PENSIONER
From a drawing by George Cruikshank in "London Characters"

In the matter of street music, we of Thirty-Seven are, perhaps, in advance of you of Eighty-Seven. We have not, it is true, the

jamboree-organ, but we have already the other two varieties—the Punching Dodge and the Light Tinkler. We do not yet see the street singer, or the banjo, or the band of itinerant blacks, or Christy's Minstrels. The negro minstrel does not exist in any form. But the ingenious Mr. Rice is at this very moment studying the plantation songs in South Carolina, and very soon we shall have his humorous personation of "Jump Jim Crow," and his pathetic ballad of "Lucy Neal." He made his first appearance at the Adelphi as Jim Crow in 1836! We have, however, the Christian family in concert circumstances, creeping slowly, hand in hand, along the streets, singing a hymn the while for the consolation of the afflicted. They have not yet invented Moody and Sankey, and therefore they cannot sing "Hold the Fort" or "Dare to be a Daniel," but they are hymns in any collection which suit the Gridler. We have also the ballad-singer, who warbles at the door of the gin-palaces. His favourite song just now is "All Round My Hat." We have the lady (or gentleman) who takes her (or his) place upon the kerb with a guitar, adorned with red ribbon, and sings a sentimental song, such as "Speed on My Mules, for Lesla Waits for Me," or "Gaily the Troubadour;" there is the street seller of ballads at a penny each, a taste of which he gives the delighted listener; there are the horns of stage-coach and of omnibus, blown with zeal; there is the bell of the crier, exercised as religiously as that of the railway-porter; the Pandean-pipes and the drum walk, not only with Punch, but also with the dancing bear. The performing dogs, the street acrobats, and the fantoccini; the noble Highlander not only stands outside the tobacconist's, taking a pinch of snuff, but he also parades the street, blowing a most patriotic tune upon his bagpipe; the butcher serenades his young mistress with the cleaver and the bones; the Italian boy delights all the ears of those who hear with his hardy-gurdy.

Here comes the Paddington omnibus, the first omnibus of all, started seven years ago by Mr. Shillibeer, the father of all those which have driven the short stages off the road, and now ply in every street. You will not fail to observe that the knifeboard has not yet been invented. There are twelve passengers inside and none out. The conductor is already remarkable for his tactfulness, his honesty, and his readiness to take up any lady and to deposit her within ten yards of wherever she wishes to be. The fare is sixpence, and you must wait for ten years before you get a two-penny line.

Now, let us resume our walk. The Strand is very little altered, you think. Already Exeter Change is gone; Exeter Hall is already built; the shops are less splendid, and plate glass is as yet unknown; in Holywell Street I can show you one or two of the old signs still on the house-walls; Butcher Row, behind St. Clement

THE PARISH ENGINE
From a Drawing by George Cruikshank in "Sketches by Boz"

Danes, is pulled down and the street widened; on the north side there is standing a nest of rookeries and mean streets where you will have your Law Courts; here is Temple Bar, which you will miss; close to Temple Bar is the little fish shop which once belonged to Mr. Cratchfield, the proprietor of the Demon club; the street messengers standing about in their white aprons will be gone in your time; for that matter, so will the aprons; at present every other man in the street wears an apron. It is a badge of his rank and station; the apron marks the mechanic or the serving man; some wear white aprons and some wear leather aprons; you will miss the aprons.

Fleet Street is much more picturesque than the Strand, is it not? Even in your day, Eighty-Seven, when so many old houses will have perished, Fleet Street will still be the most picturesque street in all London. The true time to visit it is at four o'clock on a summer morning, when the sun has just risen on the sleeping city. Look at the gables of it, the projecting storeys of it, the old timber work of it, the glory and the beauty of it. As you see Fleet Street, so Dr. Johnson saw it.

There is a good deal more crowd and animation in Fleet Street than in the Strand. That is because we are nearer the City, of course; the traffic is greater; the noise is much greater. As for this ring before us, let us avoid it. A coachman fighting a ticket-porter is a daily spectacle in this thoroughfare; those who crowd round often get bloody noses, and still more often coax away without their purses. Look! There the pickpockets are at their work almost openly. They have caught one. Well, my friend, our long silk purses—yours will be square leather things—are very easily stolen. I do not think it will repay you for the loss of yours to see a poor devil of a pickpocket pumped upon.

You are looking again at the plain windows with the small square panes. The shops make no display as yet, you see. First, it would not be safe to put valuable articles in windows protected by nothing but a little thin pane of glass—which reminds me that in the matter of street safety you will be a good deal ahead of us; next, an honest English tradesman loves to keep his best out of sight. The streets are horribly noisy. That is quite true. You have heard of the roar of the mighty city. Your London, Eighty-Seven, will not know how to roar. But you can now understand what its roaring used to be. An intolerable stir and uproar? But then your ears are not used to it. First the road is not macadamised, or asphalted, or paved with wood. Next the traffic of waggons, carts, and wheelbarrows, and hand-carts, is vastly greater than you had ever previously imagined; then there is a great deal more of porter work done in the street, and the men are perpetually bawling, quarrelling, and fighting. Then those of the coaches that are drawn with two horses, and the long stages with four, are always blowing their horns and cracking their whips. Look at yonder great waggon. It has come all the way from Scotland. It is piled thirty feet high with packages of all kinds; baskets hang behind, filled with all kinds of things. In front there sit a couple of Scotch lasses who have braved a three weeks' journey from Edinburgh in order to save the expense of the coach. Brave girls! But such a waggon, with such a load, does not go along the street in silence. It is not in silence either that the women who carry the trays full of fish on their heads go along the street, nor is the man silent who goes with a pack-donkey, loaded on either side with small coal; and the wooden sledge, on which is the cask of beer, dragged along by a single horse, makes by itself as much noise as all your carriages together, Eighty-Seven.

And there is nothing, you observe, for the protection and convenience of passengers who wish to cross the road. Nothing. No policeman stands in the middle of the road to regulate the traffic; the drivers pay no heed to the foot passengers; at the corner of Chancery Lane, where the press is the thickest, the boys and the clerks slip in and out among the horses and the wheels without hurt; but how will those ladies be able to get across? They never would but for the crossing-sweeper—the most remunerative part of his work, in fact, is to convoy the ladies across the road; if he magnifies the danger of this service, and expects silver for saving the lives of his trembling clients, who shall blame him?

There are still left some of the old posts which divided the footway from the roadway, though the whole is now paved and—what, Eighty-Seven? You have stepped into a dandy-trap and splashed your feet. Well, perhaps, in your day they will have learned to pave more evenly, but just at present our paving is a little rough, and the stones sometimes small, so that here and there, after rain, these things will happen.

Here we are at Blackfriars. This is the Gate of Bridewell, where they used to flog women, and still flog the 'prentices. Yonder is the Fleet Prison, of which we have just read an account in the "Pickwick Papers." They have cleared away the old Fleet Market which used to stand in the middle of the street, and they have planted it behind the houses opposite the Prison. Let us tread softly over the stones of Farringdon Market, for somewhere beneath our feet lie the bones of poor young Chatterton. No monument has been erected here to his memory, nor is the spot known where he lies, but it is somewhere in this place, which is a tragic and mournful spot, being cemented beneath its pavement with the bones of the poor, the outcast, the broken-down, the wrecks and failures of life, and littered above the pavement with the wreckage and refuse of the market. This place was formerly the burial ground of the Shoe Lane Workhouse.

We can walk down to the Bridge and look at the river. No Embankment yet, Eighty-seven. No penny steamers, either. Yet the watermen grumble at the omnibuses which have cut into their trade.

Now comes the lamplighter, with his short ladder and his lantern.

Gas, of course, has been introduced for ever so long. They have blindly followed the old plan of lighting, and have stuck up a gas lamp wherever there used to be an oil lantern. The theatres and places of amusement are brilliant with gas, and it is gas which strikes the splendour of the gin palace. The shops look to it slowly, but they are now beginning to understand how to brighten their appearance after dark. Go into any little thoroughfare, however, and you will see the shops lit with two or three candles still.

In the small houses and in the country towns the candles linger still. And such candles! For the most part they are tallow; they need constant snuffing; they drop their detestable grease everywhere—on the table cloth, on your clothes, on the butter, and on the bread. You, Eighty-Seven, will be saying hard things of gas, but you do not know from what darkness, and misery of darkness, it saved your ancestors.

SNUFFING CANDLES

As for the churches, they are not yet generally provided with gas. There is some strange prejudice against it in the minds of the clergy. Yet it is not Papistical, or even freethinking. In most of them, where they have evening service, the pews are provided with two candles apiece, stuck in tin candlesticks, while a taller candle on the pulpit and four for the reading-desk. The effect is not imposing, but the candles continually require snuffing, and the congregation is constantly attended with accidents, so that the church is always filled with the fragrance of smouldering tallow-wicks. The resonance to be got from a great, hollow, and empty church, that one clergyman, the Rector of Holy Trinity, Marylebone, is going to counsel all his Vestrymen to the Ecclesiastical Courts because they have threatened to light the church with gas.

Here is a city funeral in one of the burial grounds close to the crowded street; the clergyman reads the Service, and the mourners in their long black cloaks stand round the open grave, and the coffin is lowered into it, and inside there is no comfort at all to the hustle and the noise; the waggoner cracks his whip, the drovesweeps at his cattle, the busy man runs to and fro as if the last rites were not being performed for one who has heard the call of the Messengers, and, perhaps, observed the Angel look over the mouth in which the grave is dug is nothing but bits of bones and splinters of coffins. The churchyard is no longer a field of clay; it is a field of dead citizens. Yes, Eighty-seven, will manage these things better. How good for the dead! How much more comfort for the living! How much more splendidly appointed, with better cattle! Ten miles an hour that coachman reckons upon as soon as he is clear of London. They say that in a year or two, when all the railways are opened, the stage coaches will be raised to twenty miles an hour, and the English breed of horses ruined. We shall travel twenty miles an hour without stopping to change horses; the accidents will be terrible, but those who meet with none will get from London to Edinburgh in less than twenty-four hours. Next year they promise to open the London and Edinburgh line.

Here comes a soldier. You find his dress absurd? To be sure his tight black stock makes his red cheeks seem swollen; his queer tall hat, with the painted ball at the top, might be more artistic, the red shoulder-roll, not the least like an epaulette, would hardly stand off a sword cut; the coat with its swallow tail is no protection to the body or the legs; the whitened belt must cost an infinite amount of trouble to keep it fit for inspection; the working-man's breeches and stockings would be more serviceable than those long trousers. However, we always have faith, however, ready to enlist; the soldier's life is attractive, though the discipline is hard and the floggings are truly awful.

3RD REGIMENT OF BUFFS

My friend, it is half-past five. Let us get back to Temple Bar and dine at the Mitre, where we can take our cut off the joint for eighteen-pence. Buy an evening paper of the boy.

So: this is cosy. A newly sanded floor, a bright fire, and a good City company. James! a clean tablecloth, a couple of candles, and the snuffers, and the last joint up. What have you got in the Paper? Madagascan Embassy. Massacre in New Zealand—where the devil is New Zealand? —Suicide of Champion, who made the infernal machine. Great Distress in the Highlands. Murder of a Process-Server in Ireland. Crossing of the Channel in a Balloon—I hope that some day an army may not cross it.—Letter from Syria. Concerning the Recent Great Earthquake. Conduct of the British Legion in Spain, Seven Men Imprisoned for Unlawfully Ringing the Bells, Death of the Oldest Woman in the World, aged 105 years, and Dead to have been the Nurse of George Washington—A good deal of news all for one evening paper. Hush! we are in luck. Here is Douglas Jerrold. Now we shall hear something good. Here is Leigh Hunt, and here is Forster, and here—oh! this is unexpected—here comes none other than "Boz" himself. Of course you know his name? It is Charles Dickens. Saw one ever a brighter eye or a more self-reliant bearing? Such self-reliance belongs to those who are about to succeed. They say his fortune is made, though but yesterday he was a reporter in the House, taking down the speeches in shorthand. Who is that tall young man with the ugly nose? Only a journalist. They say he wrote that funny paper called "The Fatal Boots" in *Tilt's Annual*. His name is Thackeray, I believe.

LEIGH HUNT
BY H. MACLISE
From *Fraser's Magazine*

Here comes dinner, with a tankard of foaming stout. Is there any other drink quite so good as stout? After you have taken your dinner, friend Eighty-Seven, I shall prescribe for you what you will never get, poor wretch—a bottle of the best port in the cellars of the Mitre.

My friend, there is one thing in which we of the Thirties do greatly excel you of the Eighties. We can eat like ploughboys, and we can drink like draymen. As for your nauseous about Apollinaris Water, we do not know what it means; and as for your not being able to take a single glass of port, we do not in the least understand it. Not take a pint of port? Man alive! we can take two bottles, and never turn a hair.

V.

WITH THE PEOPLE

WHEN THE REAL HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE comes to be written—which will be the History, not of the Higher, but of the Lower Forms of Civilisation—it will be found that as regards the people of these islands they sank to their lowest point of degradation and corruption in the middle of the eighteenth century—a period when they had no religion, no morality, no education, and no knowledge, and when they were devoured by two dreadful diseases, and were prematurely killed by their excessive drinking of gin. No virtue at all seems to have survived among all the many virtues attributed to our race except a bold, strong courage and love of fair play. Somewhere here and there, when some essayist or novelist lifts the veil, which shows the conditions of existence so shocking that one asks in amazement how there could have been any cheerfulness in the enslaved part of the community for thinking of the terrible creatures in the ranks below. They did not think of them: they did not know of them; to us it seems as if the roaring of that volcano must have been always in their ears, and the smoke of it always choking their throats. But our people were not heard of. Across the Channel, where the men's eyes were quicker to see, the danger was clearly discerned, and the eruption foretold. Here, no one saw anything, or feared anything.

How this country got through without a revolution, how it escaped the dangers of that period, are questions more difficult to answer than the one which continually occupies historians—How Great Britain, single-handed, fought against the conqueror of the world? Both victories were mainly achieved, I believe, by the might and majesty of Father Stick.

LOUISA, DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG-SAALFELD
Mother of the Prince Consort

THE PRINCE CONSORT

ERNEST I., DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-SAALFELD
Father of the Prince Consort

THE GRAPHIC, FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1877

THE CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL IN THE THRONE-ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 1841
From the Picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A., now in Windsor Castle

He is dead now, and will rule no more in this country. But all through the last century, and well into this, he sate more than a king—he was a despot, relentless, terrible. He grasped power to the very last and exhausted it. Bolingbroke, he carried the sceptre and flourished them carelessly, he handed the criminal at the rack-end, he lashed the slaves to the plant-stems, the soldiers in the army, the sailors on board the ships, and the children in the schools, every where he was supreme. If the old violence were to return, we might have as well as Father Stick again.

He was good upon a certain point, beyond which he would not go. He loved theatres. If you do this, and this, you shall be amused. Thus the way of transgression was made visibly hard for them. But he could not tolerate—he taught nothing except obedience to the law; he had neither religion nor morals; therefore, though he kept the people in order, he did not advance them. On the other hand, under his rule they were left entirely to themselves, and so they grew worse and worse, more thirsty of gin, more brutal, more ignorant. So that, in the long run, I suppose there was not under the light of the sun a more depraved and degraded race than that which peopled the lanes and streets of our great towns. There is always in every great town a big heap of lawlessness, idleness, and hostility to order. The danger, a hundred years ago, was that this heap was getting every day bigger, and threatening to include the whole of the working class.

Remember that as yet the Government of this Realm was wholly in the hands of the wealthier sort. Those who had what was called a stake in the country were allowed to share in ruling it. Those who brought to the service of their native land only their hands and their own strength, their patience, their industry, and their obedience were supposed to have no stake in the country. Those who contributed the whole that makes the prosperity of the country were excluded from any share in managing it.

It should be out that the first improvement of the People dates from their perception of the fact that they had a right to help in managing their own affairs; the ideas of the French Revolution, when they were once grasped, arrested the downward course of the People at once. The first step was to understand that they were men, and not slaves. Then they began to struggle for their rights, and in the struggle learned a thousand lessons which have stood them in good stead. They learned to combine to set upon their own feet; they learned to consult; they learned the art of oratory, and the arts of persuasion by speech and pen; they learned the power of knowledge—in a word, the long struggle whose first great victory was the Reform Act of 1832 taught the People the art of self-government.

Fifty years ago, though that Act had been passed, the great mass of the people were outside the government. They were governed by a class who desired, on the whole, to be just, and wished well to the people, provided they were not disturbed, as when the nine philanthropic manufacturers loudly cried out when it was proposed to restrict the hours of labour. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the working-classes should regard all governments with suspicion, and look upon them as chiefly intended to repress the workers and to safeguard the interests of landlords and capitalists. This fact is abundantly clear from the literature which the working men of 1837 delighted to read.

Even in this religious, there was already an immense advance in the spread of the Nonconformist sects and the multiplication of chapels. As for the churches, I do not think that the working man went there so much fifty years ago as he does now. A contemporary who professed to know asserts that nine out of ten among the working men were professed infidels, whose favourite reading was Paine, Carlile, and Robert Taylor, the author of "The Devil's Chaplain." Further, he declares that not one working man in a hundred ever opened a Bible.

I refrain from dwelling upon this state of things as compared with that of the present, but it appears from a census taken by a recent weekly newspaper (which, however, omitted the mission halls and such services in shed rooms, &c.) that about one person in nine now attends church or chapel on a Sunday.

As regards drink, a question almost as delicate as that of religion, it is reported that in London alone three millions of pounds were spent every year in gin alone, which seems a good deal of money to throw away with nothing to show for it. But figures are misleading. Year, if everybody drank his fair whack of this three millions there would be only a single glass of gin every other day for every man; and if half the people did not drink it at all, there would be only one glass per day for those who did. Still, we must admit that a three millions sum which shows a widespread love of gin. As for rum, brandy, and Hollands, the various forms of malt liquor, fancy drinks and compounds, let us reserve ourselves for the chapter on Beer. Suffice it here to say that, though there was not then the now blue ribbon wave. Teetotallers there were, it is true, but in small numbers, and not yet a power in the land; there was none of the everlasting dinning about the plague spot, the national vice, and the evil of the age, which we now accustomed to hear. Honest men indulged in a bout without subsequent remorse, and so long as their drink was undulterated they did themselves little harm. Without doubt, as the men became teetotallers, there would be very much more in the shape of wages for employers would also, without doubt, make every effort to reduce the wages so as to keep up the old poverty. That is what the former school of philosophers called a Law of Political Economy. The wages of a skilled mechanic thus pushed upwards seem to have never risen above thirty shillings a week, and most things were dearer. He had savings banks, and he sometimes put something by, but not so much as he can do now if he is thrifty and in regular work. I think that he was less thrifty in those days, that he drank more, that he was even more reckless, if that be possible, about marriage and the multiplication of children.

As for the material condition of the people, there cannot be a doubt that it is amazingly improved within the last fifty years. It is not true that the poor have become poorer, though the rich have become richer. The skilled workman receives better paid, his work is more steadily, his hours are shorter. He is better clad, with always a suit of clothes apart from his working dress; he is better taught; he is better-mannered; he has holidays; he has clubs; he is no longer forbidden to combine; he can co-operate; he holds meetings; he has much better newspapers to read; his food is better and cheaper; he has modern lodgings.

His amusements no longer have the same brutality which used to characterise them. The King was his chief delight, and a well-fought battle between two accomplished boxers caused his heart to leap with joy. Unhappily the Ring fell, not because the national sentiment concerning pugilism changed, but by its own vices, and because nearly every fight was a fight on the cross; so that betting on your man was no longer possible, and every victory was arranged beforehand. Then there was dog-fighting, which is still carried on in certain parts of the country. I once saw a dozen dog-fights, each with its ring of eager holidaymen, one Whitsun morning upon the sands between Redcar and Saltburn. All round London, again, there were ponds, quantities of ponds, all marked in the maps of the period and now all filled in and built over. Some, for instance, were in the fields on the east side of Tottenham Court Road. Hither, on Sundays, came the London working-man with ducks, cats, and dogs, and proceeded to enjoy himself with cat hunts and dog-fights, to his ultimate profit. There were also small-sword battles, bullfights, and badger-drawing. As for the fairs, Bartholomew and Greenwich, one is sorry that they had to be stamped out, but I suppose that London was long past the age for a fair, which may be revived in London now-a-days. A real old fair with rows of booths crammed with all kinds of things which looked ever so much prettier under the flaring lamps than in the shops, with Richardson's Theatre, the Wild Beast Show, the wrestlers and the cudgel-players, the boxers with or without the gloves, the dwarfs, giants, fat women, bearded women, and monsters was a truly delightful thing to the rustics in the country; but in London it was incongruous, and even in Arcadia a modern Fair is apt to lose its picturesque aspect towards nightfall. On the whole, it is well for London that it has lost its ancient Fairs.

It is not in connection with working men, but with the whole people, that one speaks of prisons. I do not think that our prison system at the present day is everything that it might be. There have been one or two books published of late years, which make one uncomfortable in thinking of the poor wretches immured in these abodes of solitary suffering. Still, if one has to choose between a lonely cell and the society of the prison birds by day and night, one would prefer the former. Some attempts had been made in Newgate and elsewhere to prevent the prisoners from corrupting each other, but with small success. Those who were tried and sentenced were separated from those who were waiting their trial, the boys were separated from the men, the girls from the women. Yet the results of being committed to prison, for however short a period, were destructive of all morals and the last shred of principle. Not a single girl or woman who went into prison modest and virtuous but because straightway ashamed of her modesty and virtue, and came out of the prison already an abandoned woman. Not a man or boy who associated with the prisoners for a week but became a past master in all kinds of wickedness. In the night rooms they used to lock up fifteen or twenty prisoners together, and leave them there all night to interchange their experiences—and what experiences! Only those who were under sentence of death had separate cells. Those poor wretches were put into narrow and dark rooms, receiving light only from the court in which the criminals are permitted to walk during the day. They slept on a mat, and in former days had but twenty-four hours between sentence and execution, with bread and water for all their food.

Debtors' prisons were in full swing. There were Whitecross Street Prison, built in 1813 for the exclusive reception of debtors who were before this crowded together with criminals at Newgate; King's Bench Prison, the Fleet, and the Marshalsea. The King's Bench Prison was the largest, and, so to speak, the most fashionable of these prisons. Both at the King's Bench and the Fleet debtors were allowed to purchase what were called the "Rules," which enabled them to live within a certain area outside the prison, and practically left them free. They paid a certain percentage on their debts. This practice enabled the debtor to refuse paying his debts, and to save his money for himself or his heirs. Lodgings, however, within the Rules were bad and expensive. There was no National compulsory system of education; yet the children of respectable working-men were sent to school. It was the children of the very poor; those who lived from hand to mouth in dirty alleys, by chance and luck; who were not taught anything. If you talk to a working-man of sixty or thereabouts, you will discover that he can read, though he has generally forgotten how to write. He was taught when he was a child at the schools of the National Society, or at those of the British and Foreign Society, or in the parish schools of which there were a great many. There were also many thousands of children who went to the Sunday School. Yet, partly through the neglect of parents, and partly through the demand for children's labour in the factories, nearly a half of the children in the country grew up without reading or writing, and there were forty per cent. of the men and sixty-five per cent. of the women who could not sign their own names.

And there were already effected, or just about to be effected, three immense great reforms, the like of which the world had not seen before, which are together working for a revolution of Peace, not of war, greater than that contemplated by the most sincere and most disinterested of the French Revolutionaries.

The first was the Reform of the Penal Laws.

In the beginning of the century the law recognised 223 capital offences. A man might be hanged for almost anything; not be appeared in disguise on a public road; if he cut down young trees; if he shot rabbits; if he poached at night; if he stole anything worth five shillings from a person or a shop; if he came back from transportation before his time; a score of other things. He remained in the same place a year. In fact, the chief desire of the Government was to get rid of the criminal classes by hanging them. It was a Draconic formality, as everybody knows, who first suggested the Draconic thirsty code. He was assisted by the growth of public opinion and by the juries, who practically repealed the laws, by refusing to convict.

It was not, again, until the year 1836 that Counsel for a prisoner under trial for felony was permitted to address the jury. In the year 1834 there were 480 death sentences; in 1835, only 116. In 1834, 804 persons were sentenced to transportation for life, and in 1836 only 266. Remember that this severity served only to enlist the sympathies of the people against the Government.

The second great step was the repeal of the Acts which forbade combination. Until the year 1820, the people had been forbidden to combine. Their only power against their employers was that as many hours a day as they dared, and paid them wages as small as they could, who took their children and locked them up in unwholesome factories, was in combination, and they were forbidden to combine. When the Reform Bill was passed in 1832 it was found that any attempt to hold public meetings might be put down by force; so that, though they could now combine, the chief means of promoting combination was taken from them.

The third great step was the Extension of the Franchise, so that now there is no Briton or Irishman but can, if he please, have his vote in the government of the nation. It is not a great share which is conferred by one vote, but it enables every man to feel that he is himself a part of the nation; that the government is not imposed upon him, but elected and approved by himself.

Considering all these things, have we any reason to be surprised when we learn that, on the Queen's Accession, there was among the people no loyalty whatever? Attachment to sovereign, personal devotion to the young Queen, there was in plenty, and the Coronation things were not even phrases to the working class. For they never heard them used.

There was no loyalty at all, either to the Queen, or to the institution of a limited Monarchy, or to the Constitution, or to the Church.

For a hundred and fifty years there has been no loyalty among the people. Loyalty left the country with James II. Not one of the Sovereigns who followed him commanded the personal enthusiasm of the people. Even Queen Victoria, during the first years, had to share some kind of affection with something of contempt. From 1697 until 1837, which is exactly a hundred and fifty years, no one who sat upon the Throne of England could boast that he had the love of the people. The sovereigns principally were Germans, who had the assistance of few families and by the votes of a small class. As for King he was a stranger.

Therefore the sentiment of loyalty had to be reborn. It could only be developed by a moral movement, year after year, slowly and resolved on ruling by Constitutional methods. Yet in some of the journals written for, and read by, the working men, the things said concerning the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Court were simply horrible and disgusting. Such things would not be tolerated now. There are papers which speak of the aristocracy as a collection of titled profligates, and of the clergy as a crowd of pampered hypocrites, but of the Queen it is rare, indeed, to find mention other than is respectful. Her life and example for fifty years have given to the slanderers. It has been found once more possible for a Sovereign to possess the love of her people.

The papers read by the working men were not only scurrilous, but they were also Republican and revolutionary, and the Republic whose example they set before themselves was not the American, which is Conservative, for of this they knew nothing. Fifty years ago America was far more widely separated from England than is China now. It was not the earlier form of the First French Republic. The people cared little for the massacres which accompanied the application of Republican principles. I do not say that they wished to set the heads of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting on pikes, but they thought the massacres of innocent women by the French aristocrat rather than a consequence. They loved the cry of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," and still believed in it. They dreamed of a country which they thought could be established by law, in which every man was to be the equal of his neighbour—as clever, as skilful, as capable, as rich, and as happy. Such a country does not exist. It is a generous dream—there never has been a nobler dream—so that it is a thousand pities that human greed, selfishness, ambition, and masterfulness will not suffer the dream to be realised. Those who advocated an attempt to realise it were not the rich, the Crown, the Court, the aristocracy, the Church, the educated, and the wealthy. Presently they began to formulate the way by which they thought to place themselves within reach of their object. The way was Chartism. They wanted, many of them, Universal Suffrage, Annual Parliaments, Vote by Ballot, Abolition of Property Qualification, Payment of Members, and Equal Electoral Districts. Very well; we have got practically four out of the six points, and there are many who think that we are as far off the Millennium as ever. Yet there are, however, still among us people who believe that we can be made happy, justgoverned, and disinterested by changing the machinery.

And now a thing which was never contemplated even by the Chartists themselves—the really important thing—has been accomplished by the people. They are now not the governed, but the governors. The Government is no longer a thing apart from themselves and outside them. It is their own—it is the Government of the People of England. If there is anything in it which they do not like, they can alter it; if there is anything they agree to abolish, they can do that, whether it be Church, Crown, Lords, wealth, education, science, Art—anything. They may destroy what they please, and reduce the English to as illiterate peasantry if they please.

IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH

IN A DAME'S SCHOOL

LADIES TANGLE TRYING THE QUALITIES OF THEIR DOGS AT A DUCK HUNT
By Theodore Lane

They will not please. I, for one, have the greatest confidence in the future, the common sense, and the conservatism of the English and the Scotch. The people do not, as yet, half understand their own power; while they are gradually growing to comprehend it, they will be learning the history of their country, the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, the dangers of revolution, and the advantages of those old institutions by whose aid the world has been carried with those who speak the Anglo-Saxon speech and are governed by the English law.

My friends, we are changed. Fifty years ago we were, as I have said, still in the eighteenth century. The people had no power, no knowledge, no voice; they were the slaves of their employers; they were ill-fed and ill-clothed, ready to rebel against their rulers, but not knowing how; chafing under laws which they did not make, and restraints which kept them from acting together, or from asserting to ask if things must always continue so. We are changed, indeed.

We now stand upright; our faces are full of hope, though we are oppressed by doubts and questions, because we know not which part of the many before us, will be the wisest; the future is all our own; we are no longer the servants; we are the Masters, the absolute Rulers, of the greatest Empire that the world has ever seen.

VII.

WITH THE MIDDLE-CLASS

THE GREAT MIDDLE-CLASS—supposed, before the advent of Mr. Matthew Arnold, to possess all the virtues; to be the backbone, stay, and prop of the country—must have a chapter to itself.

In the first place, the middle-class was far more a class apart. In no sense did it belong to society. Men in professions of any kind, except the two services, could only belong to society by right of birth and family connections; men in trade—bankers were accounted the only ones—could not possibly belong to society. That is to say, if they were to live in the country they were not called upon by the county families, and in town they were not admitted by the men into their clubs, or by ladies into their houses. Those circles, of which there are now so many—artistic, æsthetic, literary—all of them considering themselves to belong to society, were then out of society altogether; nor did they overlap and intersect each other. The middle-class knew its own place, respected itself, made its own society for itself, and cheerfully accorded to itself the reverence due to the position. Only rarely here and there one gets a glimpse into their lives. But the middle-class is much better known, because it has had prophets; nearly all the poets, novelists, essayists, journalists, and artists have sprung from it. Those who adored the Thirties and the Forties—Hood, Hook, Colt, Dickens, Albert Smith, Thackeray—all belonged to it; George Eliot, whose country towns are those of the Forties, was essentially a woman of the middle-class.

GEORGE ELIOT

Middle-class life—especially in the country—was dull, far duller than modern life even in the quietest country town. The men had their business; the women had the house. Incomes ran small; a great deal was done at home that is now done out of it. There was a weekly washing-day, when the house steamed with hot soapsuds, and the "line" were cut upon the poles—they were painted green and were square—and on the lines was hung the family linen. All the jam was made at home; the cakes, the pies, and the puddings, by the wife and daughters. The bread was home-made; the beer was home-brewed (and better than good home-brewed no man need desire); all those garments which are not worn outside were made at home. Everybody dined in the middle of the day. Therefore dinner-parties did not exist. On the other hand, there were sociable evenings, which began with a sit-down tea, with muffins and tea-cakes, very delightful, and ended with a hot supper. Tobacco was not admitted in society except as snuff, and into the better kind of middle-class house; the Sabbath was respected; there was no theatre nearer than the county town; the girls had probably never seen a play; every man who respected himself "laid down" port, but there was little drinking of wine except on Sunday afternoons; no one even the doctor, would offer the glass of something warm with a spoon in it after supper. For the young there was a Fair once a year; now and then a travelling circus came along; there was a lecture occasionally on an instructive subject, such as Chemistry, or Geology, or Sculpture; there were picnics, but these were rare; if there were show-places in the neighbourhood, parties were made to them, and tea was taken among the ruins.

Fashion descends slowly; it is now the working man who takes his wife into the country for tea; fifty years ago he took his wife nowhere, and scorned tea. Open-air games and sports there were many—no lawn-tennis, Badminton, or anything of that kind, in those days; even croquet, which is now so lost in the mists of antiquity that men of thirty are too young to remember the rage for it, was actually not yet invented. Archery certainly existed, and the comic papers are always drawing pictures of the young ladies standing their arrows into the legs of people a hundred feet or so wide of the target. But archery belonged to a class above that which we are now considering. There was not much sketching and painting. There was no amateur photography; there was no catching of strange creatures in ponds for the aquarium—a fashion also now extinct; there was no boating, no lawn-tennis, no anything, in fact, which would bring young people together in the open air. There was no travelling; the summer holiday had not yet got down in the country. In London, to be sure, everybody crowded to Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens to see the world in the seemliest in July or August; but in the country nobody thought of such a thing; not the Vicar's daughters, not the solicitor's wife, not the family of the general practitioner; the very schoolmaster, who got his four weeks in the summer and three at Christmas, spent them at home in sweet joy at his emancipation rest from labour. With no outdoor amusements, and with no summer holiday, how much is she surprised that the simplicity of the means monotony—*facient vastum, solitudinem* I mean.

In the winter, things were somewhat different. In some towns there was the County Ball. At this function one had the pleasure of seeing upon ladies and gentlemen of the highest rank and fashion, and of observing that they kept to themselves like a Hindu caste, danced with each other at the upper end of the room, cast disengaging glances at the dresses of the ladies of the lower end, and acquired at their manner and appearance. This was true joy. There were also occasional dances at home, but these were rare, because people had not learned how to meet and dance without making a fuss over it, taking up carpets, putting candles in tin sconces, keeping late hours, and having a supper, the preparation of which nearly killed the ladies, and drove the servants—the genteel Middle-Class family often got along with only one—to give notice. I think that the dances which had gone out in London still lingered in the country. There were, for instance, the Caledonians as well as the Lancers; there were country dances without end, the very names of which are now lost; the gentlemen performed the proper steps with grace and agility, the ladies their duties with decorum; to preserve an attitude supposed the only one possible for a lady while dancing, in which the figure was best forward, the face was turned up with the chin stuck out, while the hands were occupied in holding up the dress to the regulation height. The elders, meanwhile, played long whist at tables lit by candles which wanted snuffing between the deals. The bashful youth of the party was always covering himself with shame by his clumsiness in snuffing out the candles, or even if he succeeded in taking off the red-hot ball of burnt thread he too often neglected to close the instrument with which he effected the operation, and thereby mightily offended the nostrils of the company. When there was no dancing the younger members began with a "little music." Their songs—how rachel and stale they seem now if one dares to sing them!—turned chiefly on the affections, and the favourite poet was Felicia Hemans. After the little music they sat down to a round game, of which there were a great many, such as Commerce, Speculation, Loo, Put, Limited Loo, or Dare Your Joan. The last was played with a board. I remember the board—it was a round thing, lacquered, and like a punch bowl, but I think with divisions; as for the game itself, and what was done with the board, I quite forget, but both game and bowl lasted quite into the Fifties. Are there any country circles now where they still play Pope Joan with mother-of-pearl counters, and after the game have a grand settlement, and exchange the counters for silver and copper, some with chuckles, and others with oaths and smiles but inward rage?

LA PASTOURELLE

People were extremely punctilious on the subject of calls—one remembers the call in the "Mill on the Floss." The call was due at regular intervals, so that even the shy should almost be known by the time they had grown used. It was a ceremonial which contained a great deal of ceremony and make-believe. No one, for instance, was to be surprised in doing any kind of work. There was a fiction in genteel families that the ladies of the house never did anything serious or serviceable after dinner; the afternoon was supposed to be devoted either to walking, or to making calls, or to elegant trifling at home. Therefore if the girls were at the moment engaged upon any useful work—many of them, poor things, never did anything but useful work—they slammed it under the sofa, and pretended to be reading a book, or painting, or knitting, or to be engaged in easy and fashionable conversation. Why they went through this elaborate pretence I have not the least idea, because everybody knew that every girl in the house was always hemming sheets, or darning, basting, gusseting, trimming, turning, and contriving. How do you suppose that the solicitor's daughters made so brave a show on Sundays if they were not clever enough to make up things for them selves? Everybody, of course, knew it, and why the girls would not own up at once one cannot now understand. Perhaps it was a sort of a suspicion, or a faint hope, or a wild dream, that a reputation for fairy-like uselessness might enable them to cross the line at the County Ball on a single with the County people.

Are there still any circles of society in which, if a lady with her daughters calls upon another lady with her daughters, the decanters, biscuits, and glasses are placed upon the table, and the visitors are asked whether they will take port or sherry? This, fifty years ago, was always the case, even the poorest of the visitors always took a glass of port or sherry. In some houses it was not port and sherry that were placed upon the table, but "red" and "white." I do not know whether the red was currant or raspberry, but I think that the white was generally ngwsip. When the visitors were gone, the ladies got out their work again, threaded their needles, and spent an enjoyable hour or two in discussing the appearance, the dress, the manners, and the resources of their visitors. But the visit did them good, because it compelled company manners, which are always good for girls, and it dragged them a little out of themselves. They were too much *en famille*, these girls; they were never separated from each other. The boys got out to school or to business all day; but these poor girls were always together. Side by side they did their household duties, side by side they sewed and dressmaked, side by side they walked, side by side they prayed in the church, side by side they slept. Small chance of happiness was there—happiness is a separate, distinct, individual kind of thing, in which one *can* consult one's own likes—until the fabled of time, there came along the lover—a humdrum, commonplace kind of lover, I dare say, but his sweetheart was as commonplace as himself—and she exchanged a home, where she was a better kind of servant, for one of exactly the same kind, where she was a better kind of wife, when one says mistress, it must be remembered that man was, in those days, much more of a master in the house than he is now allowed to be. I speak not at random, but from the evidence of those who remember the days of their youth, and from that written by the men and that by the women. I am certain that the husband, unless he was henpecked—a pleasing word, now seldom used—was always the Master and generally the Tyrant in the house.

Let me, with some diffidence, approach the subject of the Church in the country. Some few years ago, when visiting the Church of fifty years ago until, in the autumn of 1885, I perambulated with one who is jealous for Church architecture and Church antiquities the north-east corner of Norfolk, where there are many churches, and most of them very fine. In our pilgrimage among these monuments we presently came upon one at the aspect of which we were fain to sit down and weep. It was, externally, an old and venerable structure, which might have been made beautiful within. Plaster covered the walls, and hid the columns; the interior of the church was crowded with high pews, painted white, and having along the top a sham mahogany kind of hand-rail; the chancel was encumbered with these enclosures, which hid the old brass work; these belonged to the Squire, and were provided with red curtains on brass rods. The reading-desk, pulpit, and altar were covered with a cloth which had been red, but had long before faded away into an indescribably shabby brown. The pulpit was not just on the old three-decker, but was stuck into the wall; the windows had lost their old tracery; the painted glass was gone; the roof was a flat whitewashed ceiling. The church, to eyes accustomed to better things, presented a deplorable appearance. My friend, pointing solemnly to the general shabbiness, remarked, "*Dies iræ, dies illa, solvet sæculum in favilla.*" It was the motto of the general state of affairs in the Forties by a small knot of Cambridge men who desired to restore beautify public worship in the Anglican faith, and also, I believe, to assert and insist upon certain points of doctrine. And they clearly perceived that, while the churches remained in their neglected condition, and church architecture was at its then low ebb, their doctrine was impossible. How far they have succeeded not only the Ritualists themselves proclaim, but also every other party in the Church, and even the Nonconformists, who have shared in the increased beauty and fitness of public worship.

He who can remember the ordinary Church Service in the early Fifties knows what they were in the Thirties, except that in the latter there were still some venerable divines who wore wigs.

The musical part of the service was, to begin with, taken slow—incredibly slow; no one now would, and no one is not old enough to remember, believe how slow it was. The voluntary at the beginning was a slow rumble; the Psalms were read by the clergyman and the clerk alternately, the Gloria alone being sung, slow to a slow rumble. The choir was stationed in the organ loft, which has been known to be built over the altar at the east end—as at St. Mary's, Cambridge—but was generally at the west end. It was not a choir of boys and men only, but of women and men. The Te Deum was always "Jackson"—from my youth up have I loathed "Jackson;" there was one lively bit in it for which one looked and waited; but it lasted a very few bars; and then the thing dragged on more slowly than ever till it came to the welcome words, "Let me never be confounded." Two hymns were sung—their words were always of the kind which expressed either the despair of the sinner or the doubtful joy of the believer. I say doubtful, because he was constantly being warned not to be too confident, not to minister a vague hope for the assurance of election, and because, with the rest of the congregation, he was always being told how few in number were those elect, and how extremely unlikely that there could be many of those few in that one flock. Read any of the theological literature of the period, and mark the gulf that lies between us and our fathers. There were many kinds of preachers, just

IN THE PULPIT

as at present—the eloquent, the high and dry, the low and threatening, the forcible-feeble, the florid, the prosy, the scholarly—but they all seemed to preach the same doctrine of hopelessness, the same Gospel of Despair, the same Father of all Cruelty, the same Son who could help only a few; and when any of the congregation dared to speak the truth, which was seldom, these blasphemous persons whispered that it was best to live and enjoy the present, and to leave off trying to save their souls against such fearful odds, and with the knowledge that if they were going to be saved it would be by election and by no merit or effort of their own, while if the contrary was going to happen, it was no use striving against fate. Wretched, miserable creed! To think that man this was brought the Divine Message of the Son of Man! And to think of the despairing deathbeds of the careless, the life-long terror of the most religious, and the agony of the survivors over the death of one "cut off in his sins."

What we now call the "life" of the Church, with its meetings, committees, fraternities, guilds, societies, and organisations, then simply did not exist. The clergyman had an easy time; he visited little, he had an Evening Service once a week, he did not pretend to keep saints' days and minor festivals and fasts—some of the congregation expected him to keep open house for his being a teetotaller for the sake of the weaker brethren, that would have seemed to everybody pure foolishness; yet a good man, for the most part, who lived a quiet and exemplary life, and a good scholar—scholars are plentiful, and were so then—and a sound theologian, a sound theologian, a judge of good port, and a gentleman. But preachers, learners, surpliced choirs, robes, and the like, he would have regarded as unworthy the consideration of one who was a Churchman, a Protestant, and a scholar.

To complete this brief study of the Church fifty years ago, let us remark that out of 11,500 livings which it possessed, 3,000 were under 100*l.* and 1,000 under 60*l.* a year, that there were 6,660 pluralists and 4,100 non-residents, that the bishoprics were not allowed to marry in their own chapels and by their own clergy till the year 1831, that they were not admitted to the Universities, and that the incomes of the Bishops were enormous.

As for Art, in the house or out of it, Art in pictures, sculpture, architecture, dress, furniture, fetting, colour, or whatever, the sentiment in the country-town knew nothing of it. His church was most likely a barn, his own house was four square, his furniture was mahogany, his pictures were coloured engravings, the ornaments of his rooms were Bilston things in china, painted red and white, his hangings were of a warm and comfortable red, his sofas were horsehair, his drawing room was furnished with a round table, on which lay Keepsakes and Forget-me-Nots; but as the family never used the room, which was kept locked, it mattered little how it was furnished. He dressed, if he was an elderly gentleman, in a spencer, buttoned tight, a high black satin stock, and boots up to his knees—very likely he still carried his hair in a tail. If he was young he had long and flowing hair, waved and curled with the aid

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, THE PRINCE CONSORT, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, AND THE FAVOURITE DOGS
From the Picture by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., now in Windsor Castle

COSTUME AT HER MAJESTY'S FANCY DRESS BALL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, ILLUSTRATING THE TIME OF GEORGE II., 1740 TO 1750

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AS QUEEN PHILIPPA, AND THE PRINCE CONSORT AS EDWARD III., AT THE PLANTAGENET BALL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, MAY 12, 1842

THE CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR CASTLE, JANUARY 25, 1842

of pomade and oil; he cultivated whiskers, also curled and oiled all round his face; he wore a magnificent stock, with a liberal kind of knot in the front; in this he stuck a great pin, and he was altogether as gentlemanly as for the further details, I cannot trust myself to describe them; the accompanying illustration will be of service in bringing

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1836

them to the memory of Londoners and London-ladies baby. Her country cousin would be but two years, at least, behind her. Well, the girls had blooming cheeks, bright eyes, and simple manners. They were much more retiring than the modern maiden; they knew very little of young men and their manners, and the young men knew very little of them—the novels of the time are full of the shyness of the young man in presence of the maiden. Their ideas were limited; they had strong views as to rank and social degrees, and longed earnestly for a chance of rising but a single step; their accomplishments were generally contemptible, and of Art they had no idea whatever. How should they have any idea when, year after year, they saw no

FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1837

Art, and heard of none? But they were good daughters, who became good wives and good mothers—our own, my friends,—and we must not make even a show of holding them up to ridicule.

One point must not be forgotten. In the midst of all this conventional dullness there was, in the atmosphere of the Thirties, a certain love of romance which showed itself chiefly in a fireside enthusiasm for the cause of oppressed races. Poland had many friends; the negro—they even went so far as to call him a brother—was warmly befriended; the case of the Greeks attracted the good wishes of everybody. Now, sympathy with oppression that is unseen is naturally followed by sympathy with the oppression which is before the eyes; so that one is not surprised to learn that the lot of the women and the children in the mines and the factories was soon afterwards taken seriously in hand. The verse which then formed so large a part of family reading had a great deal to do with the affections, especially their tearful side; while the novels they loved the best were those of knights and fair ladies of adventure and romance.

A picture by Du Maurier in *Punch* once represented a man singing a sentimental song at "At Home." Nobody laughed; some faces expressed wonder, some pity, some contempt, a few indignation; but not one face smiled. Consider the difference: in the year 1837 every face would have been broadened out in a grin. Do we, therefore, laugh no more at the songs and stories which moved the best were those of knights and fair ladies of adventure and romance.

No longer sings songs—he prefers the rapier or the jewelled dagger to the bludgeon. Those who desire to make the acquaintance of the comic man, as the middle-class, should read the works of Theodore Hook and of Albert Smith. To begin with, he played practical jokes; he continually played practical jokes, and he was never killed, as would now happen, by his victims. I am certain that we should kill a man who came to our houses and played the jokes which then were permitted to the comic man. He poured melted butter into our pockets at suppers; he turned round signposts, and made them point the wrong way, in order to send people whither they did not wish to go. It may be remembered that his tricks were not original. He wrenched off door-knockers; he turned off the gas at the meter; he tied strings across the river to knock people backwards in their boats; he tied two knockers together, and then rang both bells, and waited with a grin from ear to ear; he rang up people in the dead of the night on any pretext; he filled keyholes with slate-pencil powdered when the master of the house was coming home late; he hoaxed innocent ladies, and laughed when they were nearly driven mad with worry and terror; he went to masquerades, carrying a tray full of medicated sweets—think of such a thing! which he distributed, and then retired, and came back in another dress to gaze upon the havoc he had wrought. Again, it was a time when candles were still carried about the house, and, as yet, it was thought that gas in bedrooms was dangerous. He dropped the candle-extinguishing for the ladies when they went to bed into water, so that they spluttered and went out, and

WATCHMAN
From a drawing by George Cruikshank in "London Characters"

varied alarming fireworks when they were in bed and then, to remove the horrible smell, the candles, being of tallow, he offered to burn pastilles, but these were confections of gunpowder and water, and caused the liveliest emotions, and sent the poor ladies upstairs in strong, of nervous hitter.

There never was one of the tricks of this abominable person. Once he received an invitation to a great ball, which a Royal Personage was to honour with his presence. The Royal Personage was to be received in a special supper-room, apart from the common herd. The table had been laid in the room with the most splendid care and splendour; down the middle of the table there ran instead a fountain canal filled with gold and silver fish—a contrivance believed in those remote ages to set off and increase the beauty of a supper table. Our ingenious friend quickly discovered that the room was accessible from the garden, where some workmen were still putting the finishing touches to their work, the men who had commenced the mischief, and had arranged the lamps and things. He went, therefore, into the gardens; he invited these workmen to partake of a little refreshment, led them into the Royal supper room, and begged them to help themselves, and to spare nothing: in a twinkling the tables were cleared. He then put certain chemicals into the canal, which instantly killed every fish: this done, he retired to a window, and awaited the moment when the Illustrious Personage, the hostess on his arm, should enter that supper room, and gaze upon those empty dishes.

On another occasion, he discovered that a respectable butler was in the habit of carrying upstairs, in order to refresh the conversation, bottles of wine from the cellar, by means of the kitchen stairs. He, therefore, hid himself while the poor man adjusted the slippers, and walked noiselessly upstairs. He then hammered a tin tack into the heels of the slippers, and walked again, until a confederate gave the alarm, and the fat butler, hurrying down, slipped one foot into each slipper, and—went headlong into the depths below, and was nearly killed. "Never laughed so much in all my life, sir."

At Oxford, of course, he enjoyed himself wonderfully. For with a party of chosen friends, he met no less a person than the Vice-Chancellor, at ten or eleven at night, going home alone, and peacefully. To raise that personage, lift him on their shoulders, crown him with a long cravat, and carry him triumphantly to the gates of his own College, was not only a great stroke of fun, but a thing not to be resisted. And he blew up the group of Cain and Abel in the Quadrangle of Brasenose. And what he did with proctors, bulldogs, and the like, passeth all understanding. It was at Oxford that the funny man made the acquaintance of the Major. Now the Major was in love, but he was no longer so young as he had been, and his hair was getting thin on the top—a very serious thing in the days of long hair, wavy, scarfed, singed, and oiled, flowing gracefully over the ears and the coat collar. The Major, in an evil moment, commissioned the Practical Joker, whose character, one would think, must have been well-known, to procure for him a bottle of a certain patent hair-restorer. Of course, the Joker brought him a bottle of depilatory mixture, which, being credulously accepted, and well rubbed in, deprived the poor Major of every hair that was left. It is needless to relate how, when he was at Richmond with a party of ladies, the introduction of the "maids of honour" was a thing not to be resisted; and one can quite understand how one of the young ladies was led on to ordering, in addition to another maid of honour, a small Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, if they had one quite cold.

The middle-class of London, before the development of omnibuses, lived in and round the City of London, Bloomsbury being the principal suburb; many thousands of well-to-do people, merchants and shopkeepers, lived in the City itself, and were not ashamed of their business, which filled the City streets on the week days. Some lived at Clapham, Camberwell, and Stockwell on the south; a great many at Islington, where a vigorous offshoot of the great city ran through the High Street past Sadler's Wells as far as Highbury; a few even lived at Highgate and Hampstead. There were the "short" stages from London to all these places, but, so far as can be gathered, most of those who lived in these suburbs before the days of the omnibus had their own carriages, and drove in town and home again every day. On Sunday they entertained their friends, and the young gentlemen of the City delighted to hire horses and ride down. The comic literature of the time is full of the Cockney horseman.

A SCENE ON BLACKHEATH
By "Phiz"
From "Sketches in London," by James Grant

It will be remembered how Mr. Horatio Sparkins rode gallantly from town to dine with his hospitable friends on Sunday.

The manners and customs of the Islington colony, which may, I suppose, be taken for the suburban and Bloomsbury people generally—except that Russell and Bedford Squares were very, very much grander—may be read in Albert Smith's "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," his "Natural History of the Gent," "The Pottleton Legacy," and other contemporary works. Very good reading they are, if approached in the right spirit, which is a humble and an inquiring spirit. Many remarkable things may be learned from these books. For instance, would you know how the middle-class evening party was conducted? Here are a few details. The gentlemen, of whose long and wavy hair I have already spoken, wore, for evening dress, a high black stock, the many folds of which covered the shirt, and were enriched by a massive pin; their white shirt-cuffs were neatly turned over their wrists, their dress-coats were buttoned, their trousers were tight, and they wore straps and pumps. The ladies either wore curls neatly arranged on each side—you may still see some old ladies who have clung to the pretty fashion of their youth—or they wore their hair dropped in a loop down the cheek and behind the ear, and then fastened in some kind of band with ribbons at the back of the head. The shape of the frocks reminds one of the wedding mourning in "Pickwick," when all the girls were crying out for "Sairey," only the two bridesmaids looking and the girls were helpless by themselves. Pink was the favourite colour—and a very pretty colour too; and there was plenty of scope for the milliner's art in lace and artificial flowers. The elder ladies were magnificent in turbans, and the youngest coils were across the forehead in bands of velvet or silk decorated with a gold brooch, or something in pearls and diamonds. This fashion lingered long. I remember—I must have been about the year 1850—a certain elderly maiden lady who never was known even by day to go without ribbons and her turban; this alone gave her a severe and keen appearance kind of expression; but, in addition, the ribbon continued in the middle, if I remember right, a steel buckle—though a lady, one thinks, would hardly wear a steel buckle in her forehead. Sometimes there was a wreath of flowers worn in the middle of the forehead; but I think hardly in Islington, a town of trade. In middle-class circles, the fashion of evening dress was married by a Quaker, common to both sexes, of wearing cleaned gloves. Now kid gloves could only be cleaned by one process, by which the result was an effect of turps which could not be subdued by any amount of patchouli or eau-de-cologne. There were, as yet, no trains for the dances, and when a waltz was played, everybody was allowed to begin. Quadrilles of various kinds were danced, and the country dance yet lingered at this end of the town. The polka came later. Dancing was stopped whenever any young lady could be persuaded to sing, and happy was the young man whose assistance permitted him to wear the delightful moustachios fashionable in the City and in all the professions. Young Templars wore them until they were called, when they had to be shaved. For a City man to wear a moustache would have been ruin.

Other portions of Albert Smith's works, if read with discernment, will enable one to make discoveries of some interest. One is that our modern 'Arry is really a survival, and, as is sometimes believed, a growth of modern days. The boy and mistress, 'Arriet, does not seem to have existed at all forty years ago, at least there is no mention of her; but 'Arry flourished. He did awfully dreadful things. He was even worse than the Practical Joker. When he took Miss Letherby abroad, he went into the cathedrals on purpose to spill the holy water, to blow out the candles, and to play tunes at the wooden legs of the worshippers. He played hand-organs into lofts and invited men to bring properties and dance all night, with a supper brought from the *charcuterie* wherever there was jumping, dancing, singing, and riot, 'Arry was in the tune. On board the steamer he seized a bottle of brandy, took a dominant and commanding position, where he drank it before all the world, smoking cigars, and laughing loudly at the poor people who were ill. At home, he wrenched off knockers, played practical jokes, drank more stout, ate more sausages, and generally called for brandy and water continually. He was loud in his dress and in his voice; he was insolent, cadaverous, and offensive in his manners. Generally, one thinks, he would end his career by transportation, or by the Queen's Bench, or the Fleet. Doubtless, however, there are still among us old gentlemen now who sit at church on Sunday with venerable white hair, among their children and grandchildren, and who to the voice of the preacher rises and falls, their memory wanders back to the days when they danced and sang with the grisettes, when they wrenched the knockers, when they went from the theatre to the Coal Cellar, and from the Coal Cellar to the Finish; and come home with unsteady step and light purse in the grey of the morning.

The Debtors' Prison belonged chiefly to the great middle-class. Before them stalked always a grisly spectre, called by some Insolvency and by others Bankruptcy. This villanous ghost seized its victims by the collar and haled them within the walls of a Debtors' Prison, where it bade them abandon hope, and abide there till the day of death. Everybody is familiar with the inside of the Fleet, the Queen's Bench, the Marshalsea, and Whitecross Street. They are all pulled down now, and the only way to get imprisoned for debt is to be in your contempt of court, for which Heaven be your reward. But what a drop from the humours of the Queen's Bench, with its drinking, tobacco, singing, and noisy revelry, to the solitary cell of Holloway Prison! The Debtors' Prison is gone, and the world is the better for its departure. Nowadays the ruined heritage man, the rake, the sharper, the profligate, the fraudulent bankrupt, have no prison where they can carry on their old excesses again, though in humbler way. They go down—below the surface—out of sight, and what they do, and how they fare, nobody knows, and very few care.

MAID SERVANT
From a drawing by Cruikshank in "London Characters"

VII.

IN SOCIETY

AS TO SOCIETY IN 1837, contemporary commentators *differ*. For according to some, society was always gambling, running away with each others' wives, causing and committing scandals, or whispering them, the men were spendthrifts and profligates, the women extravagant and heedless. Others, on the same things would be said, and are sometimes said, of the present day, and will be said in all following ages, because to the ultra virtuous or to the satirist who trots out the old, stale, worn-out sham indignation, or to the hot-air fanatic, society as it is or as it always has been and always will be, seems to be given over to the devil, and the only remedy is to be found in the Millennium, which is always coming, but never arrives.

Now, I am no Indignant satirist, and the news that certain young gentlemen have been sitting up all night playing écarté, or losing at races, or "carrying on" after the fashion of youth in all ages, does not greatly agitate my soul, or surprise me, or lash me into virtuous indignation. Not at all. At the same time, if one must be censorious and take a side, one must take the side of Benjamin Disraeli and declare for the side of the angels. And, once a declared follower of that army, one may be allowed to remark that things are vastly improved in the space of two generations. Of course there can be no doubt. Making every allowance for exaggeration, and refusing to see depravity in a whole class because there are one or two cases that the world calls shocking and reads eagerly, it is quite certain that there is less of everything that should not be than there used to be—less in proportion, and even less in actual extent. The general tone, in short the general manners of society, have very much improved. Of this, I say again, there can be no doubt. Let any one, for instance, read Lady Blessington's "Victims of Society." Though there is an unreal ring about this horrid book, so that one cannot accept it for a moment as a faithful picture of the times, such a book could not now be written at all: it would be impossible.

OFFICER OF THE DRAGOON GUARDS

Let us sing of lighter themes. Take, for instance, the great subject of Swagger. There is

Swagger in these days; cavalry officers in garrison towns are supposed to swagger. Eton boys swagger in their own little village; undergraduates swagger. "The putting on of" side, by the way, is a peculiarly modern form of swagger—it is in the assumption of certain qualities and powers which are considered as deserving of respect. Swagger, fifty years ago, was a coarser kind of thing. Officers swaggered; men of rank swaggered; men of wealth swaggered; gentlemen in military uniform—there are no longer any military fops—swaggered in taverns, clubs, and in the streets. The adoption of quiet manners; the wearing of rank with moderate dignity; the possession of wealth without ostentation; of self without the desire to be always showing it—these are points in which we are decidedly in advance of our fathers. There was a great deal of cuff and collar, stock and lavender about the young fellows of the day. They were oppressive in their gallantry; in public places they asserted themselves; they were loud in their talk. In order to understand the temperament of the day, one may study the life and career of that gay and gallant gentleman, the Count d'Orsay, model and paragon for all young gentlemen of his time.

They were louder in their manners, and in their conversation they were smoking, especially the wits. Things were said by these gentlemen, even in a drawing age, which would be followed in these days by a violent personal assault. In fact, the necessity of fighting a duel if you kicked a man seems to have been the cause why men were constantly calling each other, by implication, Fool, Ass, Knave, and so forth. So very disagreeable a thing was it to turn out in the early morning, in order to be shot at, that men stood anything rather than subject themselves to it. Consider the things said by Douglas Jerrold, *for instance*. Yet nobody seems ever to have fallen upon him. And not only this kind of thing was permitted, but things of the grossest taste passed unchecked. For instance, only a few years before our period, at Holland House—not at a club, or in a tavern, but in the most decently at Holland *House*, the most refined and cultured place in London, the following conversation once passed.

They were asking who was the worst man in the whole of history —a most profitable question, by the way, and one which the editor has proposed. Among the company present was the Prince Regent himself. "I," said Sydney Smith, "have always considered the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, to have been the worst man in all history past and future, with the single exception of a Prince." A dead silence followed, broken by the Prince himself. "For my own part," he said, "I have always considered that he was excelled by his tutor, the Abbé Dubois; and he was a priest, Mr. Sydney." Considering the reputation of the Prince, and the kind of life he was generally supposed to lead, the feeling, one can believe that any man would have had the impudence and the bad taste to make such a speech.

We still constantly hear, in the modern School for Scandal, remarks concerning the honour, the virtue, the cleverness, the ability, the beauty, the accomplishments of our friends. *But it is behind their backs.* We no longer try to put the truth openly before them. We stab in the back; but we no longer attack in front. One ought not to think at all of the back as a portion of the frame which feels nothing. So far the change is a distinct gain.

Society, again, fifty years ago, was exclusive. You belonged to

"A PERSON IN THE PARK."—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND MRS. ARBUTHNOT.

society, or you did not; there was no overlapping, there were no circles which intersected. And if you were in society you went to Almack's. If you did not go to Almack's, you might be a very interesting, praiseworthy, well-bred creature; but you could not claim to be in society. Nothing could be more simple. Therefore, everybody ardently desired to be seen at Almack's. This, however, was not in everybody's power. Almack's, for instance, was far more exclusive than the Court. Riff-raff might go to Court; but they could not get to Almack's, for at its gates there stood, not one angel with a fiery sword, but as the shape of English ladies, terrible in matrons, splendid in diamonds, magnificent in satin, and awful in rank.

They were the Ladies Jersey, Londonderry, Cowper, Brownlow, Willoughby d'Eresby, and Sefton. These ladies formed the terrible Committee. They decided who should be admitted within the circle; all applications had to be made direct to them; no one was allowed to bring friends. Those who desired to go to the balls—Heavens! what lady did not ardently desire?—were obliged to send in a personal request to be allowed the honour. Not only this, but they were also obliged to send for the answer, which took the form of a voucher, that is, a ticket, or a simple refusal, from which there was no appeal. Gentlemen were admitted in the same way, and by the same mode of application, as the ladies. In their case, it is pleasing to add, birth was not at all to be considered as well as birth and rank, so that if a man openly and flagrantly insulted society he was supposed not to be admitted; but one asks with some trembling how far such rigour would be extended towards a young and successful Duke. Almack's was a sort of Royal Academy of Society, the Academic diplomas being represented by the admitted candidate's pedigree, his family connections, and his family shield. The haut-ton, jealously and maddening envies coined by this exclusive circle were, I take it, the cause of its decline and fall. Today even of the grandest and most successful kind, even in the persons of the children, had no chance whatever; no self-made man was admitted, genius was not considered at all; admission to Almack's was like admission to the Order of the Garter, because it depended not on eminence about merit; wives and daughters of simple country squires, judges, bishops, generals, admirals, and so forth, knew better than to apply; the intrigues, backstairs influence, solicitation of friends, were as endless as the intrigues at the Admiralty to procure promotion. Admission could not, however, be bought. So far the committee were beyond suspicion and beyond reproach: it was whispered, to be sure, that there was favouritism—awful word! Put yourself in the position, if you have imagination enough, of a young and beautiful *ingénue*. Admission to Almack's means for you that you are your right and title clear to a coronet. What will you not dress and resign, manipulate and undulate, hypnotise and flirt to win that end? And oh! the happiness, the rapture, of seeing to Willis's Rooms and finding a card waiting for you! and the misery and despair of receiving, instead, the terrible letter which told you, without reason assigned, that the Ladies of the Committee could not grant your request.

They were not expensive gatherings, the tickets being only 7*s.* 6*d.* each, which did not include supper. Dancing began at eleven to the strains of Weippert's and Cullinet's band. The balls were held in the great room at Willis's, and the space reserved for the dancers was roped round. The two favourite dances were the Valse and the Galop, or the "sprightly galopsade," as it was called. Quadrilles were also danced. It may be interesting to those who have kept the old music that the dances for 1836 were *Eclaire* and *La Fête de Bronze*, and the favourite valse was *La Rouble contre le Souverit*. They had also Strauss's waltzes.

"The decline and fall of Almack's was partly caused, by the "favouritism" which kept the place exclusive, but excluded more than was politic. The only chance for the continued existence of such an institution is that it should be constantly changing its boundaries, just as the only chance of such an aristocracy as ours is that it should be continually admitting new members. Somehow the kind of small circle which Almack's was, is still with us, only *the crême de la crême* is always falling to pieces. We hear of a club which is to contain only the very noblest; but in a year or two it has ceased to exist, or it is like all other clubs." Moreover, a great social change is passing over the country. The Respect for Rank, fifty years ago universal and profound, is rapidly decaying. There are still left many who believe in some kind of superiority by Divine Right and the Sovereign's gift of Rank, even though that Rank be but ten years old, and the grandfather's shop is still remembered. We do not believe any more that Rank makes people cleverer, more moral, stronger, more religious, more capable, but some of us still believe that, in some unknown way, it makes them superior. These people are getting fewer. The decay of Respect for Rank, the decay of Respect for Rank, because such an aristocracy as that of these islands, when it becomes poor, will become contemptible.

LINKMAN.

The position of women, social and intellectual, has wholly changed. Nothing was heard then of women's rights, nothing of women's suffrage; there were no women on boards, there were none who lectured and spoke in public, there were few who wrote seriously. Women regarded themselves, and spoke of themselves, as inferior to men in understanding, as they were in bodily strength. Their case is not likely to be understated by one of themselves. Here, therefore, what Mrs. John Sandford—nowadays she would have been Mrs. Ethel Sandford, or Mrs. Christian-and-maiden-name Sandford—says upon her sisters. It is in a book called "Woman in her Social and Domestic Character."

"There is something unfeminine in independence. It is contrary to Nature, and therefore it offends. A really sensible woman feels her dependence; she does what she can, but *she is careless of inferiority, and therefore of power*. Her desires are moderate, her aims are mine. "In everything that women attempt they should show their consciousness of dependence. . . . They should remember that by them influence is to be obtained not by assumption, but by a delicate appeal to affection. . . . The more helpless the object are something like children—the more they show their need of support, the more engaging they are. The appropriate expression of dependence is gentleness." The whole work is executed in this spirit, the key-note being the inferiority of women. Heavens! with what a storm would such a book be now received!

In the year 1835 Herr Raumer, the German historian, visited England, and made a study of the English people, which he afterwards published. From this book one learns a great deal concerning the manners of the day. For instance, he went to a dinner party given by a certain noble lord, at which the whole service was of silver, a silver hot-water dish being placed under every plate; the dinner lasted until midnight, and the German guest drank too much wine, which "injured" most of the English guests. It was then the custom at private dinner parties to go on drinking healths after dinner, and to sit over the wine till midnight. He goes to an At Home at Lady A.'s. "Almost all the men," he tells us, "were dressed in black coats, black or coloured waistcoats, and black or white cravats." Of what colour were the coloured waistcoats? and of what colour the coats which were not black, and how were the other men dressed? Perhaps one or two may have been Bishops in evening dress. Now the evening dress of a Bishop used to be blue. I once saw a Bishop dressed all in blue—he was a very aged Bishop—it was at a City Company's dinner—and I was told it had formerly been the evening dress of Bishops, but was now only worn by the most ancient among them. Herr Raumer mentions the "countless" carriages in Hyde Park, and observes that no one could afford to keep a carriage who had not 3,000*l.* a year at least. And at fashionable dances he observes that they dance nothing but waltzes. The English ladies he finds beautiful, and of the gentlemen he observes that the more they eat and drink the colder they become—because they drank port, no doubt, under the influence of which, though the heart glows more and more, there comes a time when the brow clouds, and the speech thickens, and the whole man is changed.

The dinners were conducted on primitive principles. Except in great houses, where the meat and game were carved by the butler, everything was carved on the table. The host sat behind the joint, and the guests in front of him. One of the guests took the ducks, the turkey, the hare, and the fowls, and cut their pert, countenances of critical eyes. A dinner was a terrible ordeal for a young man who, perhaps, found himself called upon to dismember a pair of ducks. He mounted the fowls with burning cheeks and perspiring nose; he, at last, an impostor, now who knew not the ways of polite society, would be discovered; he began to feel for the joints, while the cold eyes of his hostess gazed reproachfully upon him—ladies, in those days, knew good carving, and could carve for themselves. Perhaps the bird, with a ghastly grin, to confess that he could not find those joints. Then the dish was removed and given to another guest, a horribly self-reliant creature, who laughed and talked while he dexterously slaved the breast and cut off the legs. If, in his agony, the poor wretch would take refuge in the bottle, he had to wait until some one invited him to take wine—horrible tyranny! The dessert table was ornamented with a great épergne of silver or glass; after dinner the cloth was removed, showing the table, deep in colour, lustrous, well waxed; and the gentlemen began real business with the bottle after the ladies had gone.

Nothing need be said about the Court. It was then in the hands of a few families. It had no connection at all with the life of the country, which went on as if there were no Court at all. It is strange that in those fifty years of change the Court should have altered little. Now, whatever the Court neither attracts, nor attempts to attract, any of the leaders in Art, Science, or Literature. Now, as then, the Court is a thing apart from the life of the country. For the best class of all, those who are continually advancing the country in science, in letters, in the light the sacred lamp of letters, who are its scholars, architects, engineers, artists, poets, authors, journalists, who are the merchant adventurers of modern times, who are the preachers and teachers, the Court simply does not exist. One states the fact without comment. But it should be stated, and clearly understood. The best of those men who in this generation maintain the greatness of our country in the ways where alone greatness is desirable or memorable, the only men of this generation whose memories will live and adorn the Victorian era, are strangers to the Court. It seems a great mistake for the Court, so to be.

As for the rest of society; how the people had dramas and routs and balls; how they laughed for husbands how they were hollow and unnatural, and so forth—you may read about it in the pages of Thackeray. One thing I, for one, do not believe ought to be understood now Thackeray got his knowledge of these exclusive circles. Instead of dancing at Almack's he was taking his chop and stout at the Cock; instead of gambling at Crock's he was writing his copy for any paper which would take it. Where and when did he meet Mrs. Newcome and Lady Kew and Lord Steyne? Perhaps for some of them by intuition, as Disraeli wrote the "Young Duke." "Mystery, sir," said the elder Disraeli, "has never, I believe, been seen a Duke."

One fourth more. There is before me a beautiful, solemn work, one in which the writer feels his responsibilities almost too profoundly. It is on no less important a subject than Etiquette, containing Rules for the Conduct of Life on the most grave and serious occasions. It opens with a word of warning.

"Familiarity is the greatest vice of Society. When an acquaintance says 'My dear fellow,' cut him immediately."

"Never enter your own house without bowing to every one you may meet there."

"Never ask a lady any questions about anything whatever."

"If you have drunk wine with every one at the table and wish for more"—Heavens! More? And after drinking with every one at the table!—"wait till the cloth is removed."

"Never permit the sanctity of the drawing-room to be violated by a Bore."

VIII.

AT THE PLAY AND THE SHOW

FIFTY YEARS AGO the Theatre was far more than at present, the favourite amusement of the Londoners. It was a passion with them. They still met gaily to laugh and be pleased when we go now; they were as much as ever the purveyors to this day a reputation, but since last, for critical power. A large number of the audience went to every new performance of a stock piece in order to criticise. After the theatre they repaired to the Albion or the Cider Cellars for supper, and to talk over the performance. Fifty years ago there were about eighteen theatres, for a London of two millions.

These theatres were not open all the year round, but it was reckoned that 20,000 people were entertained every night in the theatres. There are now thirty theatres at least open nearly the whole year round. I doubt if there are many more than 20,000 at all of them together on an average in one night. Yet London has doubled, and the visitors to London have been multiplied by ten. This is by the statistics that the theatres are kept up. The people of London have in great measure lost their taste for the theatres, because they have gone to live in the suburbs. Who, for instance, that lives in Hampstead and who has to get up in good time in the evening can take his wife often to the theatre? It requires an hour to drive to town, the hour after dinner. The play is over at a little after eleven; if he takes a cab the driver is sulky at the thought of going up the hill and getting back again without another fare; if he goes and returns in a hansom it doubles the expense. Accordingly, as everybody lived in town, they could walk. Again, the price of seats has enormously gone up. Where there were two rows of stalls at the same price as the dress circle, namely, four shillings, there are now a dozen at the price of half a guinea. And it is very much the fashion to take the best places against the dress circle; so no longer the same highly respectable part of the house, while the upper boxes are now "out of it" altogether, and as for the pit, no man knows whether there be pit or gallery.

Then, again, there are so many more distractions; a more widely-spread habit of reading, more music, more art, more society, a fuller life. The theatre was formerly—it is still to many—the only school of conversation, wit, manners, and sentiment, the chief excitement which took men out of their homes. Now, more delightful, the most entrancing manner of spending the evening. If the theatre were the same to the people of London as it used to be, the average attendance, counting the visitors, would be not 20,000 but 120,000.

The reasons why some of the houses were open for six months only was that the Lord Chancellor granted a license for that period only, except to the patent houses. The Haymarket was a summer house, from April to October; the Adelphi a winter house, from October to April.

The most fashionable of the houses was Her Majesty's, where only Italian Opera was performed. Everybody in society was obliged to have a box for the season, for which sums were paid varying with the place in the house and the rank and wealth of the tenant. Thus the old Duke of Gloucester used to pay three hundred guineas for the season. On levee days and drawing-rooms the fashionable world went to the Opera in their Court dresses, feathers, lace, and all—the diamonds, and silver, and gold. Those who only took a box in order to keep up appearances, and because it was necessary for one in society to have a box, used to sell seats—commonly called boxes, because a round number of four was the object—at the door, and so get back the price of the box; but their box for a single night, a month, or the whole season, by means of the agents so that, except for the honour of it, as the saint said when the bottom of his saddle-cloth fell out, one might as well have had none at all.

The prices of admission to the theatres were very much less than obtain at the present day. At Drury Lane the boxes and stalls, of which there were two or three rows only, were 7*s.* each; the pit was 3*s.* 6*d.*; the upper boxes 2*s.*, and the gallery 1*s.* At Covent Garden, where they were great at spectacle, with performing

* The following were the London Theatres in the year 1837:—Her Majesty's, Italian Opera; Drury Lane; Covent Garden; Haymarket; Lyceum; Olympic; Strand; Surrey; Astley's; Queen's (afterwards the Pavilion); Sadler's Wells; the Royal Pavilion, the Garrick, and the Cleveland (now the King's Cross).

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN RECEIVING KING LOUIS PHILIPPE IN WINDSOR CASTLE, OCTOBER 8, 1844
From the Picture by F. X. Winterhalter, now in Windsor Castle

WAKING THE QUEEN, BALMORAL

BALMORAL CASTLE

LEAVES from the DIARY of OUR LIFE in the HIGHLANDS

PRINCE CONSORT'S SOON, BALMORAL

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, AND THE PRINCE OF WALES AT LOCH LAGGAN, SCOTLAND
From the Picture by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., now in Windsor Castle

THE QUEEN IN A HIGHLAND COTTAGE

animals, the great Bonn being lessee, the prices were boxes, the boxes being 4s., the pit 2s., the upper boxes 1s. 6d., and gallery 1s. At the Haymarket the boxes were 5s., the pit 3s., and the gallery 1s. 6d.

The actors and actresses were many and good. At the Haymarket they had Farren, Webster, Buckstone, Mrs. Glover, and Mrs. Humby. At the Olympic, Elliston, Liston, and Madame Vestris. Helen Faucit made her first appearance in 1835; Miss Fanny Kemble her's in 1829. Charles Mathews, Harley, Macready, and Charles Kean were all playing. I hardly think that in fifty years' time so good a list will be made of actors of the present day whose memory has lasted so long as those of 1837. The salaries of actors and singers varied, of course. Malibran received 125*l.* a night, Charles Kean 30*l.* a night, Macready 30*l.* a week, Farren 20*l.* a week, and so on, down to the humble chorister—they then called her a *figurante*—with her 1*l.* or 30*s.* a week.

As for the national drama, I suppose it had never before been in so wretched a state. Tallourd's play of *Ion* was produced about this time; but one good play—supposing *Ion* to be a good play—is hardly enough to redeem the character of the age. There were also tragedies by Miss Mulford and Miss Baillie—strange that no woman has ever written even a tolerable play—but these failed to keep the stage. One Mr. Marmion, now dying out of recollection, also wrote tragedies. The comedies and farces were written by Planché, Reynolds, Peake, Theodore Hook, Leman Rede, Poole, Madison Morton, and Moncrieff. A really popular writer, we learn with envy and astonishment, would make as much as 30*l.*, or even 40*l.*, by a good piece. Think of making 30*l.* or 40*l.* by a good piece at the theatre! Was not that reckless encouragement for the playwrights? Thirty pounds for one piece! It takes one's breath away. Would not Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Wills, and Mr. George Sims be proud and happy men if they could get 30*l.*—a whole lump of 30*l.*—for a single piece? We can imagine the tears of joy running down their cheeks.

LISTON AS "PAUL PRY"
By George Cruikshank

The decline of the drama was attributed by Raimer to the entire absence of any protection for the dramatist. This is no doubt partly true; but the decline was preceded, to a certain extent, by the difficulty of getting copies of his work. Shorthand writers used to try—they still try—to take down, unseen, the words of the actors. Generally, however, they are detected in the act and out-kicked. As a rule, if the dramatist did not print the plays, he was safe, except for the loss on the part of the prompter. The low prices paid for dramatic work were the chief causes of the decline—say, rather, the dreadful decay, dry rot, and galloping consumption—of the drama fifty years ago. Who, for instance, would ever expect good fiction to be produced if it was rewarded at the rate of no more than 30*l.*, or even 40*l.*, a novel? Great prizes are incentives for good work. Good craftsmen will no longer work if the pay is bad; or, if they work at all, they will not throw their hearts into the work.

T. P. COOKE
In "Black-Eyed Susan"

The great success of Walter Scott was the cause why Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Charles Reade, and the many second-rate novelists chose fiction rather than the drama for their energies. One or two of them, Dickens and Reade, for instance, were always hankering after the stage. Had dramatic work received the same respect in England as in France, many of these writers would have seriously turned their attention to the theatre, and our modern dramatic literature would have been as rich as our work in fiction. The stage now offers a great fortune to a writer rather more than a much more swiftly than can be got by fiction, to those who succeed.

As for the pieces actually produced about this period, they were chiefly adaptations from novels. Thus, we find *Esmeralda* and *Quasimodo*, two plays from Victor Hugo's novel the "Notre Dame;" *Lucille*, from "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," by Lytton; Bulwer, indeed, was continually being dramatised; *Paul Clifford* and *Rienzi*, among others, making their appearance on the stage. For other plays there were *Jane Lazarus*, from the "Vicar of Wakefield;" *The Watterman*, *The Irish Tutor*, *My Poll and My Partner Joe*, with T. P. Cooke, at the Surrey Theatre. The comedy of the time is very well illustrated by Lytton's *Money*, stagey and unreal. The scenery, dresses, and general *mise-en-scène* would now be considered contemptible.

Apart from the Italian Opera, music was very well supported. There were concerts in great numbers; the Philharmonic, the Vocal Society, and the Royal Academy of Music gave their concerts at the King's Ancient Concert Rooms, Hanover Square. Willis's Rooms were also used for music; and the Cecilia Society gave its concerts in Moorgate Street.

There were many other shows, apart from the well-known sights of town. Madame Tussaud's Gallery in Baker Street, the Hippodrome at Bayswater, the Colosseum, the Dioramas in Regent's Park, the Panorama in Leicester Square—where you could see "Fera and the Andes, or the Village engulfed by the Avalanche"—and the Panorama in Regent Street attracted the less frivolous and those who came to town for the improvement of their minds. For Londoners themselves there were the Vauxhall Gardens first and foremost—the most delightful places of amusement that London ever possessed except, perhaps, Behnie. Everybody went to Vauxhall; those who were respectable and those who were not. Far more beautiful than the electric lights in the Gardens of the "Colonies" were the two hundred thousand variegated oil lamps, festooned among the trees of Vauxhall; there was to be found music, singing, acting, and dancing. Hither came the gallant and golden youth from the West End; here were seen sober and honest merchants with their wives and daughters; here were ladies of doubtful reputation and ladies about whose reputation there could be no doubt; here there were painted arbours where they brought you the famous Vauxhall ham—"sliced cobwebs;" the famous Vauxhall beef; "book muslin, pickled and boiled;" and the famous Vauxhall punch—Heavens! how the honest lads did drink that punch!

I have before me an account of an evening spent at Vauxhall by an eminent dry salter of the City, his partner, a certain Tom, and two ladies, the dry salter's wife and his daughter Lydia; "a laughter-loving lass of eighteen, who dearly loved a bit of gig." Do you know, gentle reader, what is a "bit of gig?" This young lady laughs at everything, and cries, "What a bit of gig!" There was singing, of course, and after the singing there were fireworks, and after the fireworks an ascent on the rope. "The ascent on the rope, which Lydia had never before witnessed, was to her particularly interesting. For the first time during the evening she looked serious, and as the mingled rays of the moon (then shining gloriously in the dark blue heavens, attended by her twinkling handmaidens, the stars) which ever and anon shot down as the rockets mounted upwards, mocking the mimic pyrotechnia of man, and the flashes of red fire played upon her beautiful white brow and ripe lips—blushing like a dark cherry—we thought for a moment that Tom was a happy blade. While we were gazing on her fine face, her eye suddenly assumed its wonted levity, and she exclaimed in a laughing tone—'Now, if the two-penny postman of the rockets were to mistake one of the directions and deliver it among the crowd so as to set fire to six or seven muslin dresses, what a bit of gig it would be!'"

Another delightful place was the Surrey Zoological Gardens, which occupied fifteen acres, and had a large lake in the middle, very useful for fireworks, and the showing off of the Mount Vesuvius they stuck up on one side of it. The carnivorous animals were kept in a single building, under a great glazed cupola, but the elephants, bears, monkeys, &c., had separate buildings of their own. Flower shows, balloon ascents, fireworks, and all kinds of exciting things went on at the Surrey Zoo.

The Art Galleries opened every year, and besides the National Gallery, there were the Society of British Artists, the Exhibition of Water Colours, and the British Institution in Pall Mall. At the Royal Academy of 1837, Turner exhibited his "Juliet," Etty a "Psyche and Venus," Landseer a "Scene in Chillingham Park," Wilkie the "Peep o' Day Boy's Cabin," and Roberts the "Chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella at Granada."

There were Billiard Rooms, where a young man from the country who prided himself upon his play could get very prettily handled. There were Cigar Divans, but as yet only one or two, for the smoking of cigars was a comparatively new thing—in fact, one who wrote in the year 1829 thought it necessary to lay down twelve solemn rules for the right smoking of a cigar; there were also Gambling Hells, of which more anon.

Fifty years ago, in town, men amused ourselves very well. We were fond of shows, and there were plenty of them; we liked an *al fresco* entertainment, and we could have it; we were not quite so picksome in the matter of company as we are now, and therefore we endured the loud vulgarities of the tradesman and his family, and shut our eyes when certain fashionable persons passed by showing their happiness by the loudness of their laughter; we even sat with our daughter in the very next box to that in which young Lord Tomnoddy was entertaining these young ladies with cold chicken and pink champagne. It is, we know, the privilege of Rank to disregard morals in public as well as in private. Then we had supper and a bowl of punch, and so home to bed.

Those who are acquainted with the doings of Corinthian Tom and Bob Logic are acquainted with the Night Side of London as it was a few years before 1837. Suffice it to say that it was far darker, far more vicious, far more dangerous fifty years ago than it is now. Heaven knows that we have a Night Side still, and a very ugly side it is, but it is cheerier by many hours than it was, and it is comparatively free from gambling houses, from bullies, blackmailers, and sharks.

IX.

IN THE HOUSE

ON THE TWENTIETH OF NOVEMBER, 1837, the young Queen opened her first Parliament in person. The day was brilliant with sunshine, the crowds from the royal palace to the House were immense, the House of Lords was crammed with Peers and the gallery with Peeresses, who occupied every seat, and even "rushed" the reporters' gallery, three reporters only having been fortunate enough to have taken their places before the rush.*

When Her Majesty arrived and had taken her place there was the rush from the Lower House.

"Her Majesty having taken the oath against Popery, which she did in a slow, serious, and audible manner, proceeded to read the Royal Speech; and a specimen of more tasteful and effective elocution it has never been my fortune to hear. Her voice is clear, and her enunciation not only distinct, but of no ordinary degree. Her utterance is timed with admirable judgment to the ear; it is the happy medium between too slow and too rapid. Nothing could be more accurate than her pronunciation; while the musical intonations of her voice imparted a peculiar charm to the other attributes of her elocution. The most perfect silence reigned through the place while Her Majesty was reading her Speech. Not a breath was to be heard: had a person, unblessed with the power of vision, been suddenly taken within hearing of Her Majesty, while she was reading her Speech, he might have remained some time under the impression that there was no one present but herself. Her self-possession was the theme of universal admiration.

"In person Her Majesty is considerably below the average height. Her figure is good; rather inclined, as far as one could judge from seeing her in her robes of state, to the slender form. Every one who has seen her must have been struck with her singularly fine bust. Her complexion is clear, and has all the indications of excellent health about it. Her features are small, and partake a good deal of the Grecian cast. Her face, without being strikingly handsome, is remarkably pleasant, and is indicative of a mild and amiable disposition."

In the House of Lords the most prominent figures were, I suppose, those of Lord Brougham and the Duke of Wellington. The debates in the Upper House, enlivened by the former, and by Lords Melbourne, Lyndhurst, and others, were lively and animated, compared with the languor of the modern House. The Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Bute, the Marquis of Camden (who paid back into the Treasury every year the salary he received as Teller of the Exchequer), the Earls of Stanhope, Devon, Falmouth, Lords Strangford, Rolle, Alvanley, and Redesdale were the leaders of the Conservatives. The Marquis of Sligo, the Marquis of Northampton, the Earls of Rosebery, Gosford, Minto, Shrewsbury, and Lichfield, Lords Lyndoch and Portman were the leaders of the Liberals. With the exceptions of Wellington, Brougham, Melbourne, and Redesdale, it is unfair only to consider that these illustrious names are now nothing more than names, and convey no associations to the present generation.

Among the members of the Lower House were many more who have left behind them memories which are not likely to be soon forgotten. Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, Thomas Macaulay, Cobbett, Lord John Russell, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Lord Palmerston, Sir Francis Burdett, Hume, Roebuck, O'Connell, Lytton Bulwer, Benjamin D'Israeli, and last, sole survivor, William Ewart Gladstone, were still in the Parliaments immediately before or immediately after the Queen's Accession.

WILLIAM COBBETT
(*From a Portrait*)

If you would like to know how these men impressed their contemporaries read the following extracts from "Grant's Random Recollections."

"Mr. Thomas Macaulay, the late member for Leeds, and now a member of Council in India, could boast of a brilliant, if not a very long Parliamentary career. He was one of those men who at once raised himself to the first rank in the Senate. His maiden speech electrified the House, and called forth the highest compliments to the speaker from men of all parties. He was careful to preserve the knowledge he had thus so early and suddenly won. He was a man of shrewd mind, and knew that if he spoke often, the probability was he would not speak so well; and that consequently there could be no more likely means of lowering him from the elevated station to which he had raised himself, than frequently addressing the House.

"His speeches were always most carefully studied, and committed to memory, exactly as he delivered them, beforehand. He bestowed a world of labour on their preparation; and, certainly, never was labour bestowed to more purpose. Like every sentence you saw the man of genius—the profound scholar—the deep thinker—the close and powerful reasoner. You scarcely knew which most to admire—the beauty of his ideas, or of the language in which they were clothed.

"Lord John Russell is one of the worst speakers in the house, and but for his excellent private character, his family connexions, and his consequent influence in the political world, would not be tolerated. There are many far better speakers who, notwithstanding their innumerable efforts to catch the Speaker's eye in the course of important debates, hardly ever succeed; or if they do, are generally put down by the clamour of honourable members. His voice is weak and his enunciation very imperfect. He speaks in general in so low a tone as to be inaudible to more than one-half of the House. His style is often in bad taste, and he stammers and stutters at every fourth or fifth sentence. When he is audible he is always clear; there is no mistaking his meaning. Generally his speeches are feeble in matter as well as manner; but on some great occasions I have known him make very able speeches, more distinguished, however, for the clear and forcible way in which he put the arguments which would most naturally suggest themselves to a reflecting mind, than for any striking or comprehensive views of the subject."

"Of Lord Palmerston, Foreign Secretary, and member for Tiverton, I have but little to say. The situation he fills in the Cabinet gives him a certain degree of prominence in the eyes of the country, which he certainly does not possess in Parliament. His talents are by no means of a high order. He is very irregular in his attendance on his Parliamentary duties, and, when in the House, by no means active in defence either of his principles or his friends. Scarcely anything calls him up except a regular attack on himself, or on the way in which the department of the public service with which he is entrusted, is administered.

"In person Lord Palmerston is tall and handsome. His face is round, and is of a darkish hue. His hair is black, and always exhibits proofs of the skill and attention of the *perruquier*. His clothes are in the extreme of fashion. He is very vain of his personal appearance, and is generally supposed to devote more of his time in sacrificing to the Graces than is consistent with the duties of a person who has so much to do with the destinies of Europe. Hence it is that the *Times* newspaper has fastened on him the *sobriquet* of 'Cupid.'

"Mr. O'Connell is a man of the highest order of genius. There is not a member in the House who, in this respect, can for a moment be put in comparison with him. You see the greatness of his genius in almost every sentence he utters. There are others—Sir Robert Peel, for example—who have much more tact and greater dexterity in debate; but in point of genius none approach to him. It ever and anon bursts forth with a brilliancy and effect which are quite overwhelming. You have not well recovered from the overpowering surprise and admiration caused by one of his brilliant effusions, when another flashes upon you and produces the same effect. You have no time, nor are you in a condition, to weigh the

VAUXHALL GARDENS

DANIEL O'CONNELL

* I am indebted for the whole of this chapter to "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons." 1838.

force of his arguments; you are taken captive wherever the speaker chooses to lead you, from beginning to end."

"One of the most extraordinary attributes in Mr. O'Connell's oratory is the ease and facility with which he can make a transition from one topic to another. 'From grave to gay, from lively to severe,' never cost him an effort. He seems, indeed, to be himself insensible of the transitions. I have seen him begin his speech by alluding to topics of an affecting nature, in such a manner as to excite the deepest sympathy towards the sufferers in the mind of the most unfeeling person present. I have seen, in other words—I speak with regard to particular instances—the tear literally glistening in the eyes of men altogether unused to the melting mood, and in a moment afterwards, by a transition from the grave to the humorous, I have seen the whole audience convulsed with laughter. On the other hand, I have often heard him commence his speech in a strain of mock execrable humour, and by a sudden transition to deep pathos, produce the stillness of death in a place in which, but

O'CONNELL TAKING THE OATHS IN THE HOUSE
From a Drawing by "Phiz" in "Sketches in London"

one moment before, the air was rent with shouts of laughter. His mastery over the passions is the most perfect I ever witnessed, and his oratory tells with the same effect whether he addresses the 'first assembly of gentlemen in the world,' or the ragged and ignorant rabble of Dublin."

"The most distinguished literary man in the House is Mr. E. L. Bulwer, member for Lincoln, and author of 'Pelham,' 'Eugene Aram,' &c. He does not speak often. When he does, his speeches are not only previously turned over with great care in his mind, but are written out at full length, and committed carefully to memory. He is a great patron of the tailor, and he is always dressed in the extreme of fashion. His manner of speaking is very affected; the management of his voice is especially so. But for this he would be a pleasant speaker. His voice, though weak, is agreeable, and he speaks with considerable fluency. His speeches are usually argumentative. You see at once that he is a person

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON
By Daniel Maclise, R.A. (*From a Portrait*)

of great intellectual acquirements."

"Mr. D'Israeli, the member for Maidstone, is perhaps the best known among the new members who have made their *debuts*. As stated in my 'Sketches in London,' his own private friends looked forward to his introduction into the House of Commons as a circumstance which would be immediately followed by his obtaining for himself an oratorical reputation equal to that enjoyed by the most popular speakers in that assembly. They thought he would produce an extraordinary sensation, both in the House and in the country, by the power and splendour of his eloquence. But the result differed from the anticipation.

"When he rose, which he did immediately after Mr. O'Connell had concluded his speech, all eyes were fixed on him, and all ears were open to listen to his eloquence; but, before he had proceeded far, he furnished a striking illustration of the hazard that attends on highly-wrought expectations. After the first few minutes he met with every possible manifestation of opposition and ridicule from the Ministerial benches, and was, on the other hand, cheered in the loudest and most earnest manner by his Tory friends; and it is particularly deserving of mention, that even Sir Robert Peel, who very rarely cheers any honourable gentleman, not even the most able and accomplished speakers of his own party, greeted Mr. D'Israeli's speech with a prodigality of applause which must have been severely trying to the worthy baronet's lungs.

"At one time, in consequence of the extraordinary interruptions he met with, Mr. D'Israeli manifested his willingness to resume his seat, if the House wished him to do so. He proceeded, however, for a short time longer, but was still assailed by groans and undergrowls in all their varieties; the uproar, indeed, often became so great as completely to drown his voice.

"At last, losing all temper, which until now he had preserved in a wonderful manner, he paused in the midst of a sentence, and looking the Liberals indignantly in the face, raised his hands, and opening his mouth as wide as its dimensions would permit, said, in remarkably loud and shrill terrific tones—'Though I sit down now, *the time will come when you will hear me*.' Mr. D'Israeli then sat down amidst the loudest uproar.

"The exhibition altogether was a most extraordinary one. Mr. D'Israeli's appearance and manner were very singular. His dress also was peculiar: it had much of a theatrical aspect. His black hair was long and flowing, and he had a most ample crop of it. His gesture was abundant: he often appeared as if trying with what

BENJAMIN DISRAELI
By Daniel Maclise, R.A. (*From Portraits*)

celerity he could move his body from one side to another, and throw his hands out and draw them in again. At other times he flourished one hand before his face, and then the other. His voice, too, is of a very unusual kind: it is powerful, and had every justice done to it in the way of exercise; but there is something peculiar in it which I am at a loss to characterise. His utterance was rapid, and he never paused at a loss for words. On the whole, and notwithstanding the result of his first attempt, I am convinced he is a man who possesses many of the requisites of a good debater. That he is a man of great literary talent, few will dispute."

Lastly, here is a contemporary judgment on Gladstone. The italics are my own.

"Mr. Gladstone, the Member for Newark, is one of the most rising young men on the Tory side of the House. His party expect great things from him; and, certainly, when it is remembered that his age is only twenty-five, the success of the Parliamentary efforts he has already made justifies their expectations. He is well-informed on most of the subjects which usually occupy the attention of the Legislature, and he is happy in turning his information to a good account. He is ready, on all occasions which he deems fitting ones, *with a speech in favour of the policy advocated by the party with whom he acts*. His extemporaneous resources are ample. Few men in the House can improvise better. It does not appear to cost him an effort to speak. He is a man of very considerable talent; but *has nothing approaching to genius*. His abilities are much more the result of an excellent education, and of mature study, than of any great natural power. Nature in the distribution of mental gifts *I have no idea that he will ever acquire the reputation of a great statesman*. His views are not sufficiently profound or enlarged for that; his celebrity in the House of Commons *will chiefly depend on his patience in study, his energy as a debater, in conjunction with the excellence of his elocution*, and the gracefulness of his manner when speaking. His style is polished, but has no appearance of the effect of previous preparation. He displays considerable acuteness in replying to an opponent: he is quick in his perception of anything vulnerable in the speech to which he replies, and happy in laying the weak point bare to the gaze of the House. He now and then indulges in sarcasm, which is, in most cases, very felicitous. *He is plausible: no one will mistake for a statesman*. When it suits himself or his party, he can apply himself with the strictest closeness to the real point at issue; *when to evade that point is deemed most politic, no man can wander from it more widely*.

"*The ablest speech he ever made in the House*, and by far the ablest on the same side of the question, was when *opposing*, on the 30th of March last, Sir George Strickland's *motion for the abolition of the negro apprenticeship system* on the 1st of August next. Mr. Gladstone, I should here observe, is himself an extensive West India planter.

"Mr. Gladstone's appearance and manners are much in his favour. He is a fine-looking man. He is about the usual height, and of good figure. His countenance is mild and pleasant, and has a highly intellectual expression. His eyes are clear and quick. His eyebrows are dark and rather prominent. There is not a dandy in the House but envies what Townley would call his 'fine head of jet-black hair.' It is always carefully parted from the crown downwards to his brow, where it is tastefully shaded. His features are small and regular, and his complexion must be a very unworthy witness, if he does not possess an abundant stock of health."

So the ghost of the first Victorian Parliament vanishes. All are gone except Mr. Gladstone himself. Whether the contemporary judgment has proved well founded or not, is for the reader to determine. For my own part, I confess that my opinion of the author of "Random Recollections" was greatly enhanced when I had read this judgment on the members. We who do not sit in the galleries, and are not members, lose the enormous advantage of actually seeing the speakers and hearing the debates. The reported speech is not the real speech; the writer's letter remains after the fire of the orator flames and burns, and passes away. Those know not Gladstone who have never seen him and heard him speak.

And as for that old man eloquent, when he closes his eyes in the House where he has fought so long, the voices around him may well fall unheeded on his ear, while a vision of the past shows him once more Peel and Stanley, Lord John and Palmerston, O'Connell and Roebuck, and, adversary worthiest of all, the man whom the House at his first attempt hooted down and refused to hear—the great and illustrious *Dizzy*.

X.

THE TAVERN

THE SUBSTITUTION OF THE RESTAURANT for the Tavern is of recent origin. In the year 1837 there were Restaurants, it is true, but they were humble places, and confined to the parts of London frequented by the French; for English of every degree there was the Tavern. Plenty of the old Taverns survive to show us in what places our fathers took their dinners and drank their punch. The Cheshire Cheese is a survival; the Cock, until recently, was another. Some of them, like the latter, had the tables and benches partitioned off; others, like the former, were partly open and partly divided. The floor was sanded; there was a great fire kept up all through the winter with a kettle always full of boiling water; the cloth was not always of the cleanest; the forks were steel; there was always a company of those who supped—for they dined early—on the pies, steaks, sausages, oysters, and Welsh rabbits, those who drank, those who smoked their pipes, and those who sang. Yes—those who sang. In those days the song went round. If three or four Templars supped at the Coal Hole, or the Cock, or the Rainbow, one of them would presently lift his voice in song, and then be followed by a rival warbler from another box. At the Coal Hole, indeed—where once met the Wolf Club, Edmund Kean, President—the landlord, one Rhodes by name, was not only a singer but a writer of songs, chiefly, I apprehend, of the comic kind. I suppose the comic song given by a private gentleman is character, that is, with a pocket handkerchief for a white apron, or his coat off, or a battered hat on his head, is almost unknown to the younger generation. They can see the kind of thing done better at the music halls.

Really, nothing marks the change of manners more than the fact that fifty years ago men used to meet together and sing songs over their pipes and grog. Not young men only, but middle-aged men, and old men, and they would all join in the chorus, and that joy-

CHARLES LAMB
By Daniel Maclise, R.A. (*From Portraits*)

fully, banging the tables with their fists, and laughing from ear to ear—the roysterers were always represented as laughing with an absence of restraint, impossible for us quite to understand. The choruses, too, were of the good old "Whack-fol-de-rol-de-rido" character, which gives scope to so much play of sentiment and lightness of touch.

Beer, of course, was the principal beverage, and there were many more varieties of beer than at present prevail. One reads of "Brookelear Kennet"—it used to be sold in a house near the Oxford Street end of Tottenham Court Road; of Shrewsbiller ale, described as dark and heavy; of the "luscious Burton, innocent of hops;" of new ale, old ale, bitter ale, hard ale, soft ale, the "lushy" Scotch, mellow October, and good brown stout. All these were to be obtained at taverns which made a "specialité," as they would say now, of any one kind. Thus the best stout in London was to be had at the Bruce Tavern in the King's Bench Prison, and the Cock was also famous for the same beverage, served in pint glasses. A rival of the Cock, however, was the Rainbow, long before the present handsome room was built. The landlord of the Rainbow was one William Colls, formerly head-waiter at the Cock; predecessor, I take it, of Tennyson's immortal friend. But he left the Cock to better himself, and as at the same time Mary, the incomparable, the matchless Mary, most beautiful of barmaids, left it as well, gloom fell upon the frequenters of the tavern. Mary left the Cock about the year 1820, too early for the future Poet Laureate to have given him one of the worshippers of her Circean charms. Coll's management the Rainbow rivalled the Cock in popularity. The Cider Cellar, kept by Evans of Covent Garden, had gone through a period of decline, but was again popular and well-frequented. Mention may also be made of Clerihy's, Gower's, famous for its lamb in spring; the Kean's Head, whose landlord was a great comic singer; the Harp, haunt of aspiring actors; the Albion, the Finish, or the Royal Saloon, Piccadilly, where one looked in for a "few glees of max,"—what was max?—in the worst company that London could supply.

It is the fashion to lament the quantity of money consumed in drink. But our drink-bill is nothing, in proportion, compared with that of fifty years ago. The number of public-houses to-day in Great London was found to average 3,000 each per diem; in Edinburgh there was a gin-shop for every fifteen families; in one Irish town of 800 people there were eighty-eight gin-shops; in Sheffield thirteen persons were killed in ten days by drunkenness; in London there was one public-house to every forty six houses; in Glasgow one to every ten. Yet was noted at the time that a great improvement could be observed in the drinking habits of the people. In the year 1742, for instance, there were 19,000,000 gallons of spirits consumed by a population of 6,000,000, that is to say, more than three gallons a head every year; or, if we take only the adult men, something like twelve gallons for every man in the year, which may be calculated to mean one bottle in five days. But a hundred years later the population had increased to 16,000,000, and the consumption of spirits had risen to 8,250,000 gallons, which represents a little more than half-a-gallon, or seven pints, a head in the year. Or, taking the adult men only, their average was four gallons a head, so that each man's bottle would have lasted him a fortnight. Then as to wine, though the general average was twenty-seven pints a head, and taking adults alone, nearly eight gallons a head; and in Ireland six and a half gallons a head. It was noted, also, in the year 1837, that the multiplication of coffee-houses, of which there were 3,000 in London alone, proved the growth of more healthy habits among the people.

But though there was certainly more moderation in drink than in the earlier years of the century, the drink-bill for the year was prodigious. A case of total abstinence was a phenomenon. The thirst for beer was insatiable; with many people, especially farmers, and the working classes generally, beer was taken with breakfast. Even in my own time—that is to say, when the Queen had been reigning for two-and-twenty years or so, there were still many Undergraduates at Cambridge who drank beer habitually for breakfast, and at every breakfast-party the tankard was passed round as a finish. In country houses, the simple, light, home-brewed ale, the preparation of which caused a most delightful anxiety as to the result, was the sole beverage used at dinner and supper. Every farmhouse, every large country house, and many town householders brewed their own beer, just as they made their own wines, their own jams, and their own lavender water. Beer was universally

XMAS 1850

1851

PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES NO LESS RENOWN'D THAN WAR

1851 ❁ 1853

THE GREAT EXHIBITION FROM THE SERPENTINE, JUNE 1851
From the Picture by W. Wyld in Her Majesty's Private Collection

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN REVIEWING THE FLEET AT SPITHEAD BEFORE ITS DEPARTURE FOR THE BALTIC, AUGUST 11, 1853
From the Picture by J. C. Schetky in Her Majesty's Private Collection

THE SCOTCH FUSILIER GUARDS PARADING BEFORE HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE CONSORT ON THE MORNING OF THEIR EMBARKATION FOR THE CRIMEA, FEB. 28, 1854
From the Picture by George H. Thomas in Her Majesty's Private Collection

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. AND THE PRINCE CONSORT AT BOULOGNE, SEPTEMBER 7, 1854
From the Picture by George H. Thomas in Her Majesty's Private Collection

taken with dinner; even at great dinner-parties some of the guests would call for beer, and strong ale was always served with the cheese. After dinner, only port and sherry, in middle-class houses, were put upon the table. Sometimes Madeira or Lisbon appeared, but, as a rule, wine meant port or sherry, unless, which sometimes happened, it meant cowslip, ginger, or gooseberry. Except among the upper crust claret was absolutely unknown, as were Burgundy, Rhone wines, Sauternes, and all other French wines. In the restaurants every man would call for bitter ale, or stout, or half-and-half with his dinner, as a matter of course, and after dinner would either take his pint of port, or half-pint of sherry, or his tumbler of grog. Champagne was regarded as the drink of the upper ten, and in the family circle it never appeared at all, except at weddings, and perhaps on Christmas Day.

But when people spoke of wine in these days, they generally meant port. They bought port by the hogshead, had it bottled, and laid down. They talked about their cellars solemnly when they brought forth bottles which had been laid down in the days when George the Third was King; they were great on boots, bouquet, and beeswing; they told stories about port they had been privileged to drink; they looked forward in a solemn sort of way on account of the port which followed it; real enjoyment began when the cloth was removed, the ladies were gone, and the solemn passage of the decanter went round.

There lingers still the old love for this wine—it is, without doubt, the king of wines. I remember ten years ago, or thereabouts, dining with one who is now, alas, gathered to his fathers, at the Blue Posts, before that inn was burned down. The room was a comfortable old-fashioned first floor, low of ceiling; with a great fire in an old-fashioned grate; set with four or five tables only, because not many frequented this most desirable of dining-places. We took, with dinner, a bottle of light claret; when we had got through the claret and the beef, the waiter, who had been hovering about uneasily, interposed, "Don't drink any more of that wash," he said; "I've got a bottle of port for the gentlemen to sit over." He brought us, of course, a bottle of port. They say that the taste for port is reviving; but claret has got so firm a hold of our affections that I doubt it.

As for the drinking of spirits, it was certainly much more common then than it is now. Among the lower classes gin was the favourite—the drink of the women as much as of the men. Do you know why they called it "blue ruin?" Some time ago I saw going into a public-house, somewhere in the East-end, a big, burly, red-faced man, apparently five-and-forty, or thereabouts. He was in rags; his knees bent as he walked, his hands trembled, his eyes were eager. Add, wonderful to relate, the face was perfectly blue—not indigo blue, or coarse blue, but a pale, sickly-looking kind of blue, which made one shudder. Said my companion to me, "That is gin." I opened the door of the public-house and looked in. He stood at the bar with a full glass in his hand. Then his eyes brightened, he gasped, straightened himself, and drank his drink at a draught. Then he came out, and he sighed as one who has just had a glimpse of some earthly Paradise. Then he walked away with swift and resolute step, as if purposed to achieve something mighty. Only a few yards farther along the road, but across the way, there stood another public-house. The man walked straight to the door, entered, and took another glass, again with the quick gasp of anticipation, and again with that sigh, as of a hurried peep through the gates barred with the sword of fire. The next day I found the object of my search. He went into twelve more public-houses, and each time with greater determination on his lips and greater eagerness in his eyes. The last glass, I suppose, opened these gates for him and suffered him to enter, for his lips suddenly took on a look of satisfaction, his eyes lost their lustre, he became limp, his arms fell heavily—he was drunk, and his face was bluer than ever.

This was the kind of sight which Hogarth could see every day when he painted "Gin Lane." It was in the time when shops had placards stuck outside to the effect that for a penny one might get drunk, and blind drunk for twopence. But an example of a "blue ruin" actually walking in the flesh in these days one did not expect to see, certainly, even in connection with gin, the most popular. There is a full rich flavour about rum. It is fondly named after the pineapple, or after the island where its production is the most abundant and the most kindly. It has always been the full drink of Her Majesty's Navy; it is still the favourite beverage of many West India Islands, and many millions of sailors, niggers, and coolies. It is hallowed by historical associations. But its effects in the good old days were wonderful and awe-inspiring. It was the inventor of those flowers, now almost extinct, called grog-blossoms. You may see them depicted by the caricaturists of the Rowlandson time, but they survived until well past the middle of the century.

The outward and visible signs of rum were various. First, there was the red and swollen nose; next, the nose beautifully painted with grog-blossoms. It is an ancient nose, and is celebrated by that old poet, Olivier Basselin, in the fourteenth century. There was, next, the bottle-nose at all its branches. It is uncertain, never having walked the hospitals, whether one is justified in classifying certain varieties of the bottle-nose under one head, or whether each variety was a species by itself. All these noses, with the red and gaily shining, the swelling, aldermanic corporation, and the gouty feet, in list and slippers, meant Rum—great god Rum. These symptoms are no longer to be seen. Therefore, great God Rum is either deposed, or he hath but few worshippers, and those half-hearted.

The decay of the great god Rum, and the great goddess Gin his consort, is marked in many other ways. Formerly, the toper half filled a thick, short rummer with spirit, and poured upon it an equal quantity of water. Mr. Wellers theory of drink was that it should be equal. The modern toper goes to a bar; gets half a wineglass of Scotch whisky; and pours upon it a pint of Apollinaris water. The ancient drank his grog hot, with lemon and sugar, and sometimes spice. This was a version of the nightly grog. The modern takes his cold, even with ice, and without any addition of lemon. Indeed, he squashes his lemon separately, and drinks the juice in Apollinaris, without any spirit at all—a thing abhorrent to his ancestor.

Again, these are preparations of a crafty and cryptic character, once greatly in favour, and now clean forgotten, or else fallen into a pitiable contempt, and doomed to a stumbling, halt, and broken-winged existence. Take, for instance, the punch-bowl. Fifty years ago it was no mere ornament for the sideboard and the china cabinet. It was a thing to be brought forth and filled with a fragrant mixture of rum, brandy, and curaçoa, lemon, hot water, sugar, grated nutmeg, cloves, and cinnamon. The preparation of the bowl was as much a labour of love as that of a client over its degenerate successor. The ladies were beautiful works of art in silver—where are those ladies now, and what purpose do they serve? Shrub, again—rum shrub—is there any living man who now calls for shrub? You may still see it on the top shelf of an old-fashioned inn; you may even see the announcement that it is for sale painted on door-posts, but no man regardeth it. I believe that it was supposed to possess valuable medicinal properties, the nature of which I forget. Again there was cool-tankard punch. Once there was a club in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, which existed for the purpose of airing bonnets, and drinking cool before breakfast. Or there was dog's-nose. Gentle reader, you remember the rules for making dog's-nose. They were explained at a now famous meeting of the Buck Lane Branch of the Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. Yet I doubt whether dog's-nose is still in favour. Again there was copus—is the making of copus-cup still remembered? There was bishop; it was a kind of punch, made of port wine, instead of rum, and was formerly much consumed at the suppers of undergraduates; it was remarkable for its power of making men's faces red, and their voices thick; it also made them feel as if their legs and arms, and every part of them, were filled out, and distended as with twice the usual quantity of blood. These were, no doubt, valuable qualities, considered medicinally; yet bishop is no longer in demand. Mulled ale is still, perhaps, cultivated. They used to have pots made for the purpose of warming the ale: they were long and shaped like an extinguisher, so that the heat of the fire played upon a large surface, and warmed the beer quickly. When it was poured out spice was added, and perhaps sugar, and no doubt a dash of brandy. Negus, a weak compound of sherry and warm water, used to be exhibited at dancing parties, but is now, I should think, unknown save by name. I do not speak of currant gin, dansom brandy, or cherry brandy, because one or two such preparations are still produced. Nor need we consider British wines, now almost extinct. Yet in country towns one may here and there find shops where they provide for tastes still simple, the cowslip, delicate and silky to the palate; the ginger, full of flavour and of body, the red currant, the black currant, the elder wine; the gooseberry, possessing all the finer qualities of the grape of Epernay; the raisin, with fine Tokay flavour; or the raspberry, full of bouquet and of beeswing. But their day is passed, the British wines are, practically, made no more. All these drinks, once so lovingly prepared and so tenderly cherished, are now as much forgotten as the toast in the nut brown ale, or the October humming ale, or the mead drunk from the gold-rimmed horn—they still drink something out of a gold-rimmed horn in the Hall of the Caius Fellows, Cambridge, or hardly "yporas" wherewith Sir Richard Whittington entertained his Sovereign, what day he concluded the banquet by burning the King's bonds, or the once-popular mixture of gin and noyeau, or the cup of hot saloop from the stall in Covent Garden, or on the Fleet Bridge.

The Tavern! We can hardly understand how large a place it filled in the lives of our forefathers, who did not live scattered about in suburban villas, but over their shops and offices. When business was over all sat over a clear toast to the Tavern. Dr. Johnson spent the evenings of his last years wholly at the Tavern; the lawyer, the draper, the grocer, the bookseller, even the clergy, all spent their evenings at the Tavern, going home in time for supper with their families. You may see the last of this habit in any small country town to this day, where the shopkeepers assemble every evening to smoke and talk together. The Tavern was far more than a modern club, because the tendency of a club is to become daily more decorous, while that of the Tavern was to preserve the individuality of all comers prevented the growth of artificial and conventional restraints. Something of the Tavern life is left still in London; but not much. The substantial tradesmans is no longer resident; there are no longer any bluff landlords of the Tavern; and the old inns with their sanded floors and great fire-places are nearly all gone. The Swan with Two Necks, the Belle Sauvage, the Tabard, the George and Vulture, the Bolt in Tun—they have either ceased their existence, or have become what we call restaurants, associations of good company and good songs. The Dog and Duck, the Temple of Flora, Apollo's Gardens, the Bull in the Pound, the Blue Lion of Gray's Inn Lane—what memories linger round these names? What man is now living who can tell us where they were?

XI.

IN CLUB AND CARD-LAND

CLUB-LAND WAS A COMPARATIVELY small country, peopled by a most exclusive race. There were twenty-five clubs in all,* and as many men had more than one club, and the average membership was fifty. Then there were not more than 20,000 men altogether who belonged to clubs. There are now at least 120,000, with nearly a hundred clubs, to which almost any man might belong. Besides these, there are now about sixty second-class clubs, and a number of associations which exist for special purposes—betting and racing clubs, whist clubs, gambling clubs, Press clubs, and so forth.

Of the now extinct clubs may be mentioned the Alfred and the Clarence, the Union, the literary clubs, and the Cocoa Tree, founded by Campbell on the ashes of the extinct Literary Club, which had been dissolved in consequence of internal dissensions. The Athenæum had the character which it still preserves; one of the few things in the world which are the same as ever. It was the use of gas in the dining-room, which produced an atmosphere wherein, it was said, no animals ungifted with copper lungs could long exist. The Garrick Club was exclusively theatrical. The Oriental, one of country clubs, was founded by Sandford. The Union had a sprinkling of City men in it, the United University was famous for its iced punch, and the Windham was the first club which allowed strangers to dine within its walls. Speaking generally, no City man at all, not even a solicitor, entered in any way with trade, were admitted into the clubs of London. A barrister, a physician, or a clergyman might be elected, and, of course, men in the services; but a merchant, an attorney, a surgeon, an architect, might knock in vain.

The club subscription was generally six guineas a year, and if we may judge by the fact that you could dine off the joint at the Caxton for a shilling, the clubs were much cheaper than they are now. They were also quite as full. Thackeray, in the early fulness of the club, the pride of belonging to it, the necessity of having at least one good club, the *habitude* of the card-room, the talk, and the scandal. But the new clubs of our day are larger: their members come from a more extended area: there are few young City men who have not their club: and it is not at all necessary to know a man, because he is a member of your club. And when one contrasts the sepulchral coffee-room of the new great club, where the men glare at each other with the bright and cheerful Tavern, where every man talked with his neighbour, and the song went round, and the great kettle bubbled on the hearth, one feels that civilisation has its losses.

We have our gambling clubs still. From time to time there comes a rumour of high play, a scandal, or an action in the High Court of Justice for the recovery of one's character. Baccarat is played all night by the young men; champagne is flowing for their refreshment, and sometimes a couple of hundreds are lost. Some young fellow who can ill-afford it. But these things are small and insignificant, compared with the gambling club of fifty years ago.

He who speaks of gambling in the year Thirty-Seven, speaks of Crockford's. Everything of that year was magnificent. The subscription was ten guineas a year, in return for which the members had the ordinary club and coffee-rooms providing food and wine at the usual club charges—these were on the ground-floor—and the rest of the gambling rooms every night, to which they could introduce gentlemen of their acquaintance. Above was the first floor; they consisted of a saloon, in which there was served every night a splendid supper, with wines of the best, free to all visitors. Crockford paid his chef a thousand guineas a year, and his assistant four hundred, and his coffee was reputed to be worth 20,000*l*. There were two card-rooms, one in which white, *rouge et noir*, and all other games were played, and a second smaller room in which basset alone was played. Every night at eleven the lansquenet and proprietor himself took his seat at his desk in a corner; his *croupier* sitting opposite to him in a high chair, declared the game, paid the winners, and raked in the money. Crockford's "Spiders," that is, the gentlemen who had the run of the establishment under certain implied conditions, introduced their friends to the supper and the champagne first, and to the hazard-room next. At two in the morning the doors were closed, and nobody else was admitted: but the play went on all night long. Crockford not only held the bank, but was ready to advance money to those who lost, and outside the card-room treated for reversionary interests, post obits, and other means for raising the wind. The game was what is called "French Hazard," in which the players vie against the bank. Thousands were every night lost and won. As much as a million of money has been known to change hands in a single night, and the banker was ready to meet any stake offered. Those who lost borrowed more in order to continue the game, and lost that as well. But Crockford seems never to have been accused of any dishonourable practices. He trusted to the chances of the table, which were, of course, in his favour. In his ledgers—*where are they now?*—he was accustomed to enter the names of those who borrowed of him by initials or a number. He began life as a small fishmonger just within Temple Bar, and fortunately for himself discovered that he was endowed with a rare talent for rapid mental arithmetic, of which he made good use in betting and card-playing. The history of his gradual rise to greatness from a beginning so unpromising would be interesting, but perhaps the materials no longer exist. He was a tall and corpulent man, lame, who never acquired the art of speaking English correctly, a thing which his noble patrons—the Duke of Wellington was a member of his Club—passed over in him.

Everybody went to Crockford's. Everybody played there. That a young fellow just in possession of a great estate should drop a few thousands in a single night's play was not considered a thing worthy of remark; they all did it. We remember how Disraeli's "Young Duke" went on playing cards all night, and how Lothair was at it all the next night as well?—till he and his companions were up to their knees in cards, and the man who was waiting on them was fain to lie down and sleep for half an hour. The passion of gambling—it is one of those other senses outside the five of the elementary possessions—possessed everybody. Cards played a far more important part in life than they do now; the evening rubber was played in every quiet home; the club card-tables were always crowded; for many years there were the forty guinea whist-drives, 100, whist, and écarté; for the domestic circle there was the whist table and the round table, and at the latter were played a quantity of games, such as Pope Joan, Commerce, Speculation, and I know not what, all for money, and all depending for their interest on the luck of cards and the fear of losing. Family gambling is gone. If in a genteel suburban villa one was to propose a round game, and call for the Pope Joan board, there would be a smile of wonder and pity. As well ask for a glass of negus, or a glass of the Caledonian at a fancy ball.

Scandals there were, of course. Men gambled away the whole of their great estates; they loaded their property with burdens in a single night which would keep their children and their grandchildren poor. They grew desperate, and came hawking from hall-door to pigeons; they cheated at the card-table (read the famous case of Lord De Ros in this very year); they were always being detected and expelled, and so could no more show their faces at any place where gentlemen congregated; but those from Crockford's to the cheaper hells, such as the cribs where the tradesmen used to gamble, those frequented by City clerks, by gentlemen's servants, and even those of the low French and Italians. They were illegal cribs, and informers were always getting money by causing the proprietors to be indicted. It was said of Thurtell, after he was hanged for murdering Weare, that he had offered to murder eight Irishmen, who had informed against these hells, for the consideration of 40*l*. each—and there were always informers on the list. These proprietors always made their fortunes. No doubt their descendants are now country gentry, and the green cloth has long since been folded up and put away in the lumber-room, with the rake and the croupier's green shade and his chair, and the existence of these relics is forgotten.

XII

WITH THE WITS

THE TEN YEARS OF THE THIRTIES are a period concerning whose literary history the ordinary reader knows next to nothing. Yet a good deal that has survived for fifty years, and promises to live longer, was produced then. Thackeray, Dickens, to begin with, began in the year 1837 with his "Sketches by 'Boz'" and the "Pickwick Papers;" Lord Lytton, then Mr. Lytton Bulwer, had already before that year published five novels, including "Pelham" and "The Last Days of Pompeii." Tennyson had already issued the "Poems, by Two Brothers," and "Poems Chiefly Lyrical." Disraeli had written "The Young Duke," "Vivian Grey," and "Venetia." Browning had published "Paracelsus" and "Strafford," and Grote began in 1834; Carlyle published the "Sartor Resartus" in 1832. But one must not estimate a period by its beginners. All these writers belong to the following thirty years of the century. If we look for those who were flourishing, that is those who were producing their best work, it will be found that this decade was singularly poor. The principal name is Hood. There were also Hartley Coleridge, Douglas Jerrold, Procter, Sir Archibald Alison, Theodore Hook, G. P. R. James, Charles Knight, Sir Henry Taylor, Milman, Ebenezer Elliott, Harriet Martineau, James Montgomery, Talfourd, Henry Brougham, Lady Blessington, Harrison Ainsworth, and some others of lesser note. This is not a very imposing array. On the other hand, nearly all the great writers whom we associate with the first thirty years of the century were living, though their best work was done. After sixty, I take it, the hand of the master may still work with the old cunning, but his designs will be no longer new or bold. Wordsworth was sixty in 1830, and, though he lived for twenty years longer, and published the "Yarrow Revisited," and, I think, some of his "Sonnets," he hardly added to his fame. Landor was four years younger. He published his "Pericles and Aspasia" and "Essays" in this decade, but his best work was done already. Scott died in 1832, Coleridge died in 1834; Byron was not ready dead; James Hogg died in 1835; Felicia Hemans in the same year; Tom Moore was a gay young fellow

S. T. COLERIDGE
By Daniel Maclise, R.A. (From Portraits)

* The following is the complete list of clubs taken from the *New Monthly Magazine* of the year 1837:—Alfred, Arthenæum, Arundel, Athenæum, Boodle's, Brooks's, Carlton, Clarence, Cocoa Tree, Cockerell's, Garrick, Graham's, Oriental, Oxford and Cambridge, Portland, Reform, Travellers', Union, United Service, Junior United Service, University, West Indian, White's, Windham.

of fifty in 1830; the year in which his life of Lord Byron appeared. He did very little afterwards. Campbell was two years older than Moore, and he, too, had exhausted himself. Rogers, older than any of them, had entirely concluded his poetic career. It is wonderful to think that he began to write in 1783 and died in 1855. Beckford, whose "Vathek" appeared in 1786, was living until 1844. Among others who were still living in 1837 were James and Horace Smith, Wilson Croker, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Trollope, Lucy Aikin, Miss Opie (who lived to be eighty-five), Jane Porter (prematurely cut off at seventy-four), and Harriet Lee (whose immortal work, the "Errors of Innocence," appeared in 1786, when she was already thirty), lived on till 1852, when she was ninety-six. Bowles, that excellent man, was not yet seventy, and meant to live for twenty years longer, De Quincey was fifty-two in 1837, Christopher North was in full vigour, Thomas Love Peacock, who published his last novel in 1816, was destined to produce a last, equally good, in 1860; Landor, born in 1775, was not to die until 1864; Leigh Hunt, who in 1837 was fifty-three years of age, belongs to the time of Byron. John Keble, whose "Christian Year" was published in 1827, was forty-four in 1837; "L. E. L." died in 1838. In America, Washington Irving, Emerson, Channing, Bryant, Whittier, and Longfellow, make a good group, in France, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Béranger, Alfred de Musset, Scribe, and Dumas were all writing, a group much stronger than our English team.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
By Daniel Maclise, R.A. (*Fraser* Portraits)

It is difficult to understand, at first, that between the time of Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, and Keats, and that of Dickens, Thackeray, Marryatt, Lever, Tennyson, Browning, and Carlyle, there existed this generation of writers, most of them almost forgotten. Those, however, who consider the men and women of the Thirties have to deal, for the most part, with a literature that is third-rate. This kind becomes dreadfully flat and stale when it has been out for fifty years; the dullest, flattest, dreariest reading that can be found on the shelves is the sprightly novel of Society, written in the Thirties.

A FASHIONABLE BEAUTY OF 1837
By A. E. Chalon, R.A.

Mrs. S. C. Hall Mary Mitford Harriet Martineau Hon. Mrs. Norton

L. E. Landon Lady Morgan Jane Porter Lady Blessington

REGINA'S MAIDS OF HONOUR
By Daniel Maclise, R.A. (*Fraser* Portraits)

A blight had fallen upon novels and their writers. The enormous success that Scott had achieved tempted hundreds to follow in his path, if that were possible. It was not possible; but this they could not know, because nothing seems so easy to write as a novel, and no man, of those destined to fail, can understand in what respects his own work falls short of Scott's. Scott's success, however, produced another effect. It greatly enlarged the number of novel readers, and caused them to buy up eagerly anything new, in the hopes of finding another Scott. Thus, after the year 1820 there were produced as many as 250 three and four volume novels a year—that is to say, about as many as were published in 1886, when the area of readers has been multiplied by ten. We are also told that nearly all these novels could command a sale of 750 to 1,000 each, while anything above the average would have a sale of 1,500 to 2,000. The usual price given for these novels was, we are also told, from 200*l.* to 300*l.* In that case the publishers had a happy and a prosperous time, netting splendid hauls. But I think that we must take these figures with considerable deductions. There were, however, no circulating libraries of importance; their place was supplied by book-clubs, to which the publishers chiefly looked for the purchase of their books. But one cannot believe that the book-clubs would take a copy of all the rubbish that came out. Some of these novels I have read; some of them actually stand on my shelves; and I declare that anything more dreary and unjustifiable it is difficult to imagine. At last there was a revolt. Down dropped the circulation of the novels. Instead of 1,000 copies subscribed, the dismayed publisher read 500, and the whole host of novelists vanished like a swarm of midges. At the same time poetry went down too. The drop in poetry was more terrible than that of novels. Suddenly, and without warning, the people of Great Britain left off reading poetry. To be sure, they had been flooded with a prodigious quantity of trash. One "popular poet," whose name will never now be recovered, received 100*l.* from a publisher who thought, no doubt, that the "boom" was going to last. Of this popular poet's work he sold exactly fifty copies. Another, a "humorous" land, who also received a large sum for his immortal poem, showed no more than eighteen copies sold. This was too ridiculous, and from that day to this the trade of poet has been under a cloud. That of novelist has, fortunately, been redeemed from contempt by the success of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and many other lesser lights. Therefore poets have now to pay for the publication of their own works, but novelists—some of them—still command a price.

The popular taste, thus cloyed with novels and poetry, turned to books on popular science on statistics, on health, and on travel. Barry Cornwall's "Life of Kean," Campbell's "Life of Siddons," the Lives of Sale, Sir Thomas Fuller, and Lord Exmouth, for example, were all well received. So Ross's "Arctic Seas," Lamartine's "Pilgrimage," Macfarlane's "Travels in the East," Holman's "Round the World," and Quin's "Voyage Down the Danube," all commanded a sale of a thousand copies each at least. Works of religion, of course, always succeed, if they are written with due regard to the religious leaning of the moment. It shows how religious fashions change when we find that the copyright of the works of Robert Hall realised 4,000*l.*, and that of Charles Simeon's books 5,000*l.*, while of the Rev. Alexander Fletcher's "Book of Family Devotions," published at 24*s.*, 2,000 copies were sold on the day of publication. I dare say the same thing would happen again to-day if another Mr. Fletcher were to hit upon another happy thought in the way of a religious book.

I think that one of the causes of the decay of trade as regards poetry and fiction may have been the badness of the annuals. You will find in any old-fashioned library copies of the "Keepsake," the "Forget-me-Not," the "Book of Beauty," "Flowers of Loveliness," Finden's "Tableaux," "The Book of Gems," and others of that now extinct tribe. They were beautifully painted on the finest paper; they were illustrated with the most lovely steel engravings, the like of which could not now be had at any price; they were bound in brown and crimson watered silk, most fascinating to look at; and they were published at a guinea. As for their contents, they were, to begin with, written almost entirely by ladies and gentlemen with handles to their names, each number containing in addition two or three papers by commoners—mere literary commoners—just to give a flavouring of style. In the early Thirties it was fashionable for lords and ladies to dash off these trifles. Byron was a gentleman. Shelley was a gentleman—nobody else, to be sure, among the poets and wits was a gentleman—yet if Byron and Shelley condescended to bid for fame and bays, why not Lord Reculver, Lady Juliet de Dugenham, or the Hon. Lara Clonsilla? I have before me the "Keepsake" for the year 1831. Among the authors are Lord Morpeth, Lord Nugent, Lord Porchester, Lord John Russell, the Hon. George Agar Ellis, the Hon. Henry Liddell, the Hon. Charles Phipps, the Hon. Robert Cradock, and the Hon. Grantley Berkeley. Among the ladies are the Countess of Blessington, "L. E. L.," and Agnes Strickland. Theodore Hook supplies the professional part. The illustrations are engraved from pictures and drawings by Eastlake, Corbould, Westall, Turner, Smirke, Flaxman, and other great artists. The result, from the literary point of view, is a collection much lower in point of interest and ability than the worst number of the worst shilling magazine of the present day. I venture to extract certain immortal lines contributed by Lord John Russell, who is not generally known as a poet. They are "written at Kinneil, the residence of the late Mr. Dugald Stewart."

To distant worlds a guide amid the night,
To mariners o'er the waters of life and light;
Each star resplendent on its radiant throne
Gilds other systems and supports its own.
Thus we are known, in his fame reclined,
Regardless all the universe of mind;
To some for wonder, some for just esteem,
Attached when distant and beloved near.
'Twas he gave rules to Fancy, grace to Thought,
Taught Virtue's laws, and practised what he taught.

Dear me! Something similar to the last line, one remembers, written by an earlier bard. In the same way Terence has been accused of imitating the old Etoo Latin Grammar.

Somewhere about the year 1837 the world began to kick at the Keepsakes, and they gradually got extinguished. Then the lords and the countesses put away their verses and dropped into prose, and, to the infinite loss of mankind, wrote no more until editors of great monthlies, anxious to show a list of illustrious names, began to ask them again.

As for the general literature of the day, there must have been a steady demand for new works of all kinds, for it was estimated that in 1836 there were no fewer than 4,000 persons living by literary work. Most of them, of course, must have been simple publishers' hacks. But 700 of them in London were journalists. At the present day there are said to be in London alone 1,400 men and women who live by writing. And of this number I should think that 13,000 are in some way or other connected with journalism. Publishers' hacks still exist; that is to say, the nobbyy men who, without genius or natural aptitude, or the art of writing pleasantly, are eternally engaged in compiling, stealing, arranging, and putting together books which may be palmed off upon an uncritical public for prize books and presents. But they are far fewer in proportion than they were, and perhaps the next generation may live to see them extinct.

LORD TENNYSON AS A YOUNG MAN
From the Picture by Sir T. Lawrence

What did they write, this regiment of 3,300 *littérateurs*? Novelists, as we have learned, had fallen upon evil times; poetry was what it still continues to be, a drag in the market; but there was the whole range of the sciences, there were morals, theology, education, travels, biography, history, the literature of Art in all its branches, archæology, ancient and modern literature, criticism, and a hundred other things. Yet, making allowance for everything, I cannot but think that the 3,300 must have had on the whole an idle and unprofitable time. However, some books of the year may be recorded. First of all, in the Annual Register for 1837, there appears a poem by Alfred Tennyson. I have copied a portion of it:—

Oh! that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces,
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me—
Not thee but like to thee.
Ah God! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved that they might tell us
What, and where they be.

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals,
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights
And the roaring of the wheels.

Thus the broad light glares and burns,
And the sunk eye flits and flees
And will not let me be.
I loathe the squares and streets
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me.
Always I long to creep
To some still sweet deep,
And to weep and weep and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

Books, indeed, there were in plenty. Lady Blessington produced her "Victims of Society" and "Sunday at the Zoo"; Mr. Lytton Bulwer his "Duchesse de la Vallière," "Ernest Maltravers," and "Athens, its Rise and Fall"; Miss Mitford her "Country Stories"; Cottle his "Recollections of Coleridge"; Harrison Ainsworth, "Crichton"; Disraeli, "Venetia"; Talfourd, "The Life and Letters of Charles Lamb"; Babbage, a "Bridgewater Treatise"; Hook, "Jack Brag"; Haynes Bayley, his "Weeds of Witchery"—a thing as much forgotten as the weeds in last year's garden; James, his "Attila" and "Louis XIV."; Miss Martineau, her book on "American Society." I find, not in the book, which I have not read, but in a review of it, two stories, which I recommend to the attention of Mr. Punch. One is of an American traveller who had been to Rome, and said of it, "Rome is a very fine city, sir, but its public buildings are out of repair." The other is the following: "Few men," said the preacher, in his sermon, "when they build a house, remember that there must some day be a coffin taken down stairs." "Ministers," said a lady who had been present, "have got into the strangest way of choosing subjects. True, wide staircases are a great convenience, but Christian ministers might find better subjects for their discourses than narrow staircases."

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH
(*Fraser* Portraits)

In addition to the above, Hartley Coleridge wrote the "Lives of Northern Worthies"; the complete poetical works of Southey appeared—he himself died at the beginning of 1842; Dion Boucicault produced his first play, being then fifteen years of age; Carlyle brought out his "French Revolution"; Lockhart his "Life of Scott"; Martin Tupper the first series of the "Proverbial Philosophy"; Hallam his "Literature of Europe"; there were the usual travels in Arabia, Armenia, Italy, and Ireland; with, no doubt, the annual avalanche of sermons, pamphlets, and the rest.

THEODORE HOOK
(*Fraser* Portraits)

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN INVESTING THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER AT WINDSOR CASTLE, APRIL, 1855
From the Picture by E. M. Ward, R.A., now in Buckingham Palace.

THE GRAPHIC, ONE PENNY NUMBER, JUNE 30, 1855.

VICTORIA CROSS

De Ledcliffe

Raglan

Simpson

Evans

Cardigan

Lyons

Gough

Dundas

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DISTRIBUTING MEDALS TO THE HEROES FROM THE CRIMEA ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE, MAY 26, 1855
From the Picture by George H. Thomas, now in Buckingham Palace

Above all, however, it must be remembered that to this time belong the "Sketches by Boz" (1836), and the "Pickwick Papers" (1837-38). Of the latter the *Athenæum* not unwisely remarked that they were made up of "Three pounds of Sandfield, three ounces of Sterne, a handful of Hook, a dash of a grammatical Pierce Egan; the incidents at pleasure, served with an original sauce *piquante* . . . . We earnestly hope and trust that nothing we have said will tend to refuse him." One could hardly expect a critic to be ready at once to acknowledge that here was a genius, original, totally unlike any of his predecessors, who knew the great art of drawing from life, and depicting nothing but what he knew. As for Thackeray,

W. M. THACKERAY

he was still in the chrysalis stage, though his likeness appears with those of the contributors to *Fraser's Magazine* in the portrait group of Fraserians published in 1839. His first independently published book, I think, was the "Paris Sketch Book," which was not issued until the year 1840.

Here, it will be acknowledged, is not a record to be quite ashamed of. Perhaps that for the year 1887 will prove no more remarkable. After all, it is a great thing for a year to add one single book to English Literature, and it is something to show so many works which are still read and remembered. Lytton's "Ernest Maltravers" is, I suppose, still read by some; Talfourd's "Charles Lamb" remains; Disraeli's "Venetia"; Lockhart's "Life of Scott" is the best biography of the novelist and poet; Carlyle's "French Revolution" shows no sign of being forgotten.

Between the first and fiftieth year of Victoria's reign there arose and flourished and died a new generation of great men. Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, in his later and better style; George Eliot, Reade, George Meredith, Nathaniel Hawthorne, stand in the very front rank of novelists; in the second line are the two Kingsleys, Mrs. Gaskell, Lever, Trollope, and many living men and women. Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, are the new poets. Carlyle, Freeman, Froude, Stubbs, Green, Lecky, Buckle, have founded a new school of history; Maurice has broadened the old theology; Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall have advanced the boundaries of science; philology has become one of the exact sciences; a great school of political economy has arisen, flourished, and decayed. As to the changes that have come upon the literature of the country, the new points of view, the new creeds, these belong to another chapter.

THOMAS CARLYLE
By Daniel Maclise, R.A. (*Fraser* Portraits)

There has befallen literature of late years a grievous, even an irreparable blow. It has lost the *salon*. There are no longer *grandes dames de par le monde*, who attract to their drawing-rooms the leaders and the lesser lights of literature; there are no longer, so far as I know, any places at all, even any clubs, which are recognised centres of literature; there are no longer any houses where one will be sure to find great talkers, and to hear them talking all-night long. There are no longer any great talkers; that is to say, many men there are who talk well, but there are no Sydney Smiths or Macaulays, and in houses where the Sydney Smith of the day would go for his talk, he would not be encouraged to talk much after midnight. In the same way, there are clubs like the Athenæum and the Savile, where men of letters are among the members, but they do not constitute the members, and they do not give altogether its tone to the club.

HOLLAND HOUSE

Fifty years ago there were two houses which, each in its own way, were recognised centres of literature. Every man of letters went to Gore House, which was open to all; and every man of letters who could get there, went to Holland House.

The former establishment was presided over by the Countess of Blessington, at this time a widow, still young and still attractive, though beginning to be burdened with the care of an establishment too expensive for her means. She was the author of a good many novels, now almost forgotten—it is odd how well one knows the name of Lady Blessington, and how little is generally known about her history, literary or personal—and she edited every year one of the "Keepsakes" or "Forget-me-Nots." From certain indications in the bearing of

LADY BLESSINGTON
By Daniel Maclise, R.A. (*Fraser* Portraits)

which her biographer, Mr. Madden, did not seem to understand, I gather that her novels did not prove to the publishers the literary success which they expected, and I also infer—from the fact that she was always changing them—that a dinner at Gore House and the society of all the wits after dinner were not always attractive strong enough to loosen their purse-strings. This lady, whose maiden name was Power, was of an Irish family, her father being engaged, when he was not shooting rebels, in unsuccessful trade. She was married at sixteen to a Captain Farmer, from whom she speedily separated, and came over to London, where she lived for some years a grass widow. When Lord Blessington lost his wife, and Mrs. Farmer lost her husband—he fell out of a window, and was killed—they were married, and went abroad travelling in great state, as an English nobleman of those days knew how to travel, with a train of half-a-dozen carriages, his own cook and valet, the Countess's women, a whole *batterie de cuisine*, a quantity of furniture, couriers, and footmen, and his own great carriage. With them went the Count d'Orsay, then about two-and-twenty, and young Charles Mathews, then about twenty, a *protégé* of Lord Blessington, who was a friend and patron of the drama.

After Lord Blessington died it was arranged that Count d'Orsay should marry his daughter. But the Count separated from his wife a week or two after the wedding, and returned to the widow, whom he never afterwards left, always taking a lodging near her house, and forming part of her household.

At Gore House you would meet Tom Moore, the two Balwers, Campbell, Thomas Hood, James and Horace Smith, Landseer, Theodore Hook, Disraeli the elder and the younger, Rogers, Washington Irving, N. P. Willis, Marryat, Macready, Charles Dickens, Albert Smith, Forster, Walter Savage Landor, and, in short, nearly every one who had made a reputation, or was likely to make it. Hither came also Prince Louis Napoleon, in whose fortunate star Count d'Orsay always firmly believed. The conversation was lively, and the evenings were prolonged. As for ladies, there were few ladies who went to Gore House. Doubtless they had their reasons. The outer circle, so to speak, consisted of such men as Lord Alvanley, Lord Durham, Lord Strangford, Lord Porchester, Lord Nugent, and poetasters who contributed their illustrious names and their beautiful productions to Lady Blessington's Keepsakes. Thackeray was one of the "intimates" at Gore House, and when the crash came in 1849, and the place was sold up by the creditors, it is on record that the author of "Vanity Fair" was the only person who showed emotion. Mr. Thackeray also cared, I think, for the Countess's valet to his mistress, who had taken refuge in Paris, "and he went away with tears in his eyes; he is, perhaps, the only person I have seen really affected at your departure." In 1837 he was twenty-six years of age, but he had still to wait for twelve years before he was to take his real place in literature, and even then not until the day of his death there were many who could not understand his greatness.

As regards Lady Blessington, there must have been something singularly attractive about her manners and conversation. It is not by a stupid or an unattractive woman that such success as hers was attained. Her novels, so far as I have been able to read them, show no remarkable ability, and her portrait shows amiability rather than cleverness; yet she must have been clever and amiable to get so many clever men around her and to fix them, to make them come again, come often, and regard her drawing-room and her society as altogether charming, and to write such verses upon her as the following:—

Mild Wilberforce, by all beloved,
Once owned this hallowed spot,
Whose zealous eloquence improved
The fettered Negro's lot.

Yet here still slavery smirks
Where Blessington invites;
The chains from which he freed the blacks
She rivets on the whites.

The following lines are in another strain, more artificial, with a false ring, and curiously unlike any style of the present day. They are by N. P. Willis, who, in his "Pencillings," describes an evening at Gore House.

I saw upon a face as fair
As ever made a fly of Heaven
Fallow amid its sunny—prayer—
The first-lit star of summer even
Sparkled serene to smile on the grass,
Not grown with watching half so bright,
Nor lend its colours of the sky
So seems of Heaven the dearest light.
Mem murmur where that shape is seen;
My youth's angelic dream was of that face and mien.

Gore House was a place for men: there was more than a touch of Bohemia in its atmosphere. The fair *chatelaine* distinctly did not belong to any noble house, though she was fond of talking of her ancestors; the constant presence of Count D'Orsay, and the absence of Lady Harriet, his wife; the custom of ladies as regards the place; the whispers and the open talk; these things did not, perhaps, make the house less delightful, but they placed it outside society.

Holland House, on the other hand, occupied a different position. The circle was wide and the hospitable doors were open to all who could procure an introduction; but it was presided over by a lady the opposite to Lady Blessington in every respect. She ruled as well as reigned; those who went to Holland House were made to feel her power. The Princess Marie Liechtenstein, in her book on Holland House, has given a long list of those who were to be found there between the years 1790 and 1840. Among them were Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Byron, "Monk" Lewis, Lord Jeffrey, Lords Eldon, Thurlow, Brougham, and Lyndhurst, Sir Humphry Davy, Count Rumford, Lords Aberdeen, Moira, and Macartney, Grattan, Curran, Sir Samuel Romilly, Washington Irving, Tom Moore, Calonne, Lally Tollendal, Talleyrand, the Duke of Clarence, the Duc d'Orleans, Metternich, Canova, the two Erskines, Madame de Staël, Lord John Russell, and Lord Houghton. There was no such agreeable house in Europe as Holland House. "There was no professional *claptrap*; no mutual puffing; no exchanged support. There, a man was not unanimously applauded because he was known to be clever, nor was a woman accepted as clever because she was known to receive clever people."

The conditions of life and society are so much changed that there can never again be another Holland House. For the first thing which strikes one who considers the history of this place, as well as Gore House, is that though the poets, wits, dramatists, and novelists go to these houses, their wives do not. In these days a man who respects himself will not go to a house where his wife is not asked. Then, again, London is so much greater in extent, and people are so much scattered, that it would be difficult now to get together a circle consisting of literary people who lived near enough to frequent the house. And another thing: people no longer keep such late hours. They do not sit up talking all night. That is, perhaps, because there are no wits to talk with; but I do not know: I think that towards midnight the *malice* of Count d'Orsay in drawing out the absurd points in the guests, the ridiculing of Tom Moore, or his sentimental songs, the repartee of James Smith, and the polished talk of Lytton Bulwer, all collar, cuff, diamond pin, and wavy hair, would have begun to pall upon one, and when nobody was taking any notice of so obscure an individual, I should have stolen down the stairs, and so out into the open air beneath the stars. For the wits were very witty, but they must have been very fatiguing. "Quite enough of that, Macaulay," Lady Holland would say, tapping her fan upon the table. "Now tell us about something else."

COUNT D'ORSAY
By Daniel Maclise, R.A. (*Fraser* Portraits)

XIII.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS

THERE WAS NO "GRAPHIC" IN 1837, nor any illustrated paper at all: there was no *Punch*. On the other hand there were as many London papers as there are to-day, and nearly as many magazines and reviews. The *Times*, which is reported to have then had a circulation not exceeding 10,000 a day, was already the leading paper. It defended Queen Caroline, and advocated the Reform bill, and was reported to be ready to incur any expense for early news. Thus, in 1834, on the occasion of a great dinner given to Lord Durham, the *Times* spent 200*l.* in having an early report, and that up from the North by special messenger. This is not much in comparison with the enterprise of telegraph and special correspondents, but it was a great step in advance of other journals. The other morning papers were the *Morning Herald*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, of which Coleridge was once editor, the *Morning Advertiser*, which already represented the interest of which it is still the organ, and the old *Public Ledger*, for which Goldsmith had once written.

The evening papers were the *Globe*, which had absorbed six other evening papers, the *Courier*, the *Standard*, once edited by Dr. Maginn, and the *True Sun*.

The weeklies were the *Examiner*, edited by the two Hunts and Albany Fonblanque: the *Spectator*, whose price seems to have varied from ninepence to a shilling: the *Atlas*, *Observer*, *Bell's Life*, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, *John Bull*, which Theodore Hook edited, the *New Weekly Messenger*, the *Sunday Times*, the *Age*, the *Satirist*, the *Mark Lane Express*, the *County Chronicle*, the *Weekly Dispatch*, sometimes sold for 8½*d.*, sometimes for 6*d.*, the *Patriot*, the *Christian Advocate*, the *Watchman*, the *Court Journal*, the *Naval and Military Gazette* and the *United Service Gazette*.

Among the reporters who sat in the Gallery, it is remarkable that two-thirds did not write shorthand: they made notes, and trusted to their memories: Charles Dickens sat with them in the year 1836.

The two great quarterlies still continue to exist, but their power has almost gone; nobody cares any more what is said by either, yet they are as well written as ever, and their papers are as interesting, if they are not so forcible. The *Edinburgh Review* in 1837 is said to have had a circulation of 20,000 copies, the *Quarterly* never reached anything like that number. Among those who wrote for it fifty years ago, or thereabout, were Southey, Basil Hall, John Wilson Croker, Sir Francis Head, Dean Milman, Justice Coleridge, Henry Taylor, and Abraham Hayward. The *Westminster*, which also included the *London*, was supported by such contributors as the two Mills, father and son, Southwood Smith, and Roebuck. There was also the *Foreign Quarterly*, for which Scott, Southey, and Carlyle wrote.

The monthlies comprised the *Gentleman's*, the *Monthly Review*, the *Monthly Magazine*, the *Eclectic*, the *New Monthly*, *Fraser*, the *Metropolitan*, the *Monthly Repository*, the *Lady's*, the *Court*, the *Asiatic Journal*, the *East India Review*, and the *United Service Journal*.

THOMAS CAMPBELL
Editor of the "New Monthly." (*Fraser* Portraits)

The weekly magazines were the *Literary Gazette*, the *Parthenon*—absorbed in the *Literary* in 1842—the *Athenæum*, which Mr. Dilke bought of Buckingham, reducing the price from 8*d.* to 4*d.*, the *Mirror*, *Chambers's Journal*, the *Penny Magazine*, and the *Saturday Magazine*, a religious journal with a circulation of 200,000.

All these papers, journals, quarterlies, monthlies, and weeklies found occupation for a great number of journalists. Among those who wrote for the magazines were many whom we know, and some whom we have forgotten. Mr. Cornish, editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, seems forgotten. But he wrote "Songs of the Loire."

the "Gentleman's Book," "My Daughter's Book," the "Book for the Million," and a "Volume of the Affections." Mr. Peter Gaskill, another forgotten worthy, wrote, besides his contributions to the monthly press, three laudable works, called "Old Maids," "Old Bachelors," and "Plebeians and Patricians." John Salt, James and Horace Smith, Allan Cunningham, Sir Egerton Brydges, Sheridan Knowles, Robert Hall, John Foster, James Montgomery, S. C. Hall, Leitch Ritchie, Allan Cunningham, Sir Egerton Brydges, Sheridan Knowles, Robert Hall, John Foster, James Montgomery, S. C. Hall, Leitchan—author of "Highways and Byways"—Marryat, John Mill, Peacock, Miss Martineau, Ebenezer Elliott, and Warren—author of "A Diary of a Late Physician"—all very respectable writers, sustained this mass of magazine literature.

It will be seen, then, that London was as well supplied with papers and reviews as it is at present—considering the difference in population, it was much better supplied. Outside London, however, the demand for a daily paper was hardly known. There were in the whole of Great Britain only fourteen daily papers; and in Ireland, two. There are now 171 daily papers in Great Britain and fifteen in Ireland. In country places, the weekly newspaper, published on Saturday night and distributed on Sunday morning, provided all the news that was require!, the local intelligence being by far the most important.

As to the change in the papers, the leading article, whose influence and weight seems to have culminated at the time of the Crimean War, was then of little more value than it is at present. The news—there were as yet, happily, no telegrams—was still by despatches and advice; and the latest news of markets was that brought by the last ship. We will not waste time in pointing out that Edinburgh was practically as far off as Gibraltar, or as anything else you please. But consider, if you can, your morning paper without its telegrams; could one exist without knowing exactly all that is going on all over the world at the very moment? We used to exist, as a matter of fact, very well without that knowledge when we had it not; we were less curious, if less well-informed; there was always a pleasing element of uncertainty; everything had to be taken on trust; and in trade the most glorious fortunes could be made and lost, by the beautiful uncertainties of the market. It is not an unmixed gain for the affairs of the whole world to be carried on under the fierce light of electricity, so that everybody may behold whatever happens day after day, as if one were seated on Olympus among the Immortal Gods.

XIV.

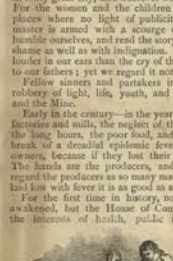
IN FACTORY AND MINE

I DO NOT KNOW ANY STORY, not even that of the slave-trade, which can compare, for brutality and callousness of heart, with the story of the women and children employed in the factories and the mines of this realm. There is nothing in the whole history of mankind which shows more clearly the enormities which become possible when men, spurred by years of greed, are left uncontrolled by laws or the weight of public opinion, and placed in the position of absolute mastery over their fellow-men. The record of the slavery time is black in the West Indies and the United States, God knows; but the record of the English mine and factory is blacker still. It is so black that it seems incredible to us. We ask ourselves in amazement *if*, fifty years ago, these things could be. Alas! my friends, there are cruelties as great still going on around us in every great city, and among many of the trades we look for bread. For the women and the children are inarticulate, and in the dark places where no light of publicity penetrates, the hand of the master is armed with a scourge of scorpions. Let us therefore humble ourselves, and read the story of the children in the mines with shame as well as with indignation. The cry of the needlewomen is louder in our ears than the cry of the children in the mines ever was to our fathers; yet we regard it not.

Fellow sinners and partakers in the crimes of slavery, torture, robbery of light, life, youth, and joy, hear the tale of the Factory and the Mine.

Early in the century—in the year 1801—the overcrowding of the factories and mills, the neglect of the simplest sanitary precautions, the long hours, the poor food, and insufficient rest, caused the outbreak of a dreadful epidemic fever, which alarmed even the mill-owners, because if they lost their hands they lost their machinery. The hands are the producers, and the aim of the employer was to regard the producers as so many machines. Now if your machine is laid low with fever it is as good as an engine out of repair.

For the first time in history, not only was the public conscience awakened, but the House of Commons was called upon to act in the interests of health, public morals, humanity, and justice.



LETTING CHILDREN DOWN A COAL MINE
From a Plate in the Westminster Review

Strange, that the world had been Christian for so long, yet no law had been passed to protect women and children. In the Year of Grace, 1802, they began.

By the Act then passed the daily hours of labour for children were to be not more than twelve—yet think of making young children work for twelve hours a day!—exclusive of an hour and a-half for meals and rest, so that the working-day really covered thirteen hours and a-half, say from six in the morning until half-past seven in the evening. This seems a good day's work to exact of children, but it was a little heaven compared with the state of things which preceded the Act. Next, no children were to be employed under the age of nine. Certain factories, proved to be unwholesome for children, were closed to them altogether. Twenty years later Sir John Cam Hobhouse—"May his soul find peace!"—invented the Saturday half-holiday for factories. There was found, however, a loophole for cruelty and overwork: the limitation of hours was evaded by making the hands work in relays, by which means a child might be kept at work half the night. It was, therefore, in 1833 enacted that there should be no work done at all between 8.30 P.M. and 5.30 A.M.; that children under thirteen should not work more than forty-eight hours a week, and those under eighteen should not work more than sixty-eight hours a week.

Observe that nothing—not the light of publicity, not public opinion, not common humanity, not pity towards the tender children—nothing but Law had any power to stop this daily massacre of the innocents. Yet, no doubt, the manufacturers were subscribing for all kinds of good objects, and reviling the Yankees continually for the institution of Slavery.

What happened next? Greed of gain, seeing the factory closed, looked round, and saw wide open—not the gates of Hell—but the mouth of the Pit, and they fling the children down into the darkness, and made them work among the narrow passages and galleries of the coal mines.

They took the child—boy or girl—at six years of age; they carried the little thing away from the light of Heaven into the black and gloomy pit; they placed it behind a door, and ordered it to pull this open to let the horses, or trucks, come and go, and to keep it shut when they were not passing. The child was set at the door in the dark—at first they gave it a candle, which would burn for an hour or two and then go out. Think of taking a child of six and putting it all alone down the dark mine. They kept the little creature there for twelve interminable hours. If the child cried, or went to sleep, or neglected to pull the door open, they beat that child. The work began at four in the morning, and it was not brought out of the pit until four, or perhaps later, in the evening, so that in the winter the children never saw daylight at all. The evidence given before the Royal Commission showed that the children, when they were brought up to the pit's mouth, were heavy and stupefied, and cared for little when they had taken their supper but to go to bed. And yet the men who owned these collieries had children of their own! And they would have gone on to this very day starving the children of light and loading them with work, stunting their growth, and suffering them to grow up in ignorance all their days, but for Lord Shaftesbury. This is what is written of the children and their work by one who visited the mines.

"To ascertain the nature of the employment of these children I went down a pit . . . . Descending a shaft, 600 feet deep, I went some distance along a subterranean road which, I was told, was three miles in length. To the right and left of one of these roads or ways are low galleries, called workings, in which the hewers are employed, in a state of almost perfect nudity, on account of the great heat, digging out the coal. To these galleries there are traps, or doors, which are kept shut, to guard against the ingress or egress of inflammable air, and to prevent coarser currents disturbing the ventilation. The use of a child, six years of age, is to open and shut one of these doors when the loaded carves, or coal trucks, pass and repass. For this object the child is trained to sit by itself in a dark gallery for the number of hours I have described. The older boys drive horses and load the carves, but the little children are always trap-keepers. When first taken down they have a candle given them, but, gradually getting accustomed to the gloom of the place, they have to do without, and sit therefore literally in the dark the whole time of their imprisonment."

When a child grew strong enough, he or she—boy or girl—was promoted to the post of drawer, or thrutcher. The drawer, boy or girl alike, clad in a short pair of trousers and nothing else, had a belt tied round the waist and a chain attached by one end to the

CHILDREN WORKING IN A COAL MINE
From a Plate in the Westminster Review

belt and the other to the carve, or truck, which he dragged along the galleries to the place where it was loaded for the south; the chain passing between his legs: on account of the low height of the galleries he had generally to go on all-fours. Those who were the thrutchers pushed the truck along with their hands and hands. They wore a thick cap, but the work made them bald on the top of the head. When the boys grew up they became hewers, but the women, if they stayed in the pit, remained drawers or thrutchers, continuing to the end of the day to push or drag the truck dressed in nothing but the pair of short trousers. This was a beautiful kind of life for Christian women and children to be leading. So many children were wanted, that in one colliery employing 400 hands there were 100 under twenty, and 56 under thirteen. In another, where there was an inundation, there were 44 children of whom 26 were drowned, of these 11 were girls and 15 boys; 9 were under ten years of age. Again, in the year 1838, there were 38 children under thirteen killed by colliery accidents and 62 young people under eighteen.

When men talk about the interference of the State and the regulation of hours, let us remember this history of the children in the Pit. Yet there were men in plenty who denounced the action of the Government; some of them were leaders in the philanthropic

LONDON STREET CHARACTERS, 1837
From a Drawing by John Leech

world; some of them were religious men; some of them humane men; but they could not bear that any limit should be imposed upon the power of the employer. In point of fact, when one considers the use which the employer has always made of his power; how every consideration has been set aside which might interfere with the acquisition of wealth; it seems as if the chief business of the Legislature should be the protection of the employed.

Again, take the story of the chimney-sweep. Forty years ago the master went his morning rounds accompanied by his climbing boys. It is difficult now to understand how much time and trouble it took to convince people that the climbing boy was made to endure an extraordinary amount of suffering quite needlessly, because a brush would do the work quite as well. Consider: the poor little wretch's hands, elbows, and knees were constantly being torn by the bricks; sometimes he stuck going up, sometimes coming down; sometimes the chimney-pot at the top fell off, the child with it, so that he was killed. He was beaten and kicked unmercifully; his master would sometimes light a fire underneath so as to force him to come down quickly; the boy's life was intolerable to him. He was badly fed, badly clothed, and never washed, though his occupation demanded incessant cleanliness—the neglect of which was likely to bring on a dreadful disease. And all this because his master would not use a broom. It was not until 1841 that the children were protected by Acts of Parliament.

The men have shown themselves able to protect themselves. The improvement in their position is due wholly to their own action. That it will still more improve no one can for a moment doubt. If we were asked to forecast the future, one thing would be safe to prophesy; namely, that it will become, day by day, more extremely difficult to get rich. Meanwhile, let us remember that we have with us still the women and the children. *We have protected the latter, how shall we protect the former?*

XVI.

CONCLUSION.

THE CONSIDERATION OF THE COUNTRY AS IT WAS would not be complete without some comparison with the country as it is. But I will make this comparison as brief as possible.

In the Church, the old Calvinism is well-nigh dead; even the Low Church of the present day would have seemed, fifty years ago, a kind of veiled Popery. And the Church has grown greater and stronger. She will be greater and stronger still when she enlarges her borders to admit the great bodies of Nonconformists. The old grievances exist no longer; there are no longer pluralities; there is a resident Vicar; the small benefices are improved: Church architecture has revived; the Church services are rendered with loving and jealous care: the old reproaches are no longer hurled at the clergy; fat and lazy shepherds they certainly are not; celibate and perfunctory they cannot now be called: even if they are less scholarly, which must be sorrowfully admitted, they are more earnest.

The revival of the Church services has produced its effect also upon Dissent. Its ministers are more learned and more cultured; their congregations are no longer confined to the humbler trading-class; their leaders belong to society: their writers are among the best *littérateurs* of the day.

That the science of warfare, by sea and land, has also changed, is a doubtful advantage. Yet wars are short, which is, in itself, an immeasurable gain. The thin red line will be seen no more; nor the splendid great man-o'-war, with a hundred guns and a crew of a thousand men.

The Universities which, fifty years ago, belonged wholly to the Church, are now thrown open. The Fellowships and Scholarships of the Colleges were then mostly appointed: they are now free, and the range of studies has been immensely widened.

As for the advance in physical and medical science I am not qualified to speak. But everybody knows that it has been enormous; while, in surgery, the discovery of anæsthetics has removed from life one of its most appalling horrors.

In literature, though new generations of writers have appeared and passed away, we have still with us the two poets who, fifty years ago, had already begun their work, the Victorian era can boast of such names as Carlyle, Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, and Browning, in the first rank of men of letters; those of Darwin, Faraday, and Huxley in science. Besides these there has been an immense crowd of men and women of talent who fill a more respectable second rank—to enumerate whom would take pages. Who can say if any of them will live beyond the century, and if any will be remembered in a hundred years?

We have all grown richer, much richer. "The poor," says Mr. George, "have grown poorer." That is most distinctly and emphatically untrue. The poor, that is to say, the working-classes, have grown distinctly better off. They are better housed; they are better fed; they are more comfortably clad; they are better educated; they have a thousand luxuries to which they were formerly strangers; their children are educated; in most great towns they have free libraries; they have their own clubs; they are at liberty to combine and to hold public meetings; they have the Post Office Savings Bank; and as for political power they have all the power there is, because you cannot give any man more than his vote.

Formerly they demanded the Six Points of the Charter, and thought that universal happiness would follow on their acquisition. We have now got most of the Six Points, and we do not care much about the rest. Yet happiness is not by any means universal. Some there are who still think that by more tinkering of the machinery the happiness of the people will be increased. Others there are who consider that political and social wisdom, on the possession of which by our rulers, the welfare of the people does mainly depend, is outside and independent of the machinery.

Is it nothing, again, that the people of Scotland own their own country? Formerly their lives were largely wasted in the place where they were born; they knew no other. Now the railways carry them cheaply everywhere. In one small town of Lancashire the factory-hands alone spend 30,000*l.* a-year in excursions. The railways, far more than the possession of a vote, have given the people a knowledge of their strength.

The civil service of the country is no longer in the patronage of the Government. There are few spoils left to the victors; there are no sinecures left; except in the Church, where are few places to be given away. It is, however, very instructive to remark that wherever there is a place to be given away, it is invariably, just as of old, and without difference of party, whether Conservatives or Liberals are in power, filled up by jobbery, favouritism, and private interest.

I am told that they have introduced vast reforms in Law. Prisons for debt have been abolished; yet men are still imprisoned for debt. Happily I know little about the administration of Law. Some time ago, however, I was indirectly interested in an action in the High Court of Justice, the conduct and result of which gave me much food for reflection. It was an action for quite a small sum of money. Yet a year and a half elapsed between the commencement of the action and its hearing. The verdict carried costs. *The costs amounted to three times the sum awarded to the plaintiff.* That seems to be a delightful condition of things when you cannot get justice to listen to you for a year and a half, and when it may cost a defendant three times the amount disputed in order to defend what he knows—though his counsel may fail to make a jury understand the

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN VISITING THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON I. IN THE INVALIDES, PARIS, 1855
From the Picture by E. M. Ward, R.A., now in Buckingham Palace

1840
1891
MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL TO PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S, JAN. 25, 1858
From the Picture by John Phillip, now in Windsor Castle
JANUARY 25

case—to be just and right. I humbly submit, as the next reform in Law, that Justice shall have no holidays, so as to expedite actions, and that the verdict shall in no case carry costs, so as to cheapen them.

As for our recreations, we no longer bawl comic songs at taverns; and there is no Vauxhall. On the other hand, the music hall is certainly no improvement on the tavern; the "Colonies" was perhaps a more respectable Vauxhall; the comic opera may be better than the old ballad-singing; and I am not certain that it is; there are the Crystal Palace, the Aquarium, and the Albert Hall also in place of Vauxhall; and there are outdoor amusements unknown fifty years ago—lawn tennis, cycling, rowing, and athletics of all kinds.

There has been a great upward movement of the professional class. New professions have come into existence, and the old professions are more esteemed. It was formerly a poor and beggarly thing to belong to any other than the three learned professions; a barrister would not shake hands with a solicitor, a Nonconformist minister was not met in any society. Artists, writers, journalists, were considered Bohemians; the teaching of anything was held in contempt; to become a teacher was a confession of the direst poverty—there were thousands of poor girls eating out their hearts, because they had to "go out" as governesses. There were no High Schools for girls; there were no colleges for them.

Slavery has gone. There are now no slaves in Christendom, save in the island of Cuba. Fifty years ago an American went mad if you threw in his teeth the "Institution:" either he defended it with zeal, or else he charged England with having introduced it into the country; in the Southern States it was as much as a man's life was worth to say a word against it; travellers went South on purpose that they might see slaves put up to auction, mothers parted from their children, and all the stock horrors. Then they came home and wrote about it, and held up their hands and cried, "Oh, isn't it dreadful?" The negroes are free; but there is only left the slavery of the women who work. When will that go, too? And how can it be swept away?

Public executions gone; pillory gone—the last man pilloried was in the year 1830; climbing boys flogging in the chimney: the Factory Acts passed: all these are great gains. A greater is the growth of sympathy with all those who suffer, whether wrongfully or by misfortune, or through their own misdoings. This growth of sympathy is due chiefly to the works of the great writers belonging to the Victorian age. It is producing all kinds of good works—the unselish devotion of men and women to work among the poor: teaching of every description: philanthropy which does not stop short with the cheque: charity which is organised: measures for prevention: support of hospitals and convalescent homes: the introduction of Art and Music to the working-classes.

All these changes seem to be gains. Have there been no losses?

In the nature of things the old must fall before the new. Some of the old politeness has been lost, though there are still men with the fine manners of our grandfathers: the example of the women who speak, who write, who belong to professions, and are, generally, aggressive, threatens to change the manners of all women: they have already become more assured, more self-reliant, less deferent to men's opinion—the old deference of men to women was, of course, merely conventional. They no longer dread the necessity of working for themselves; they passionately claim the right to compete with men with no consideration on the score of sex. If a woman writes a bad book, for instance, no critic hesitates to pronounce it bad because a woman has written it. Whatever work man does woman tries to do. They boldly deny any inferiority of intellect, though no woman has ever produced any work which puts her anywhere near the highest intellectual level. They claim a complete equality which they have hitherto failed to prove. Some of them even secretly whisper of natural superiority. They demand their vote. Perhaps, before long, they will be in both Houses, and then man will then be specially relegated to his proper place, which will be that of the Executive servant. Oh! Happy, happy time!

It is said that we have lost leisure of life. As for that, and the supposed drive and hurry of modern life, I do not believe in it. That is to say, the competition is fierce and the struggle hard. But these are no new things. It is a commonplace to talk of the leisure and calm of the eighteenth century—it cannot be too often repeated that in the year 1837 we were still in that century—I declare that in all my reading about the eighteenth century I have failed to discover that leisure. From Queen Anne to Queen Victoria I have searched for it, and found it not. The leisure of the eighteenth century exists, in fact, only in the brain of painter and poet. Life was hard; labour was incessant and lasted the whole day long; the shoppmen lived in the shop—they even slept in it; the mill people worked all day long; I go into the night and I look about the country, I see in town and village the poor man oppressed and driven by his employer; I see the labourer in a blind revenge setting fire to the ricks; I see the factory hand destroying the machinery; I see everywhere discontent, bitterness, patronage, and profligacy; I hear the shrieks of the wretches flogged at the cart tail, the screams of the women flogged at Bridewell. I see the white faces of the poor creatures brought out to be hung up in rows for stealing bread; I see the ballot for the pressgang; I see the soldiers and sailors flogged into sullen obedience; I see hatred of the Church, hatred of the governing class, hatred of the rich, hatred of employers—where, with all these things is there room for leisure? Leisure means peace, contentment, ease, wealth, and ease. What peace, what contentment was there in those days?

The decay of the great agricultural interest is a calamity which has been coming upon us slowly, though with a continually accelerated movement. That is the reason, I suppose, why the country regards it with so strange an apathy. It is not only that the landlords are rapidly encountering ruin, that the farmers are losing all their capital and that labourers are daily turned out of work and driven away to the great towns; the very existence of the country towns is threatened; the investments which depend on rent and estates are threatened; colleges and charities are losing their endowments; worst of all, the rustic, the backbone and support of the country, who has always supplied all our armies with all our soldiers, is fast disappearing from the land. I confess that, if something does not happen to stay the ruin of agriculture in these Islands, I think the end of their greatness will not be far off. A cheap loaf is dearly bought if, among other things, the country is deprived of its stalwart soldiers. As for the House of Lords and the English aristocracy, they cannot survive the day when the farms can do no more than support the hands that till the soil.

There are, to make an end, two changes especially, for which we can never be sufficiently thankful. The first is the decay of the old Calvinism; that gone, the chief terror of life is gone too; the chief sting of death is gone; the terrible, awful, question which reasoning man could not resolve for himself, is gone too.

The second change is the transference of the power to the people. All the power that there is we have given to the people, who are now waiting for a prophet to teach them how best to use it. I trust that I am under no illusions; Democracy has many dangers and many evils; but these seem to me not so bad as those others which we have shaken off. I do not expect a Millennium: mistakes will be committed, and those bad ones. There will be the tyranny of the Caucus to be faced and thrashed down; we must endure the politician whose existence depends on his party; we must expect—and fight against—bribery and wholesale corruption when a class of professional politicians, poor, unscrupulous, and grasping, will be continually, by every evil art, by every lying statement, by every creeping baseness, endeavouring to climb into power: we shall have to awaken from apathy those who are anxious to avoid the arena of politics, yet, by education and natural abilities are called upon to lead. Yet when, in the end, the people, the real people, shall see their mistakes, if Democracy shall say that terrible mistakes have not already been made? There is always hope where there is free-love; let us trust in the common sense of the nation, and remain steadfast in that trust.

Some Noteworthy Events
DURING THE LIFE OF
Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria

IT WAS ON THE MORNING OF 24TH MAY, 1819, that in the old Palace of Kensington the little Princess first saw the light who was in after years to be known as one of the greatest and best Sovereigns who have ever sat on the throne of Great Britain—Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. Her parents, who had but recently taken up their residence in London on their return from the Continent, where they had sojourned from motives of economy, were H.R.H. Edward, Duke of Kent, and the Princess Victoria Maria Louisa of Saxe Coburg, sister to Prince Leopold, and widow of the Prince of Leiningen, the august couple having been married in the previous year, first by the Lutheran rite in Germany, and two months later by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of the British Royal Family.

There is no need to dwell upon the question of succession to the Crown which rendered the infant Princess's birth a matter of such national importance and interest; but it may be noted that at that period, owing mainly to the inevitable reaction after long war, the nation was suffering great misery, taxes were high, food was dear, and trade always at a standstill. Even in the days of our history still speak of the times of their childhood, when the peasantry had none but barley bread. The ceremony of baptism took place in the Drawing-Room at Kensington Palace, and was performed with great pomp, the Royal font being brought from the Tower for the occasion, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, officiating, when the baby received the names of "Alexandrina Victoria," after the then Emperor of Russia and her mother. It was the first instance of a female child having been named "Georgina," after the reigning Sovereign; but King George declined to allow his name to occupy a second place, and the little Princess received the name by which she has since endeared herself to her people, though in her early childhood she was generally known as the "Princess Drina." When little more than six months old she lost her father, who died at Sidmouth from the effects of a chill caused by remaining in wet clothes whilst playing with his child. The widowed Duchess elected to remain in England, and from that time devoted herself entirely to the education of her daughter.

Of their simple, natural life at Tunbridge Wells, Malvern, Norris Castle, and elsewhere, so many anecdotes remain that selection would be the difficulty. Suffice it that to-day it must draw attention: it would really seem as if our Sovereign had, from her earliest years, borne what in old days was called "a charmed life." She was but six months old when, at Sidmouth, a boy shooting sparrows sent his shot through her nursery window, and narrowly missed the baby head. About her thirteenth year, whilst on a trip by sea with the Duchess of Kent, the young Princess narrowly escaped death from the fall, in a sudden gale, of the topmast, having been snatched from where she stood, a moment before the accident, by a faithful pilot.

Whilst on this subject, we may recall the various deliberate attempts upon the Queen's life, made by fools or fanatics, and so get quit of an unpleasant subject. Every Her Majesty came to the throne the following may be recorded: in the year 1840, the crazy pothoy, Edward Oxford, made the attempt which consigned him to a madhouse; in 1842 "a swarthy-looking ruffian"—one Francis, made a double attempt; and, when the fact of the condemnation to death, a wretched cripple attempted to emulate him—earning penal servitude for his pains. Seven years later an Irishman, named Hamilton, made a similar fruitless attack—with a similar result; while in the year 1882 Her Majesty was once subjected to further outrages of the same nature—but never did she receive any bodily injury, and never was her courage under trial found wanting.

Let us come to the most important feature in the narrative, viz.: The Accession. It was in the early dawn of 20th June, 1837, that the gate-porter of Kensington Palace was aroused by a knocking which, like that in "Macbeth," was significant of a King's death. For Archbishop Howley, Lord Conyngham (the Lord Chamberlain), and Sir Henry Halford, were there to announce to the whilome Princess Drina that William IV.—the Sailor King—was gathered to his fathers, and that upon her young head now devolved the Crown and Sovereignty of Great Britain. After the lapse of a touching sight when the weeping girl, half-awake, shocked by the sudden news, and clad in little more than her night-gear, was brought out by her mother to receive the emissaries' intelligence. But Queen Victoria was never a coward—her old Stuart blood, of which she herself is so proud, arose in her; by nine A.M. she was ready to receive the Premier, Lord Melbourne; to whose visit succeeded a deputation from the City, headed by the Lord Mayor Kelly;—and then almost typical of all, came the young Sovereign's first meeting with her Privy Council.

It was not in St. James's Palace, but in Kensington,—in the very same room in which she had been christened,—that Queen Victoria held that first Council, which, as we know, has lived to tell the telling a pictorial record. After the formal announcement of King William's death had been made by the Lord President, it was agreed that, in consideration of her sex and her tender years, the entire Council should not obtrude upon the Queen's presence, but that the duty of surprising her of her new dignity should be entrusted to her two Royal uncles—the Dukes of Sussex and Cumberland,—the two Archbishops, the Premier, and Lord Cottenham, the Lord High Chancellor. The Queen received them alone in the adjoining room. Upon their return, Her Majesty took her accustomed seat, and the usual proclamation of a fresh Accession to the Throne read. Then the doors were opened, and the Sovereign lady entered, clad in deep mourning, and accompanied by her mother, and some officers of her household; as soon as she had been installed in the arm-chair which made her temporary Throne, these all retired. The Queen read her first speech with that charm of voice and delivery which has always distinguished her public utterances, and, on one occasion, drew down the praises of no less critical a judge than Mrs. Fanny Kemble: and next came the several oaths, administered by the Lord High Chancellor and the Archbishop of Canterbury respectively: then the Privy Councillors were sworn. Was it not a pretty and graceful act that when it came to the turn of the good old Duke of Sussex, the young Queen started forward to her venerable uncle and kissed him? The next day the ceremony of the Proclamation took place, and with that came Queen Victoria's first public appearance before her new subjects. In spite of the fatigue of the previous day, she drove into St. James's Palace with that punctuality which has always been one of her most remarkable and admirable characteristics, and there, according to olden use, showed herself to the crowd from the window of the Presence Chamber. There is no need to dilate upon the pageantry which rightly attends the Accession of such a Monarch as ours; it was in no wise behind that which had distinguished former reigns.

On 12th July, four days after the Coronation, the new Queen left her early home at Kensington, to establish her Court at what we now call Buckingham Palace; it was not then quite so much like a cross between a factory and a madhouse as since it was "restored"—the Marble Arch formed its chief portal. And five days later came another great State function, viz., Her Majesty's first visit as Monarch to the House of Lords to prorogue Parliament. This she insisted on doing in person, although her mother and others, anxious for her health, would fain have had her do it by Commission; but Victoria of Great Britain and Ireland was too true a woman to shirk what she held to be her plain duty, and her self-sacrifice was rewarded by an enthusiastic reception. Is it not worth remembering that one of the first Acts to which she was called to give her Royal Assent was one for lessening the number of crimes for which the death penalty was enacted: and that a week later she specially addressed the Houses of Parliament with respect to a regular provision for her mother?

Let us note, too, that on the Duke of Wellington presenting to the youthful Sovereign her first death-warrant—she was then obliged to sign them in person—she, on the slightest pretext for mercy, wrote "Pardoned" across the fatal document.

In the year 1837 there appeared in the First Parliament of the Accession a good-looking young dandy, the new Member for Maidstone; his maiden speech was a *fiasco*, but it ended with memorable words, "Though I sit down now, the time will come when you shall hear me." Was not this prophecy fulfilled in full by the career of Benjamin D'Israeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, in whose memory the pale primrose is worn on every 19th April? In this year also the Royal Academy quitted its old quarters at Somerset House, and held its first Exhibition in Trafalgar Square.

Queen Victoria made her first visit, as ruling Sovereign, to Windsor on August 22nd of this year, travelling with her mother in an open barouche, with a suitable escort. Her reception was most enthusiastic, and the Royal drive in the Park through the then two-hundred poor people sat down that day to a good dinner. It was on the 29th of the same month that Her Majesty's uncle Leopold—then King of the Belgians—gladdened her with a visit, accompanied by his Consort, Queen Louise. And in the following October the Court removed to Brighton.

The City of London was shortly to share in the general rejoicings; for on the 4th November the Queen returned to town, to prepare for her solemn State visit in honour of the Lord Mayor. It was a tremendous success—although the fog-demon displayed his evil power, and there was no sign of the "Queen's Weather" which has, in later years, been almost invariably associated with Her Majesty's public appearances. On the 9th of the same month Queen Victoria in person opened the first Parliament of her happy reign. There was more than one cause for public anxiety: for Canada was grievously disturbed by malcontents, and the Irish cry for "Repeal" had already made itself heard. Lord Melbourne, in the said in her Speech from the Throne, placed her reliance "upon the love and affection of all my people," and, spite of demagogues, they have not failed her through fifty years.

Many changes were taking place at this time. It was in this year that, under the auspices of Rowland Hill, the Penny Post was finally established. Steam also was gradually superseding the old mail-coaches, which, in 1837, passed Hyde Park to the number of 141 daily. *Now*, fifty years later, there seems some hope that the traffic may, in a minor degree, be revived—in the interest of those who do not consider that the sole idea of travel is the being whisked from one place to another in the most uninteresting, vulgar, and rapid manner possible.

The drama—long under a cloud—began to look up with the new reign. Time was when the Gracious Lady who rules us was one of the most judicious patrons of theatric art, and there are not wanting signs that those palmy days may return. At Her Majesty's first State visit to Drury Lane, Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle* was performed; on her ensuing visit to Covent Garden, Lord Byron's magnificent tragedy of *Werner*. It can hardly be a mere coincidence that Mr. Henry Irving has elected to appear in the latter during the Jubilee Year.

But now drew near the great day when, on the 28th June, 1838, the Queen was to be crowned as ruler of those islands. At daydawn a salute of artillery solemnly announced the near arrival of the approaching function; just before 10 A.M. the roar of the Park guns told that Her Majesty had entered her carriage, as the Royal Standard floated out over the great entrance of Buckingham Palace.

It were too long to describe the procession, the like of which has not been seen since. The young Queen was met at the Abbey door by the chief Ministers of State, the noblemen bearing the regalia, the ecclesiastics the palace, choister and altar. The whole was as gorgeous in the extreme, whether as regarded the galaxy of female beauty present, the rich dresses of the officials and guests, or the decorations of the Abbey. The procession entered the choir a little after noon in due order. After the recognition, the anointing, and the regalia and the Royal offerings came the Queen, supported on either side by the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells. "She wore," says an authority, "a State robe of crimson velvet, bordered with ermine, and enriched with gold, a sight of white satin, also wrought in gold, and a circlet of gold adorned with brilliants, above which rose alternately Maltese crosses and strawberry leaves." The venerable Archbishop Howley, when the Queen, after some moments of private prayer, had seated herself on the Throne of Recognition, performed the first part of the imposing ceremony. Then her Majesty, kneeling, presented her first oblation—an alms-cloth of cloth of gold, and a sceptre of the same precious metal. After this the regalia was, with all solemnity, laid and placed upon the altar, prior to a high celebration of the Holy Eucharist, at which, of course, the Queen was the sole communicant. The Bishop of London then preached, and the various rites and ceremonies proper to the occasion took their course.

It was a pathetic, if slightly comic, relief to Miss Martineau, of how, during the Homage, the accident happened to poor old Lord Rolle. And now all was done, and Queen Victoria was, not by lineal descent only and by Right Divine, but by Consecration, Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland.

We pass over the time, too often adverted to by writers, when it seemed as if she who had been taken so warmly to the people's heart were about to become unpopular. It was a meaningless and transient cloud, and left no results behind it. Pleasanter matters claim our attention.

It was not to be supposed but that the minds of many should be exercised as to the possible marriage of the British Queen, and that there would be no lack of suitors was a preconceived idea. They might all use in vain! True love had asserted its rights, and the selection of the heart had been made. Amongst all the youthful aspirants there was one—favoured by King Leopold—to whom the girlish fancy inclined, and who was destined to rise to the proud position of Prince Consort of Great Britain, viz., Francis Charles Augustus Albert Emmanuel, second son of Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg Saalfeld. It is a pretty story that, of how, at the

State Ball, the young Prince cut open his tunic to place next his heart the flowers given to him by his Royal partner; and of how she, next day, honoured him by declaring her preference.

Of course, as everybody knows, the acquaintanceship was no new one; the young couple had known each other intimately for many years. At a special meeting of the Privy Council, on November 23rd, held at Buckingham Palace, Her Majesty announced her betrothal. According to Mr. Greville—"All the Privy Councillors sat, as usual, themselves, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and the Queen came in, attired in a plain morning-gown, but wearing a bracelet containing Prince Albert's picture. She read the declaration in a clear, sonorous, sweet-toned voice, but her hands trembled so excessively that I wonder she was able to read the paper which she held." Truly, it must have been a nervous moment; but when she told the Duchess of Gloucester, she had lately done something still more nervous—proposed to Prince Albert. The bracelet in question was worn because she said it seemed somehow to give her courage. On 16th January of the following year the intended match was announced to the assembled Parliament, the news being received with the greatest enthusiasm.

There is no need to dwell on Prince Albert's investiture with the Order of the Garter, his return to this country, nor the semi-triumphal progress to London; he was received at Buckingham Palace by his promised bride in person, attended by her mother, and the form of naturalisation was at once gone through. At noon, on 10th February, 1840, the Royal wedding was celebrated with all fitting pomp in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace; the Queen being given away by her uncle, the Duke of Sussex; and shortly after the wedding-breakfast was over, the newly-married pair started for Windsor Castle, there to remain in complete seclusion for three days, at the end of which time they returned to London. The whole country was *en fête*; it is said that the crowds in London were greater than even at the Coronation. The following lines, now published for the first time, have interest. They were written in bed, on the actual morning of the wedding, by Miss Jane Porter, author of "The Scottish Chiefs," "Thad deus of Warsaw," &c.:—

Wake, Alberti, wake! from dreams of hope arise!
And stamp with blissful seems the hovering prize.
A life from the highest Eden bends
To seek thy bosom, and in light descends.
Not cold, but chaste, and spotless as its hue.
It breathes of Paradise, and breathes for you!

These lines were sent to Her Majesty, and graciously acknowledged.

The next occurrence of public importance was the birth, on 20th November in the same year, of Her Majesty's first child—a daughter, now Crown Princess of Germany. The little baby was christened in the February of 1841 by the names of Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa. In the November of the same year, the present Heir-Apparent first saw the light. On June 1st, died the great Scottish painter, Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

1842 was unhappily marked by the discontents and disturbances brought about by the Chartists. It was in great measure with the idea of alleviating the prevalent distress of the country, and causing money to circulate, that the series of magnificent State entertainments which have now become historical were arranged at Buckingham Palace. Amongst these must be mentioned as most remarkable the superb fancy balls, and chiefly that which has ever since borne the name of the "Plantagenet Ball," the costly dresses at this were all of the period of Edward III.—Prince Albert himself sustaining the character of that monarch, whilst Her Majesty appeared as his Consort Queen Philippa. It was said that of her jewels, worn on this occasion, one set alone was worth more than sixty thousand pounds. As might almost have been predicted, professional agitators made capital out of all this splendour, and inflamed the minds of the peasant masses against those who took part it—never mentioning the impulse given by these entertainments to the trade of the country. Another event of some passing importance was the Queen's first railway journey to Windsor by the Great Western Line, which was made a State occasion, and created considerable interest in the popular mind. This may be said to have been a year of travelling, which was not so common then as now. In the month of August Her Majesty, in company with the Prince, paid her first visit to Scotland, embarking from Woolwich, and visiting Edinburgh, Perth, Taymouth Castle, and parts of the Highlands; they returned to London in September, but from that visit dates the strong affection which the Queen has ever entertained for her Scottish Kingdom and its people. A yachting excursion, round the South Coast and amongst the Channel Islands, followed; and in September occurred the memorable visit of the Royal pair to Louis Philippe, King of the French, at the Château d'Eu, an event which, at the time, made no small stir in both countries. From thence the progress was continued to Brussels, in order to visit King Leopold and his Consort, the party returning by way of Antwerp.

In the year 1843 our lamented Princess Alice was born, and death claimed H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, and Campbell, the poet.

Prince Alfred, the present Duke of Edinburgh, was born in the ensuing year. Five weeks later Her Majesty paid her second visit to Scotland, again embarking from Woolwich, for Dundee, and proceeding to Blair Castle, where the Royal pair were the guests of Lord Glenlyon. It had already been the intention to visit Ireland in the summer, but the idea had been abandoned, on account of the disturbed state of the country. In November of this year another State Progress was made into the City, for the purpose of opening the new building of the Royal Exchange, and unveiling the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, which stands in front of it.

Perhaps the most important incident connected with the year 1845 was the visit—her first—which Queen Victoria paid in the autumn to Germany. In this year died Thomas Hood, and in the following the great Irish statesman Daniel O'Connell.

Another visit, this time by yacht, was paid to Scotland in 1847. The tour included Dartmouth, South Wales, the Western Highlands, and the Hebrides; this time the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal were of the party, which returned to London 21st September. 1847 must ever be memorable for the terrible Irish Famine, and the efforts for its alleviation made by the nation, headed by its Sovereign. Prince Albert was installed Chancellor of Cambridge University.

1848, the Year of Revolution, was distinguished in this country by the abortive Chartist demonstrations, which thanks to the national good-sense, aided by the national weather, and the energy of the Duke of Wellington, came to nothing. On 1st March was born the Princess Louise—now Marchioness of Lorne. On 5th September Her Majesty, for the first time, prorogued Parliament in the New House of Lords.

At length, on 1st August, 1849, Her Majesty visited her Irish dominions, landing at Cove, which has ever since borne the name of Queenstown, and thence proceeding by rail to Dublin and Belfast. The visit—which was repeated in 1853—to open the Dublin Exhibition—proved a signal success, the populace manifesting the greatest loyalty. The last time Her Majesty was in Ireland—after the death of the Prince Consort—the same occurred. In this year died the Queen Dowager, Miss Edgeworth, Ebenezer Elliot, Faty the painter, and Lyell. Wordsworth, the Poet Laureate, died in 1850, as did Tom Moore, Turner, and the great Sir Robert Peel—by an accident. Also the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Cambridge; and the exiled King of the French at Claremont, which the Queen had given to him in 1848.

On 1st May, 1851, was opened, in Hyde Park, the Great Exhibition, or "Crystal Palace"—the original of such exhibitions, and largely due to the taste and wisdom of Prince Albert. Many were the predictions of universal peace, and in two years more we were preparing for war with Russia! The building was designed by Mr., afterwards Sir Joseph, Paxton, and the affair was a great success. Gold was discovered in Australia.

The great event of 1852 was the death and public funeral of the Duke of Wellington. The camp established at Chobham was a subject of great interest—to none more so than to Her Majesty. In August, again, she held a Grand Naval Review at Spithead, previous to the departure of the fleet for the Baltic, for war was now imminent. On 28th February Her Majesty and the Prince Consort held another review—a formal parade of the Scots Fusilier Guards previous to their embarkation for the Crimea, where, until the peace in 1856, the nation was embroiled. A military gathering of a sadder, more pathetic kind, was that in 1855, when the Queen, with her own hands, distributed medals to the heroes of the Crimea on the Horse Guards' Parade.

In April of the same year Napoleon III. and his beautiful Empress were in this country on a visit to Royalty, on which occasion the Queen invested the Emperor, at Windsor, with the Order of the Garter. This visit was returned in the following August; and Her Majesty has herself related her emotions when standing before the Tomb of the Great Napoleon. She goes on to say:—"It seems as if, in this tribute of respect to a departed and dead foe, old enmities and rivalries are wiped out, and the seal of heaven placed upon that bond of unity which is now happily established between two great and powerful nations." It was on the following 7th September that the Royal pair for the first time inhabited their new castle of Balmoral (which has ever since remained the Queen's favourite residence); and here our national favourite, the Princess Royal, was betrothed on Michaelmas Day to her future husband—then Prince Frederick William of Prussia. She was confirmed in the following March by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford. In this, memorable as the last year of the peace, was instituted the Victoria Cross.

We must pass over the horrors of the Indian Mutiny in 1857, and come to a pleasanter topic—the marriage of the Princess Royal, in January, 1858. During the ceremony, which was grand indeed, went off admirably. On 4th August the Queen and Prince Consort paid a State visit to Cherbourg, accompanied by an imposing fleet, and then went to Babelsberg, to visit their daughter and son-in-law, Her Majesty's first grandchild was born at Berlin in 1859.

In the June of 1860 the Queen held a grand review in Hyde Park of the newly established Volunteer Forces for England, and proceeded in the August to Edinburgh to review the force for Scotland. Little did any of the Volunteers' half-scornful critics then think into what the movement would develop!

And now our beloved Queen's trials were coming thick upon her. In March, 1861, her mother, the Duchess of Kent, to whom she was fondly attached, died; and this shock was only to be followed, before another New Year, by the irreparable loss of the Prince Consort. Upon that event it were neither seemly nor needful to dilate; grief so sacred and constant bespeaks the hushed voice and uncovered head in its presence. It was on December 14th, 1861, that this calamity befell our Queen.

Turn to a cheerfuller subject—to the arrival, in March, 1862, of the lovely and gracious Danish lady who was to be the bride of our own Prince of Wales: who can forget the magic transformation of London on the day, with its flags and its tapestries, and cloth of gold, its incense, and its countless rejoicing millions? There has been nothing like it since; not even when, on "Thanksgiving Day," the united people of England came to return to the Prince whom it had, at last, found out that it loved so dearly. The marriage was solemnised in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor. The Thanksgiving took place on 27th February, 1872.

On New Year's Day, 1877, occurred the last event of great national importance in connection with Queen Victoria's reign. This was her proclamation as Empress of India at Delhi.

And with this crowning act the record may cease. Long may the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Kaiser-i-Hind, enjoy and grace her combined dignities!

R. MONTGOMERIE RANKING

THE FIRST COUNCIL OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN (*page 4*)

1. The QUEEN
2. The Duke of Argyll, Lord Steward
3. The Earl of Albemarle, Master of the Horse
4. The Right Hon. G. Rose, Comptroller
5. G. Greville, Esq., Clerk of the Council
6. Marquis of Anglesea
7. Marquis of Lansdowne, President of the Council
8. Lord Cottenham, Lord High Chancellor
9. Lord Howick, Secretary at War
10. Lord John Russell, Secretary of State for the Home Department
11. The Right Hon. T. Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer
12. Viscount Melbourne, First Lord of the Treasury
13. Lord Palmerston, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs
14. The Right Hon. J. Abercromby, Speaker of the House of Commons
15. Earl Spencer
16. The Earl of Carlisle
17. Lord Denman, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench
18. The Right Hon. T. Erskine, Chief Judge of the Bankruptcy Court
19. Lord Mayerch, Chief Secretary for Ireland
20. The Earl of Aberdeen
21. Lord Lyndhurst
22. The Most Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley)
23. His Majesty the King of Hanover
24. The Duke of Wellington
25. The Earl of Jersey
26. The Right Hon. C. W. Grider
27. The Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bart.
28. H.R.H. The Duke of Sussex
29. Lord Hayward, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster
30. Sir J. Campbell, Attorney-General
31. The Marquis of Salisbury
32. Lord Duncannon
33. The Right Hon. T. Kelly, Lord Mayor of London

THE CORONATION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN (*page 5*)

1. The QUEEN
2. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley)
3. The Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal
4. Lord Rolle, Deputy to Lord Steward
5. High Chancellor, holding the Crown
6. The Rev. Lord John Thynne
6. The Marquis of Conyngham, Lord Chamberlain
7. The Marquis of Lorne (Dr. Blomfield)
8. Lord Melbourne, first Lord of the Treasury, holding the Sword of State
9. The Duke of Sutherland
10. The Duke of Wellington, Lord High Constable of England
11. H.R.H. the Princess Augusta
12. H.R.H. the Princess Augusta of Cambridge
13. The Princess Sophia
14. The Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes
15. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent
16. Lady Barham, Lady in waiting
17. Lady Caroline Lennox
18. Lady Adelaide Paget
19. Lady Fanny Cowper
20. Lady Mary Pelham, Lady in waiting on the Princess Augusta
21. Hon. Miss Kerr, Lady in waiting on the Princess Augusta of Cambridge
22. Lady Caroline Campbell, Lady in waiting on the Duchess of Cambridge
23. Viscount Villiers, Lord in waiting on the Duchess of Cambridge
24. Lady Flora Hastings, Lady in waiting on the Duchess of Kent
25. Viscount Morpeth, Lord in waiting on the Duchess of Kent
26. Viscount Emlyn, Lord in waiting on the Duchess of Gloucester
27. Lady Caroline Legge, Lady in waiting on the Duchess of Gloucester
28. The Duke de Nemours

Train-bearers to the Queen

THE CHRISTENING OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES (*page 13*)

1. The QUEEN
2. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
3. The King of Prussia
4. The Prince Albert
5. Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian Minister
6. The Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sefton
7. Sir Augustus Clifford, Usher of the Black Rod
8. The Duke of Sutherland
9. The Marchioness of Lansdowne
10. The Duchess of Northumberland
11. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge
12. H.R.H. Duke Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg Saalfeld
13. H.R.H. Princess Augusta of Cambridge
14. H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge
15. H.R.H. the Princess of Kent
16. The Marquis of Anglesea
17. The Duke of Roxburghe
18. The Duke of Buccleuch
19. Sir William Magnay, Bart., Sheriff of London and Middlesex
20. Sir John Pirie, Bart., Lord Mayor of London
21. The Right Hon. C. Shaw Lefevre, Speaker of the House of Commons
22. The Earl Delaware, Lord Chamberlain of the Household
23. Sir James Clark, Bart. M.D.
24. The Right Hon. Mr. Pemberton Leigh
25. Baron Stockmar
26. The Earl of Liverpool, Lord Steward of the Queen's Household
27. Lady Isabella Waterss, Lady in waiting
28. The Duchess of Sutherland
29. The Earl of Aberdeen
30. The Marquis of Londonderry
31. The Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Bart.
32. Lord Wharncliffe
33. Baron Tarte de Montenort, Portuguese Minister
34. The Duke of Wellington, bearing the Sword of State
35. Monsieur Van de Weyer, Belgian Minister
36. Prince de Ste. Antoine, French Ambassador
37. The Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart.
38. H.R.H. The Prince of Saxe-Coburg
39. Lord Ernest Bruce, Vice-Chamberlain of the Household
40. The Earl of Jersey, Master of the Horse
41. The Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes
42. The Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield)
43. The Most Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley)
44. H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge
45. The Bishop of Norwich (Dr. Harcourt)
46. H.S.H. Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar
47. H.S.H. Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg
48. H.S.H. Prince Augustus of Saxe Coburg
49. The Bishop of Chester
50. The Baptismal Font of the Royal Family used since the Reign of Charles I.

We are much indebted to Her Majesty the Queen for having graciously allowed us to reproduce from her private collection some of the pictures in this number. Our acknowledgments are due to Mr. Joseph Grego, who has kindly placed at our disposal his extensive collections of prints, and to Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., of 6, Pall Mall, for permission to reproduce some of their prints. The portrait of George Eliot, etched by F. Rajon, from the drawing by F. W. Burton, is reproduced by permission.

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THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR CASTLE, MARCH 10, 1863
From the Picture by George H. Thomas, now in Windsor Castle

THE ROYAL PROCESSION ENTERING ST. JAMES'S STREET, ON THE RETURN FROM THE ABBEY, JUNE 21

THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE ON THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, NEARING WESTMINSTER PALACE, JUNE 21

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

desired it, to see the Jubilee Procession must have been nearer a million than a fifth of a million of money. Here we have improved considerably, at least, in financial capability upon our poor ancestors, if we may put faith in statistics which have been published of the sums paid for a similar purpose by a past generation. In Edward I.'s time a farthing was given for a seat from which to see Royalty pass in State. On the accession of Richard II. the price had risen to a penny, which is a proof that five hundred years ago our shillings made a penny go farther than we make a pound go. From the coronation of Henry V. to that of Henry VII. half a groat (or twopence) was the utmost outlay of the frugal sightseer of the fifteenth century for gazing on the King in pride of power and state. A King with his wives and a weakness for cutting off offensive heads was sure to draw a crowd, and bluff King Harry's subject paid twice as much for a good look at him as they did for a glimpse of his skinflint father. Sixpence was not an overcharge for viewing the maiden Queen, surrounded by her ladies, her wits, her poets, her gallants, and heroes of the sea and land. A shilling per head was paid for a seat from which to look at James I. Half-a-crown was enough to secure a good view of the merry Monarch; while our Dutch deliverer from religious tyranny drew five shillings from each sightseer ambitious of observing His Majesty in comfort from a point of vantage. At George II.'s coronation half-a-guinea was given for a good place. Yet when George IV. was crowned popular wonder was aroused because in some houses ten guineas, and in ordinary houses five guineas, were given to view the Procession.

There were, of course, some accidents where so many folk were gathered together. Ladies fainted freely in the crush, and as many as twenty in a row lay in one part of Trafalgar Square, beautifully

A MASHER'S ADVENTURES IN THE CROWD

imaging the form of death for a moment. One very amusing incident, which we have depicted, was the loss of his slipper by a footman, who had to skip from his perch of dignity and face the impudence of vulgar mirthists as he limped through an unseasonable game of hunt the slipper.

ILLUMINATIONS

THE IMPERIAL festival was celebrated at night with a most profuse expenditure of combustible material all England over. As our record of celebrations in Provincial towns shows, there was not a town nor village without its illuminations. London, the Metropolis of the Empire, was a blaze of splendour and light when the gloaming of a delightful June evening had melted into a mellow darkness on a clear midsummer night. There were two main centres for the glowing radiance which came up from the vast congeries of human habitations, that province covered with houses which we call London. There was the City that clusters round the Royal Exchange and Mansion House, and there were those great arteries of busy or fashionable life Piccadilly and Pall Mall.

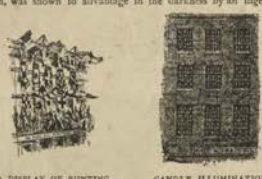
ILLUMINATION OF THE LONDON OFFICE OF THE INSPECTORATE GENERAL OF CHINESE MARITIME CUSTOMS
8, Surrey's Gate, S. W.

Of the night scenes, viewed from the top of St. Paul's, a spectator wrote as follows:—

"In the first place, beneath and around us lie millions of lights of all shades and colours. The Metropolis is outlined by them. That panorama is the map of the City in gas, in electricity, in limelight. It is a sky dotted with irregular constellations, with Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Cannon Street, and the Bank for its Milky Way. At this latter point the effulgence from the combined frontages of the Bank, with its 10,000 lamps, the Mansion House, and the Royal Exchange is amongst the most brilliant that can be detected; but there are special points of vantage in all directions. Charing Cross and its powerful electric beam comes out remarkably well; while further to the west one of the triumphal arches gleams with steady radiance. In the north-west of London also a noble span of electric lights shines out conspicuously, though it is difficult to identify the spot with certainty. In the direction of the north-eastern suburbs here and there rockets and bonfires are visible, but by far the most noteworthy locality in that direction is Finsbury Square. Here is to be seen the result of united action. Every house is lighted in anticipation of an evening fête, and the consequence is that the square stands out in distinct outline, like a camp pitched in the wilderness. Over the vast East-end of London attractions are less than elsewhere, but they are nowhere wholly wanting. Ever and anon rockets fly aloft, and fresh flares start up to show that there, also, are life and animation. Strangely enough the brightest part of London, a few of the special spots indicated being omitted, as seen from St. Paul's, is on the southern side. This arises, probably, from the configuration of the country, the gradual sloping of the ground from the river to the Downs of Surrey aiding the effect. Whatever the reason, it is the fact that from each of the bridges there are traceable lines of light, and now and then powerful concentration, which give the southern shore an enviable distinction."

Few such multitudes have previously filled Trafalgar Square, Pall Mall, Regent Street, and indeed all the long line of streets which connects them with the open space before the Royal Exchange. The entire suspension of traffic gave to the familiar streets such an unfamiliar aspect as to almost produce weird and uncanny effects on the sensitive imagination. They were the same and not the same, and it was the experienced Londoner who was most struck by the alteration. Though the vehicular traffic had been suspended, the wide thoroughfares were from side to side closely packed with jostling throngs which produced a deep impression of numerical immensity. The illuminations lit up a sea of upturned faces, every feature showing as distinctly as by daylight. Gas generally was the medium chosen for lighting up the frontages of clubs and hotels, the largest buildings, as a rule, bearing long lines of burners to mark out the different stories, while ingenious devices formed by hundreds of jets were reserved for the centre of the edifices. High against the sky, above rows of thousands of coloured flame, the words, "The Grand Hotel," were seen over Trafalgar Square. In Pall Mall a striking feature of the illuminations which lined that stately avenue from end to end were the thirty-two arc electric lights, each of 2,000-horse power, which shone from the huge front of the Junior Carlton. A *Times* reporter thus describes a walk up Piccadilly:—

"Taking St. George's Hospital as the starting-point, and proceeding eastward along Piccadilly, the spectator leaves the magnificent illuminated decorations on the houses of the First Lord of the Treasury, the Duke of Northumberland, Sir E. Guinness, and a few others on the right. Apsley House immediately arrests attention. Here the display of artistic lighting, if not large in volume as compared with some others, is certainly interesting. Above the doorway 'God Save the Queen,' arranged in gas-jets, with 'V.R.' surmounted by a crown and flanked by the date 1887, produces an effect which is certainly pleasing. The neighbouring houses, belonging to Mr. H. A. Bass, M.P., Mr. W. B. and Lady M. Beaumont, and Baron F. de Rothschild, have arrangements of stars and crowns, with, in one case, a variation introduced in the shape of well-arranged coloured lamps. A large crowd took up an almost permanent position opposite the beautifully-decorated house occupied by Sir A. Borthwick, M.P. In addition to the usual window illuminations, a bust of Her Majesty, surmounted by a floral crown, was shown to advantage in the darkness by an ingenious



A DISPLAY OF BUNTING CANDLE ILLUMINATIONS

arrangement whereby the electric light from a lamp was cast upon the top of the bust, the whole being thrown into prominent relief. The people seemed to be very much charmed with the novelty of the design, judging from their by no means scant expressions of admiration and the frequent cheers they raised for the hon. baronet. There was no more tastefully illuminated building in Piccadilly than the Bachelors' Club, with its varied arrangement of fairy-lamps. At the Junior Athenæum Club there was also an admirable display of fairy-lamps festooned across the windows, with crowns and *fleur de lis*. The Savile Club had an arrangement of coloured lamps, while outside the St. James's Club showed a large star, flanked by the letters 'V.R.' The manner in which the Badminton Club was lighted called forth a good deal of commendation. A large number of fairy-lamps were hung round the windows, while a few brilliantly-tinted Chinese lanterns swung to and fro in the balcony. The Naval and Military Club showed a beautiful array of fairy-lamps, with the letters "V.R." surmounted by a crown and flanked right and left by "1887." The Turf Club displayed a shield and crown with "V.R." interwoven; while the Baroness Burdett-Coutts introduced an element of novelty by showing an exceedingly pretty arrangement of Chinese lantern, depending from the balcony, with a number of braziers containing flambeaux running round the edge of the roof.

"The most brilliantly lighted exterior in Piccadilly was unquestionably Devonshire House. At the western end of the wall in front of the house a star arrangement of gas jet was shown. Over the first gateway was an outlined shield, with the date '1837' in the centre, and surmounted by a crown. Then comes another star containing 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' round the border. In the centre of the wall is a large inscription, 'God Save the Queen,' surmounted by 'V.R.' and crown with a scroll underneath. Over the eastern gateway is another outlined shield with '*1887*' and crown on the top, the coping of the wall being set off by a profuse display of gas jets. Lincoln and Bennett, St. James's Hall, Prince's Hall, and a few other establishments showed picturesque illuminated devices."

The house of Count Metternich, 103, Piccadilly, is the one we have chosen for our illustration. The same style of illumination repeated itself along the lines of route of fashionable and business traffic.

In the City the most attractive point was that in which the Bank of England, the Mansion House, and the Royal Exchange is situated. The Bank of England presented a very magnificent and brilliant appearance, the whole building being outlined with variegated lamps in gas, principally ruby and white; all the windows being surrounded with ruby, and above the entire structure festoons of white lamps with ruby knots, surmounted by twelve large stars. In the centre of the building, overlooking the Royal Exchange, appeared a handsome crystal medallion, bearing the motto, "Long Live our Gracious Queen," surmounted by a Royal crown in jewels, the device being in the centre of a laurel branch in natural colours; on each side V.R. and a Brunswick star in crystal. On the east wing of the Bank was the date 1887, and on the west 1837, each in the centre of a large crystal medallion with laurel, while the ends of the building in Princes Street and Bartholomew Lane were festooned with variegated lamps. Altogether, in the laurels, festoons, and outlines upwards of 10,000 lights were used.

The Royal Exchange was handsomely illuminated by thousands of oil lamps in various colours. On the front of the building was a gigantic oval, with wreaths of laurels, surmounted by a Royal crown; on either side two shields with the arms of the City in the

ILLUMINATIONS AT THE MANSION HOUSE

centre encircled by laurel leaves, while the stone pillars were snaked with golden lamps, with garlands of green lamps tied with bows in blue above. On the two sides in Threadneedle Street and Cornhill the pillars were outlined with rich amber-coloured lamps, with an artistic scroll device in centre, composed of variegated lamps representing roses, *fleur-de-lis*, and baskets of flowers, supported by the letters V.R. Above were festoons of coloured lamps, with a medallion containing the portrait of Her Majesty, surmounted by a Royal crown, and surrounded by wreaths of laurels in tinted green, with V.R. on each side. The Mansion House, which completed the group of three buildings, was grandly illuminated. Each lamp-post bore a Royal crown in shining crystals, pillars were entwined with richly coloured gas illumination lamps, and surmounted with garlands of lamps in green with ornaments of ruby; and in front of the columns was a crystal medallion, having the Royal Arms centre, with the motto round, 'Long Live Our Queen,' and with Imperial Crown above; encircling this were wreaths of laurel leaves in natural colours, and on either side handsome letters in crystal, V.R. Below the pediment was the motto, 'God guard your Throne,' the line of building above being outlined with rich amber-coloured gas lamps. The North British Mercantile Insurance Company was perhaps one of the finest illuminations in the City. Below the facia were festoons and tassels in green lamps with ruby ornaments, the facia also being outlined with lamps; above this was a very handsome crystal medallion, having in the centre a portrait of Her Majesty in stained glass; on the surroundings the motto, 'Long Live Our Gracious Queen,' with the Royal and Colonial Arms at the sides, the whole being surmounted by a handsome Imperial Crown, and encircled by a laurel wreath in tinted green crystals, united by a knot in blue. On either side were two elaborate scrolls in coloured gas-lamps, representing garlands of *fleur de lis* and roses, each scroll having as pendants two medallions in crystals, surmounted by plumes, with the portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the centre in stained glass. Above this was a crystal star with St. George's Cross and Garter, with the motto, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense,' and on either side were crystal letters, V.R., connected by garlands of coloured lamps, while the windows were outlined with variegated lamps, and surmounted by a scroll device.

ILLUMINATIONS OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND

The prevailing unanimity of feeling was most pathetically and touchingly borne evidence to by scenes such as those we portray in one of our woodcuts. Away from the glitter and the glare in the dingy side street poor folk, men and women, might have been seen lighting up with candles their narrow window spaces, which alone were theirs. If the Queen had but seen this it would doubtless have affected her as the offering of the widows might have affected a higher and nobler personality. But we must leave London, and turn to the thousand hills on which are flaming the beacon fires of Jubilee.

BEACON FIRES.

Strangely enough it was under another great Queen that the last memorable lighting of English hills with bonfires occurred. Then it was an occasion of dread and apprehension which made the mountains blaze, and not, as on Jubilee night, joy and gratitude. The Armada of 1588 had been sighted off our southern coast, and when the news was brought to Plymouth, where Drake, Hawkins, and the rest were engaged in their historic game of bowls, the fire-warnings were kindled. Every hill in England that told our sires

three hundred years ago, in its unmistakeable language of flame, that the Spaniards had come, sent up its fire tongues to heaven on the night of June the 21st June, 1887. It is thus that Macaulay described the great and fearsome lighting up for the Armada :—

> From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay.
> That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
> For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread.
> High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on Beachey Head.
> Far on the deep the Spanish fleet, along the Southern sea,
> Saw, from the proud Lizard to Edgcumbe, one wild blaze of fire.
> Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire
> The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves;
> The rugged miner poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves.
> O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks the fiery herald flew.
> He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Bere-lies,
> Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town
> And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down.
> The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night,
> And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
>
> And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went.
> And roused in many an echoing hall the gallant squires of Kent.
> Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
> High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the North
> And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still :
> All night from town to town they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill :
> Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
> Till like volcanoes flared to Heaven the stormy hills of Wales.
> Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height.
> Till streamed in crimson on the wind the wilds's crest of light,
> Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane.
> And town and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain :
> Till Belvoir's lovely terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
> And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wild vale of Trent—
> Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile
> And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle!

The signal for lighting up Great Britain was given from the Worcestershire Beacon, on the highest point of the Malvern Range, summits of Scilly in the West to the Isle of Thanet in the East, from the Isle of Wight in the South to Campell Fells in Lincolnshire. Mariners who approached our coasts on Tuesday say that most impressive was the light of the fires on cape and headland. They were enabled to appreciate the feeling of the Spaniards when they saw a similar sight three hundred years ago. "Cape beyond cape" the shores of England seemed alive with fire. Over all happily the atmosphere wore the softened mask of the most glorious of summer evenings.

PROVINCIAL CELEBRATIONS

BARNSLEY

A GENERAL holiday was held, and a procession, including magistrates, the Mayor, and borough authorities, friendly societies, trades associations, and school-children, preceded by mounted police, Volunteers, and Yeomanry, went to the Locke Park, where, after the singing of "God Save the Queen," the Volunteers fired a *feu de joie*. There was a dinner for the inmates of the workhouse and the poor of the town, while the school-children were well provided for. The town in several parts was brilliantly illuminated, and was gaily decorated with flags. Two persons were injured by the discharge of a cannon.

BEDFORD.

THE churches and houses were thickly decorated with flags and Royal emblems, to which at night were added rich designs in gas-jets and Vauxhall lamps. *Feux de joie* were fired in the morning by the Volunteers and Grammar School Engineer Corps. Over 4,500 persons of the poorer classes sat down to a free dinner pro-

vided by public subscription in the main streets, in which vehicular traffic was stopped for several hours. The same number of children had tea in the new park. Various permanent memorials are in progress, but could not be completed by the Jubilee Day. At night an extremely beautiful spectacle was produced on the Ouse, where there was a long procession of illuminated boats. The banks, trees, an ornamental temporary bridge, as well as the stone bridge, and various fanciful structures were richly illuminated, no less than 7,000 Vauxhall lamps being employed for the purpose, besides which there were artificial waterfalls and fountains with lime-light effects. Two bands of music and a local troupe of minstrels occupied pontoon platforms moored at distant intervals in the middle of the river, and the whole length of the river was every few minutes lighted up simultaneously by Bengal fires. Although nearly every village and hamlet in the county had its own celebration, the town was crowded towards evening with visitors from the country, but the railway companies, at the request of the authorities, refrained from running excursion trains to Bedford.

BERWICK.

THE civic authorities attended the parish church, as did also the military; provisions were supplied to the poor; a luncheon took place at noon; in the afternoon 3,500 school children had a great *fête* in the cricket ground; the Volunteers had a picnic and ball afterwards in the Corn Exchange; while a bonfire on Halidon Hill, illuminations, and fireworks closed the rejoicings. Private gatherings were numerous.

BIRMINGHAM

As Birmingham indulged in a somewhat costly Jubilee celebration on the occasion of the Queen's visit in March last, the festivities on the 21st of June were of a limited and unpretentious character. The day was observed as a general holiday, but, though the shops were closed, several of the manufactures remained open for the benefit of such of the workpeople as did not care to sacrifice a day's pay. The street decorations were few and far between, but most of the people were in holiday garb, and what with the processions of children and Rifle Volunteers, excursion vans and brakes, brass bands, and the clangour of bells from half a hundred towers and steeples, there was no lack of life or gaiety in the town. Special thanksgiving services were held in the morning in most of the churches and chapels of the town and neighbourhood. Shortly after noon a dinner was given in Bingley Hall to some 3,000 of the aged poor, one table being set apart for guests over 80 years of age, among them being one dame of 104 and another aged 107. The united ages of the 960 men and 2,176 females present were 226,240 years. Some 300 ladies and gentlemen assisted in waiting on the old people, and at the conclusion of the repast, Mr. Jaffray, chairman of the Jubilee Committee, proposed "The Health of the Queen," which was drunk with great enthusiasm, after which the whole of the company joined in singing the National Anthem. In the course of the afternoon 73,000 children attending the elementary schools were entertained at tea in their several schools, having previously spent the morning in field sports in the suburbs under the superintendence of their several teachers. In the course of the day there was a parade in Calthorpe Park of the Birmingham Battalion of Volunteers under Colonel W. S. Jervis, and after a volley had been fired the National Anthem was played by the band. Christmas fare was served to the inmates of the workhouse and asylum and the principal hospitals, where also musical and other entertainments were given. After nightfall there were bonfires and fireworks on most of the heights surrounding the town.

BLACKBURN

THE second day's festivities consisted mainly of Sunday-school processions and a parade of the local friendly societies. None of the Nonconformist schools, except the Wesleyans, joined the procession, but the Church schools turned out 14,000 strong, and the Wesleyans added 3,000. They assembled in Town Hall Square, and walked through the Corporation Park. The illuminations in Blackburn both on Monday and Tuesday nights eclipsed anything of the kind ever attempted in the town before.

BOURNEMOUTH

THE foundation-stone of the new Victoria Hospital, to cost 7,000*l.*, was laid amid great rejoicings. A procession, numbering nearly 4,000 persons, passed through the town. An ox was roasted and distributed among the poor. A Royal salute of fifty guns was fired by the Royal Artillery, and tea and medals were provided for 2,000 school-children. The town was elaborately decorated.

BRADFORD

A BRILLIANT celebration of the Jubilee took place at Bradford on the 21st of June. That town is fortunate in the possession of a very liberal and generous Mayor, Mr. Alderman Angus Holden, who took upon himself the expense of providing for the whole of the Jubilee celebrations and rejoicings in that borough. There was a monster free gala in the chief public park of the town, Peel Park. Military bands played here as well as in other parks of the town and suburbs. Besides this there were given in Peel Park circus performances, and an exhibition of lions under the management of Delmonico. In the evening there was a splendid display of fireworks by Pain. For Wednesday, the 22nd of June, Mr. Holden issued invitations to a ball in St. George's Hall to upwards of 1,500 guests. On Saturday there was an entertainment for all such inhabitants of the town as were born in the

ILLUMINATION OF THE ORIENTAL BANK

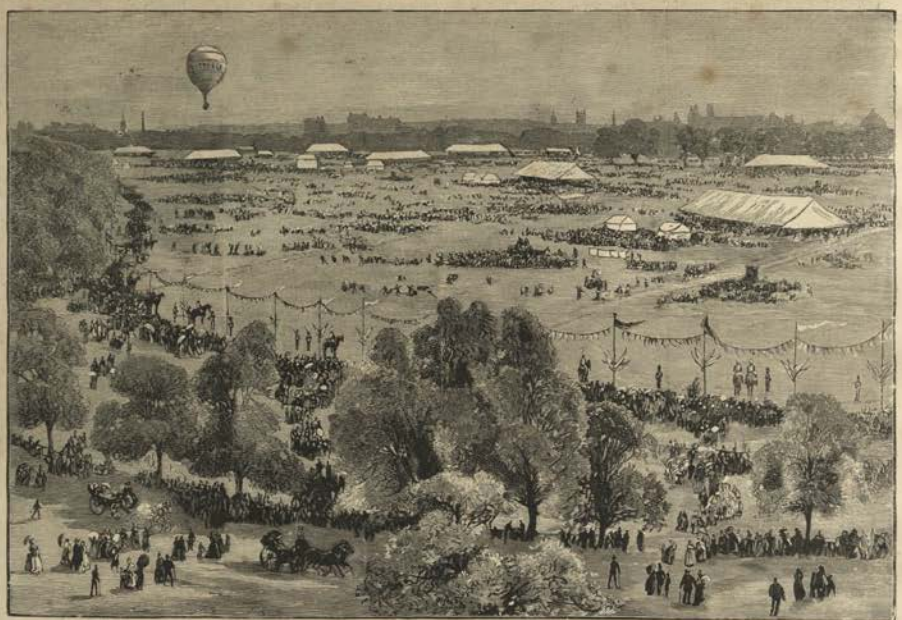
same year as Her Majesty, or earlier. The guests on this occasion, of whom there were about 4,500, sat down to a substantial tea, after which there were music and other diversions in St. George's Hall. Those who were unable to walk were conveyed to and from the entertainment in carriages. In order that every inhabitant of the town might be able to participate in the celebration, all, without reference to quality or position or character, were asked to dinner on the Wednesday. The arrangement of this portion of the entertainment, given, by the way, to a town with a population numbering over 200,000, was in the hands of ministers of all denominations, the town missionaries, and the School-Board officers, the object being to reach every one to whom the dinner might be acceptable. It is estimated that at least 20,000 people availed themselves of the invitation.

The illustration we give is from a sketch taken on the spot by Mr. Arthur North of the poor folk at Bradford, who were the recipients of Mr. Angus Holden's generous hospitality.

BRAEMAR

THE Jubilee celebrations were on a most complete scale. The public halls, hotels, and shops were decorated with bunting. Lord Fife made a free gift of the new Victoria Hall, Auchindryne, to Braemar, and gave these a cake and wine banquet, and entertained the schools of Mar Lodge. Colonel Farquharson gave a cake and wine banquet at Castleton Victoria Hall, and also a treat to the

some 1,400 feet above the level of the sea. It had been arranged that the lighting up should take place at ten o'clock, and that a flight of rockets at that hour should be the signal for the kindling of all the other beacon fires within the range of sight. They, in their turn, were to spread the signal, south, south, east, and west. This Worcestershire beacon, which may be taken as a type of a hundred others, was constructed of old railway sleepers, anthracite coal, and other inflammable materials. It was liberally drenched with paraffin. When complete it was 15 feet in height and above 100 feet in circumference, and in shape a stunicated cone. As the Abbey clock of Worcester struck the hour of ten, the first flight of rockets went up, and the torch was applied. Almost at once the fire began to blaze, and north and south, at Martley, at Woodbury, at Berdon-Broadway, other bonfires made reply. Then in the distance the remoter Severn hills began to twinkle. It was not long before a volcanic flare rose from Snowdon, Great Orme's Head, the Clwyd Range, and from Llandudno, and from our illustration a good idea may be formed of how the stormy hills of Wales looked on this occasion. Fast the flaming signal too went North, to Seawfell Pike and Skiddaw top and to a host of other mountains of Cumberland, which passed it on towards the Cheviots, whence the signal was passed on till Midlothian skies were tinged with its ruddy glow. Sussex, in the far South, was ablaze also; we have portrayed the sight from the Devil's Dyke, near Brighton, from which may be obtained a view of a vast expanse. The Valley of the Thames saw a hundred fires, while from Leith Hill, pictured in our engraving, sanguine hue was thrown over that field where the invader is, if we accept the prophecies of an ingenious fancy, to scatter in bloody flight our gallant Volunteers. Hill answered to hill, until at last all the uplands of Great Britain were alight, from the tiny



GENERAL VIEW OF THE LONDON SCHOOL CHILDREN'S FÊTE IN HYDE PARK, JUNE 21

THE JUBILEE BONFIRE ON LEITH HILL, JUNE 21

Panorama Looking East

Panorama Looking West

THE BONFIRES ON THE SUSSEX HILLS, JUNE 21

THE ROYAL PROCESSION RETURNING FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY THROUGH TRAFALGAR SQUARE, JUNE 21

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

schools. There were religious services in the forenoon, and huge bonfires blazed in the evening on Craig Gowan, Balmoral, Craig Youie, Crathie, and other heights.

BRIGHTON.

THE people of the town displayed their loyalty by general decorations and illuminations. In the morning there were special services at the churches and a *feu de joie* was fired by the Volunteers in Preston Park. There was a regatta in the afternoon and athletic and other sports in the Park. Children were also feasted, and there was a firework display at night.

BURNLEY.

AT Burnley and Padiham the Church of England scholars walked in procession, and afterwards took part in some sports. At Colne there was also a procession of scholars. Large beacon fires were lighted on Pendle Hill. The Burnley Corporation have sent a loyal address to the Queen.

LLANDUDNO AND GREAT ORME'S HEAD ILLUMINATED

CANTERBURY

THE chief feature of yesterday's festivities was a military pageant, the whole of the troops in garrison attending a special celebration of Divine Service at the Cathedral. Both the Cavalry and the Buffs' bands were in attendance, and upon arriving at the south-west entrance to the Cathedral the *Gloria* from Mozart's Twelfth Mass was played while the troops were being seated. After an address by the Dean of Canterbury, the National Anthem was sung. Sports, which were witnessed by some thousands of persons, were held at the barracks in the afternoon, and the soldiers' wives and children were given a tea in the gymnasium. Beacon fires were lighted upon three or four suitable spots in the neighbourhood.

CARDIFF

THIRTY-THOUSAND school children assembled in Cathays Park and sang the National Ant hem in the presence of the Mayor and a large number of residents. Each child wore a medal presented by the Mayor, who also provided a tea. All the public buildings and many of the private houses were illuminated at night, and immense bonfires were lighted on the top of the Penyland and Garth mountains. The shipping in the docks displayed bunting and coloured lights.

CAMBRIDGE

IN most of the villages of the county there were feasting and other rejoicings. In the town of Cambridge the street decorations and illuminations were extensive. The Corporation, the Freemasons, the Rifle Volunteers, and representatives of Friendly Societies attended Divine Service at Great St. Mary's Church in the morning. At mid-day the school-children, to the number of about 4,000, had dinner in the Corn Exchange. In the afternoon there was a public procession through the principal parts of the town, consisting of the Corporation, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, Mounted Yeomanry, Rifle Volunteers, Oddfellows, Foresters, military pensioners, boat clubs, fire brigade, police, Ancient Shepherds and other benefit societies, accompanied by four bands. Between four and eight there were athletic sports and pastimes. At dusk fireworks were provided, and the whole concluded with a huge bonfire.

CARLISLE

A DINNER to 2,000 poor, and a dinner attended by the principal inhabitants, were some leading features of the Jubilee. The Corporation attended special service at the Cathedral. The Volunteers fired a *feu de joie* in the Market Place. A procession took place, and the Mayor, Mr. Maxwell, gave tea and presented mugs to 10,000 Sunday School children and teachers. Thousands of people from neighbouring villages flocked to Carlisle to see the decorations and illuminations, which were very elaborate and general.

CHATHAM

A GRAND Jubilee review of the troops quartered in the Chatham district was held on Chatham Lines, the force consisting of about 5,000 men, including the Royal Engineers, the Royal Marines, the 2nd Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment, the Monmouthshire Regiment of Engineer Militia, and the various departmental corps. After the men had been formed a Jubilee salute of fifty guns was fired from Fort Amherst, and a *feu de joie* was afterwards fired by the whole of the troops on parade. Subsequently a march past took place in the presence of several thousand spectators. Chatham and Rochester were both gaily decorated in honour of the Jubilee. Various sports were provided for the people, and at night Rochester Castle was illuminated with the electric light, and the towns generally had a plentiful display of illuminations.

CHESTER

A FORCE of 5,000 Regulars belonging to the Cheshire Regiment, and Volunteers drawn from Chester and the county, assembled on the Roodee. A salute was fired, and there was a march-past. The heat was intense, and eight men were struck down in less than half-an-hour. One private belonging to the 20th Regiment became delirious, and was carried to the hospital. The Artillery at Chester fired a Royal salute. During the day the Mayoress of Chester laid the foundation-stone of a new reading-room and free library, and 7,000 children and 2,000 old people were feasted.

CORK

DURING a military review here in celebration of the Queen's jubilee, the British ensign was hissed and General Stephenson and his Staff hooted. Some stones were also thrown at the troops. A free fight took place between a number of Nationalist and Loyalist spectators. The former carried a large number of black flags, in obedience to an order issued by the National League, and their conduct was very aggressive. A number of Loyalists who came to witness the review were badly beaten, and one man was removed to hospital in the military ambulance van. Another Loyalist, who was beaten by several persons with sticks, saved his life by drawing a revolver, which he discharged three times, without, however, injuring anybody. When returning to barracks the troops were preceded by persons carrying black flags. During the day a number of half-drunken men wearing crape perambulated the principal streets, hissing in front of the many establishments in which business had been suspended and from which bunting and other emblems of rejoicing were displayed. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Nationalists to intimidate, all respectable citizens have joined in celebrating the Jubilee. Black flags were hoisted on the Mayor's office and the Nationalist newspaper offices.

JUBILEE BEACONS ON THE CLWYDIAN RANGE, FLINTSHIRE

DARLINGTON

THE town looked very gay with decorations and illuminations. A procession to the parish church took place in the morning, when the oldest Nonconformist minister took part in conducting the service. Later on the poor were supplied with presents, and 10,000 children who had been supplied with Jubilee Medals by the Mayor (Mr. E. D. Walker) and Mr. Barron, Chairman of the School Board, were entertained to tea in the Park. Reports coming in from the villages in the North Riding and in Durham mention many festivities. There was general feasting and rejoicing, and bonfires were lit at night.

DERBY

THE town of Derby was as energetic and cordial in its expression of loyalty to the Queen, on the 21st, as any other part of the country in the way of providing good dinners for the poor and aged and festivities for the children. The principal public buildings were profusely decorated for the occasion.

DONCASTER

THE Jubilee celebrations began at Doncaster with service at the parish church, when the Vicar (Canon Tebbutt) preached, after which the Mayor (Mr. H. Wainwright, entertained the Corporation and Jubilee Committee and Officials of the town to luncheon at the Mansion House. The afternoon was devoted to a treat of the school children, numbering 6,000. A concert took place at which the three bands assisted, including the 1st West York Yeomanry band, the proceedings concluding with sports, fireworks, balloon ascent, and a general illumination of the town.

DOVER

THE Jubilee celebrations at Dover, which extended over three days, were of an exceedingly loyal and enthusiastic character. On Yesterday the town was *en fête*. Floral decorations and trophies of flags were used with great profusion, and continued almost from house to house in all the main thoroughfares. The remarkable feature in the decorations is that they were in no way due to local organisation, but were wholly the result of spontaneous efforts on the part of individual householders. The sea front was ablaze with decorations. The fronts of the houses and the Ordnance Stores were decorated with flags, arms used in the Crimean War, and pikemen's helmets and breastplates of the time of Charles I. Special thanksgiving services were held in all the churches and chapels yesterday morning. At mid-day there was a *feu de joie* on the Marine Parade, with a Royal salute of 50 guns. This was followed by a monster procession of friendly and other benefit societies. In the afternoon there was a regatta in the bay, and the aged poor were entertained at a dinner at the Town Hall. Most of the vessels passing up or down the Channel during the day were decorated with flags.

DUBLIN

JUBILEE DAY was loyally observed as a holiday in Dublin. All business was suspended. The streets were gaily dressed with flags, and at night some of the public buildings were illuminated. Crowds peacefully promenaded through them, and there was not the slightest manifestation of ill-feeling on the part of the populace. A joyous spirit pervaded the city, and those who were not disposed to manifest any pleasure observed a respectful reserve. There were special thanksgiving services in Christ Church and St. Patrick's Cathedrals, which were attended by large congregations, and sports at Balls Bridge, which attracted a great concourse. The officers of the 16th Lancers gave a dinner to the regiment in riding-school in honour of the day. In the provinces the day passed off quietly and without any hostile demonstration, except in Kilkenny and Kilrush, where some ill-conditioned Parnellites hoisted black flags, which, however, were quickly hauled down and taken possession of by the police.

DURHAM

THE poor people of Durham were entertained at a substantial dinner, and sports of a varied character followed. The most notable event of the day took place at Durham University, where the special degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon Sir Matthew White Ridley, Sir J. R. Mowbray, M.P. (Oxford), Mr. J. L. Wharton, M.P. (Ripon), the Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and other local men. Bonfires were started in the evening on the heights around Durham.

EDINBURGH

DIVINE SERVICE was held in St. Giles's Cathedral simultaneously with that in Westminster Abbey. It was attended by the Clergy of the Established Church, the Lords of the Court of Session, representatives of the Civic and Military authorities, and various commercial, professional, and learned bodies. The Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, one of the Queen's Chaplains conducted the services. At noon, the troops in garrison paraded in the Queen's Park, and fired a *feu de joie*, and a salute of 30 guns was fired from the Castle. The Scottish Conservative Club held a reception and concert in the evening, and at the Waterloo Hotel a citizens' dinner took place. A bonfire was lighted on Arthur's Seat in the evening, when upwards of twenty tons of material were consumed. The Students of Edinburgh University, numbering over three thousand, had a torch-light procession through the principal streets, and afterwards a bonfire and firework display on Calton Hill. The officers of the Seaforth Highlanders gave orders for the lighting of the beacon fire at the Castle, and also had a display of fireworks.

GLASGOW

THE 10th of June was the day chosen for the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee in Glasgow. The weather was all that could be desired, and the decorations of the streets of the great city and port of the Clyde showed to the best advantage. The Lord Provost, the magistrates, and the ministers of religion in Glasgow attended in their robes at the Cathedral, where a Jubilee Thanksgiving Service was held. This interesting and solemn ceremony was begun with the singing of "God Save the Queen," in which a vast congregation heartily joined. The Rev. Dr. Burns preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion. When the service was over a dinner was given to 6,000 of the poor of the city, at which the Lord Provost presided. He took occasion to remark, in some observations he addressed to those assembled at the meal in one of the halls, that the Queen was lineally descended from an Earl Lennox who, three hundred years ago, was Provost of Glasgow. Ten thousand troops, Volunteers and Regulars, were reviewed on the Green beneath Nelson's Column. Numerous banquets and balls were given in the evening, and when dusk fell there was a grand display of fireworks and a general illumination of the city, especially of its suburbs. Many orchestral companies added to the joyousness of the day by giving performances in the open air.

GRANTHAM

THE bells of the parish church rang early, and at 9.30 there was a procession of the Mayor and Corporation, Volunteers, and others to the Thanksgiving Service at the church. Afterwards there was a grand procession of Militia, Volunteers, the Corporation, Fire Brigade, Clubs, and Associations. About 700 aged poor of the town were regaled to a dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, and upwards of 4,000 children had tea. The afternoon was devoted to sports and amusements. A *feu de joie* was fired at noon by the Volunteers. The streets and places of business were profusely and handsomely decorated with bunting, mottoes, and flowers, while flags floated from every roof and window. An oak sapling, given by Earl Brownlow, was planted by the Mayor on St. Peter's Hill. At night the town was illuminated, there was a torchlight procession, and a huge bonfire was lit on a neighbouring hill, while a beacon fire blazed on Bell Mount

GUILDFORD

THE High Street in particular was quite gay with streamers and numerous illuminated devices. Seven hundred old persons were entertained to dinner, under the presidency of Major-General Hankin, C.B. In the afternoon there was a procession of about 5,000 persons, comprising the friendly and temperance societies of the town, and the school-children, preceded by the Rifle Volunteers, the Deputy Mayor (Mr. J. Mason), and the Borough Corporation. Over 3,000 children were entertained to tea, and various amusements were provided at Shalford Park. Late in the evening there was a torchlight procession in grotesque costume, headed by the Mayor, which proceeded to Pewley Hill, where a large bonfire was lit and fireworks were discharged.

GRAVESEND

AT Northfleet 3,000 children were provided with tea at Collier's Park. The town was extensively decorated. At Gravesend the foundation-stone was laid of a new wing to the hospital to be built by Mrs. John Russell. A Royal salute was fired from Tilbury fort at noon.

ILLUMINATION OF THE NORTH BRITISH MERCANTILE INSURANCE OFFICE

GRIMSBY

THREE days' rejoicings were commenced here by a procession to the parish church, consisting of the Corporation, the Volunteers, the fire brigades, the Freemasons' and the friendly societies. Old English sports followed in the park. Ten thousand children were entertained with tea, and received medals. There was a great demonstration of friendly societies. Six thousand people were entertained to a substantial tea, an ox was roasted whole, and a huge bonfire was lighted at Gleeness by the Mayor.

HALIFAX

THE new post-office at Hulifax was opened with a dinner in honour of the jubilee, and at night there were huge bonfires on Beacon-hill and Skircoat-moor, with fireworks at Elland. The four corners of the new town-hall were laid, and there was a public procession, in which the Sunday Schools took part. A new recreation ground, given by Sir John Savile, was also opened, and there was a banquet in the evening.

ISLE OF WIGHT

THE day was observed as a general holiday in the Isle of Wight. At Newport, however, the rejoicings were deferred till the promised visit of Her Majesty. In most of the other towns the ceremonies began with worship. Processions of clubs, trades, and school children followed. At Cowes a dinner was given to 300 old people. The children are to be regaled on the occasion of the Queen's visit on the 30th of July. Brading commemorated the occasion by the ringing of a new peal of bells in the tower of the old church. The little town was gaily decorated, and the old people and the children were feasted. At Ryde the Mayor and Corporation attended service at the parish church, and the old people dined together. The rest of the island towns entered fully into the day's rejoicing. Shanklin may almost be said to have taken the lead. The town was splendidly decorated. A free meal was given to all comers. Sports and entertainments were provided throughout the day. At night Chine Avenue and other parts were beautifully illuminated. At Ventnor there were processions, dinners to the aged, and tea and sports for the young, with a grand illumination at night. Bonfires were lighted on the hills of the island at 10 o'clock.

LANCASTER

THE rejoicings here were on an unusually large scale. A Royal salute was fired by the Volunteers in the Park, and the National Anthem was afterwards sung by 8,000 scholars. Fifteen hundred old people were entertained. The scholars afterwards held a grand *fête*. At night there was a grand torchlight procession.

LEEDS

THE celebration was begun by the firing at 9 a.m. of a salute of 21 guns, and a special service was held at the Church of St. Matthew's, and at other churches early in the forenoon. At mid-day there was the general celebration at the Town Hall, presided over by the Mayor (Alderman Gaunt). After the National Anthem had been sung, Sir George Morrison, the Town Clerk, read Lord Salisbury's letter announcing the knighthood of the Mayor, upon which a great outburst of cheering ensued. The Old Hundredth was next sung, and the Vicar of Leeds having offered prayer, an address of congratulation to Her Majesty was adopted by acclamation on the motion of the Mayor, seconded by Alderman Tattham, the senior member of the Corporation. The Hallelujah Chorus, from the *Mount of Olives*, conducted by Dr. Spark, having been sung, addresses were delivered by the vicar, Dr. Condor (Congregationalist), the Very Rev. Provost Brown (Roman Catholic), and the Rev. Mr. Abrahams (minister of the Jewish Synagogue). A procession was then formed of the civic authorities, and of the Engineers, Artillery, and Rifle Volunteers, and the Leeds troops of Yeomanry Cavalry, to Wodehouse Moor, a large recreation ground, where another Royal salute was fired by the local Artillery. The Royal Standard was unfurled and a round of firing followed. Then the National Anthem was played by the military bands. In the evening there was a crowded and brilliant gathering at the Town-hall, on the invitation of the Mayor and Mayoress. The principal exterior of the building was illuminated, as were also the chief places of business in the main streets. Before the end of the week 20,000 aged poor persons and 80,000 children had been feasted in the borough gratuitously.

LEICESTERSHIRE

FROM early morning until late in the evening there was a continual round of festivities and enjoyments in the town and county of Leicester. Three thousand old people, 25,000 children, and the inmates of all institutions were feasted and entertained in the three public places during the day. At night there were brilliant illuminations and bonfires on the beacon hills of Charnwood Forest, which were seen for many miles. The fire at Belvoir Castle reached fifty feet in height, and eight other beacon fires were almost equally large. The town was gaily decorated, and never before have rejoicings been so general and so enthusiastic. The week will be entirely devoted to holiday-making. Congratulations were telegraphed to Her Majesty on behalf of the people of the district, which were graciously acknowledged.

LIMERICK

THE day was celebrated by special religious services in the different Protestant churches, a military review on the King Island of the troops in garrison, and the keeping of the day as far as practicable as a Government holiday. The 2nd Battalion Leinster Regiment, with a squadron of the 3rd Hussars and a battery of Field Artillery, paraded at noon on the island, and fired a *feu de joie*, which was followed by a march past. On the return to barracks a few onlookers gave cheers for Gladstone and Parnell.

LIVERPOOL

THE municipal portion of the Jubilee celebration at Liverpool took place on Monday, when the Mayor attended in State a thanksgiving service at the pro-Cathedral, a choral concert at St. George's Hall, two dinners to the aged poor, and the inaugural military tournament at the Jubilee Exhibition. There was a general procession of about 4,000 Volunteers and 10,000 members of trade, friendly, and temperance societies with many bands and innumerable banners and emblems of trade, including some operatives working at their industries in carts. The public and many of the buildings were gaily decorated with crimson and other coloured cloth, with trophies and other devices, and there was a profuse display of bunting, while the ships in the river and docks were mostly dressed out with flags.

LYNN

TWO bells, presented by the Mayor and Mayoress in commemoration of the Jubilee, and added to the peal of St. Margaret's Church, which now numbers ten, were consecrated on Sunday afternoon. The celebration of the Jubilee was held with the usual festivities, and was continued through the week.

ILLUMINATION OF THE "DAILY NEWS" OFFICE

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD

A GENERAL holiday was kept in Manchester, and there was a great influx of country visitors. The streets were only partially decorated, the Jubilee decorations and illuminations having taken place during the recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Early in the morning nearly 80,000 children were treated to breakfast in the various schools, and afterwards some 8,000 Ragged and Industrial School children were massed in front of the Town Hall, and sang the National Anthem. A large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the Town Hall. The Queen's health was drunk with great enthusiasm. A congratulatory telegram was also despatched to Her Majesty. Bands were playing in all the public parks during the afternoon. A treat was given to 2,000 persons of the Queen's age and upwards in the Free Trade Hall. The regular troops and Volunteers assembled in Heaton Park, and fired a *feu de joie*. In Salford the rejoicings took a somewhat different form. A telegram was sent to the Mayor (who was in London) congratulating him upon the honour conferred upon him by the Queen.

MARLBOROUGH

UPWARDS of 3,000 people dined together at Marlborough in the open air, at tables ranged down each side of the High Street. A *feu de joie* was fired by the Volunteers, joined by the Marlborough College cadets, and the National Anthem was sung. At night a huge bonfire was lit on the common, from which four other beacon lights could be seen some miles distant.

NEWBURY

THE Jubilee celebration at Newbury, begun on Monday, was continued on the 21st. In the morning the Mayor opened the Oddfellows' Hall in presence of the civic authorities, the local clergy and ministers, and the members of the Oddfellows' lodges. Later on a procession, nearly a mile in length, and including the Mayor and Corporation, Yeomanry, Rifle Volunteers, benefit societies, and school-children, started from the People's Park and passed through the principal thoroughfares to the Market Place, where the National Anthem was sung. Thousands of adults and school-children then sat down to dinner, tables being arranged in the Market Place and along the whole length of the main streets. The provision made was so ample that the country people who flocked into the town were also entertained, and sixty plum puddings not required for the dinner were subsequently cut up and distributed to all who applied. Tent-pegging by the Royal Berks Yeomanry Cavalry and a great variety of sports came off in the People's Park, and at night the town was illuminated. The streets were festooned from end to end, and the public and private buildings were lavishly decorated.

NEWCASTLE

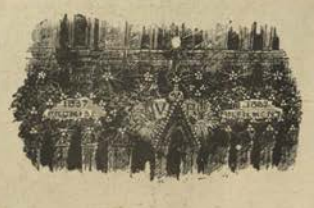
THE thanksgiving service at St. Nicholas's Cathedral, Newcastle, was attended by the Deputy Mayor (Alderman Wilson) and the Deputy Sheriff (Mr. T. Bell), the Mayor and Sheriff being in London attending the Westminster service. The members of the Corporation and Foreign Councils were also present, and there was a large congregation. The service was similar to that at Westminster, and the sermon was preached by the Vicar, Canon Lloyd. At the conclusion of the service the members of the Corporation sent congratulatory telegrams to the Queen, and also to Sir William Armstrong and the Mayor (Mr. C. R. Browne), the former on his having been raised to the Peerage, and the latter on his having received the honour of knighthood. Treats to children and the aged poor were given in several districts of the city, and in the evening bonfires and fireworks illuminated the district in all directions. In all the surrounding villages and towns the Jubilee was marked by similar festivities. At Alnwick a great procession of the educational and religious bodies moved through the town, and in the afternoon a dinner was held, over which Earl Percy presided.

NORWICH

THE celebration began at half-past eight on the morning of the 21st with the firing of a Royal salute of twenty-one bombs from Castle Hill. Two hours later there was a Thanksgiving Service at the Cathedral, attended by the Mayor and Corporation in State, by the 19th Hussars, and the local Artillery and Rifle Volunteers. The sermon was preached by the Dean of Norwich, and a *Te Deum*, composed by Dr. Bates, the organist, was sung. At noon between 11,000 and 12,000 children attending the public elementary schools of the city assembled in the Market Place, having previously been decorated with Jubilee medals at the expense of the Mayor. There were thousands of spectators. To the accompaniment of seven brass bands the National Anthem and four other pieces were sung. The Mayor addressed the vast crowd, who cheered him heartily on learning that the honour of knighthood had been conferred upon him. After the children had been dismissed, the Mayor entertained a large company at luncheon at the Guildhall, and then there was a military review, followed by a general illumination and a display of fireworks, besides beacon fires, in the evening. The Mayor gave a dinner to aged poor in the Agricultural Hall, and a *soirée* to 3,000 citizens.

NOTTINGHAM

UPWARDS of 50,000 children assembled during the morning on the Forest recreation ground, having previously been provided with breakfast at the different schools, and, led by several bands of music, sang the National Anthem and other loyal and patriotic pieces. The Mayor and Corporation occupied a platform on the ground, and the adjacent slopes were covered with spectators. The weather was brilliant, and the sight was an imposing one. Later in the day the various friendly societies met in the great market-place, and, having formed a procession, walked to Wollaton Park, where a gala was held. In the evening the town was illuminated.



THE ILLUMINATIONS AT THE OFFICE OF THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, HOLBORN BARS

ORKNEY

JUBILEE DAY was held in Orkney as a holiday. All places of business were shut, and on every hill and prominent place fires were lit at night, and in many places a display of fireworks took place. Owing to the brightness of the short night the fires were not properly seen.

PENZANCE

AT Penzance the demonstrations passed off with the greatest enthusiasm. They included a grand procession, comprising the Deputy Mayor and Corporation, the Artillery and Rifle Volunteers, together with various societies, and the leading inhabitants, which proceeded to St. Mary's Church, where a Special Service was held, and on returning to the public buildings an address was moved to the Queen. Later the old people were entertained at dinner and 3,000 children at tea. At ten o'clock beacon fires were lighted all along the coast.

PERTH

THE public buildings in Perth were decorated with flags, a *feu de joie* was fired at noon at the barracks, and at night there were illuminations and displays of fireworks, and beacon fires blazed from every high hill in the county.

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN—GENERAL VIEW OF THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 21

SEEN FROM THE ORGAN LOFT

PLYMOUTH

THE bells were rung, the streets were gaily decorated, and appropriate mottoes were displayed. In the morning school children to the number of 18,000 assembled on the Hoe and sang the National Anthem, and an address of congratulation to the Queen was carried. Medals and food were given to the children. The friendly societies of the three towns had a procession. A grand exhibition of naval architecture, machinery, and inventions was opened at the Drill Hall by Rear-Admiral Grant, C.B., Superintendent of the Dockyard. In the evening there was a carnival, followed by the lighting of an immense bonfire on the Hoe. At Stonehouse the school children were presented with medals; the poor of the parish were presented with 2s. each in kind; the inmates of the workhouse were given dinner and tea; and the married men of the Royal Marines, with their wives and families, were also entertained. The troops in garrison, to the number of 3,000, paraded in the Brickfields, and Royal salutes of fifty guns were fired from the *Royal Adelaide*, flagship, the *Cambridge*, gunnery ship, the Citadel, and from the fort of the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe. The ships in harbour were gaily dressed.

PRESTON

THERE was a united service in the parish church, where there were special sermons and anthems. At noon there was a military display in Moor Park by the Gloucestershire Regiment, and a Royal salute was fired. The town was decorated. The celebration was held in many towns in the neighbourhood.

PONTEFRACT

THE intentions of the inhabitants of Pontefract were almost totally spoiled. An immense bonfire prepared on Park Hill was to be lighted at dark, but a man, intentionally it is alleged, threw a

STAND IN PICCADILLY, CLOSE TO THE TOP OF ARLINGTON STREET

lighted match among the straw surrounding it and set the who ablaze at 4.45. The man was seized by the crowd, but rescued by the police and safely locked up, to be charged with arson.

PORTSMOUTH

THE Jubilee was brilliantly celebrated at Portsmouth, where the day was observed as a general holiday. The men-of-war were dressed with masthead and over-all flags, while Royal standards and decorations and illuminations, some of them very costly and elaborate, were very general throughout the streets. In the morning there was a grand military review upon Southsea Common, in which the whole of the troops in the garrison, with the local Volunteer corps, took part. At noon the flagship and garrison and the mounted battery on the Common fired Jubilee salutes of fifty guns, after which the troops fired a *feu de joie*, and executed a march past in various formations. In the afternoon the Sunday schools and the Union children assembled, 23,000 strong, in the Soldiers' Recreation Ground, where they sang the National Anthem, and afterwards marched in procession through the principal thoroughfares with banners and bands back to the Recreation Ground, where they were provided with tea and presented with Jubilee medals. In the evening five military bands performed on as many platforms on the Common, the programme ending with a magnificent display of fireworks. The streets were brilliantly illuminated, as was the tower of the parish church. The military head-quarters exhibited transparencies in each window containing the names of all the battles which had been fought during the reign. The entrance to the Dockyard, the Park Gates, the yacht clubs, the offices of the public companies, the Guildhall, and other public buildings, and many private houses were illuminated by devices in gas, Cremorne lamps, and Chinese lanterns.

READING

THE Jubilee Festivities at the great Berkshire town were after the following order:—On Saturday, June 18th, the Mayor and Corporation opened a Memorial Fountain, which has been erected opposite St. Mary's Parish Church. On Monday, the 20th, the Corporate body attended a Special Service in St. Mary's Church, and then proceeded to open the Royal Counties' Agricultural Show. On Tuesday two thousand of the aged poor and veteran soldiers dined in two large rooms placed at the disposal of the Jubilee Committee by Messrs. Sutton and Sons, the Mayor presiding. The afternoon was devoted to outdoor sports, which were organised on a large scale, on the public recreation ground and the river, and at night a grand display of fireworks was exhibited. On Wednesday the older school-children were *fêted*, each child receiving a medal. On Thursday the ceremony of publicly unveiling a statue of Her Majesty was carried out, the site being the open space opposite the new public buildings. On Saturday an entertainment was given in the new Town Hall, under the presidency of the Mayor, and on Sunday, the 26th, the week's rejoicings closed with a Thanksgiving Service in State in the Church of St. Lawrence.

SANDRINGHAM

JUBILEE DAY will long be remembered with pleasure by the officials, tenants, labourers, children, &c., on the Norfolk estate of the Prince of Wales. When the celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee was decided upon, the Prince requested that the day should be duly observed by those associated with the estate, and promised to pay all expenses. The day's proceedings commenced with a service in Sandringham Church. At 2 o'clock Sandringham Park was thrown open, and an hour later dinner was served in a large marquee to all the tenants, labourers, and their wives connected with the Sandringham, West Newton, Babingley, Appleton, Wolferton, and Dersingham part of His Royal Highness's estates, the company numbering in all about 600, and at the close the toasts of "The Queen" and of "The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Rest of the Royal Family" were drunk. An hour or two later tea was provided for the schoolchildren and the parents working on the estate. Rustic sports, cricket, tennis, and other amusements

THE DUBLIN JUBILEE SHIELD
Presented by Alderman Cockburn and won by Mr. Vigne at the Jubilee Sports

were provided. The festivities ended with a magnificent display of fireworks. Each man and woman living on the estate was presented with a cup and saucer emblazoned with the Royal arms and suitable inscription. Much gratification was afforded the guests by each receiving a beautifully lithographed card of invitation from the Prince of Wales, specially inviting them by name to the festivities.

SCILLY ISLES

IN these islands the Jubilee was largely celebrated. The foundation stone of a new Town Hall was laid by Mrs. Dorrien-Smith. Every poor person received a present of three shillings in money. There were rowing, sailing, and swimming matches, and in the evening the hills were crested here and there with bonfires.

SHEERNESS

AT Sheerness the Jubilee was kept up with great rejoicings. The ships of war in port, including the Royal yacht *Osborne*, were brilliantly decked with flags, and at noon the *Duncan*, flagship of the Prince of Leiningen, and the Royal Artillery on the Gun Wharf fired salutes of 50 guns. In the afternoon there was a united procession through the town of the children attending the Church of England and Nonconformist Sunday Schools, followed by a free tea to about 3,000 children and 400 aged persons. In the evening the town and harbour were brilliantly illuminated in honour of the event.

SHEFFIELD

AT Norfolk Park 30,000 school children assembled, and, to the accompaniment of several bands, sang the National Anthem and gave three cheers for the Queen. Afterwards a telegram was despatched to Buckingham Palace. The Mayoress, Lady Stephenson, subsequently planted a tree commemorative of the occasion. The troops of the Sheffield Barracks paraded, and fired a Royal salute. The Artillery Volunteers also fired Royal salutes. In the evening the Master Cutler, Mr. G. F. Lockwood, gave a ball in the Cutlers' Hall. The town was illuminated, and bonfires blazed on the heights.

SHIELDS

THE people of North and South Shields kept holiday in commemoration of the Jubilee. Both towns, with their shipping, were decorated. At North Shields the aged poor and children were entertained, there was a school children's procession, and the foundation-stone of the Tynemouth Jubilee Infirmary was laid by the ex-Mayor, Mr. Tate, after which there was a dinner. There was also a mounted procession, and at Tynemouth there was an aquatic *fête*, a bonfire being lighted at night. School children and aged poor were entertained at South Shields, and there was a procession of school children, a Royal salute being fired by the Durham Artillery, and a beacon-fire lighted after dark on Ballast Hill.

SHROPSHIRE

JUBILEE celebrations were general throughout Shropshire. At Church Stretton 500 persons partook of dinner in the open air on tables ranged up and down the principal streets of the town, while at Hawkstone Park, the seat of Viscount Hill, a grand *fête* was held. There were about 4,000 persons present. Viscount Hill presided over a public dinner to which 500 sat down. Shrewsbury and Oswestry were elaborately bedecked with bunting, but there were no rejoicings in either town. These were postponed, owing to the absence of the Mayors in London.

SOUTH LINCOLNSHIRE

THE Jubilee was celebrated in nearly every town and village throughout the whole of South Lincolnshire yesterday in most glorious weather. The principal celebrations were those which took place at Boston, Spalding, Holbeach, Long Sutton, Bourn, and Sleaford, where thousands of people gathered together and joined in the festivities of the day, which consisted chiefly in free dinners and teas, with sports, processions, &c.; while in the villages the children and the poorer residents received free meals in the open air. At Sleaford an excellent bust of Her Majesty was unveiled. Flags and other decorations were everywhere visible throughout the district, and the celebrations throughout the southern part of the county were carried out on a elaborate scale hitherto unknown.

SOUTHAMPTON

SOUTHAMPTON came out loyally on the 21st and 23rd of June, both of which days were kept as public holidays in the great mail part. One thousand of the aged poor were given a good dinner at the Skating Rink, and those unable to be there through physical weakness were presented with tickets entitling them to two shillings' worth of meat. At noon the Platform Battery thundered forth a Royal Salute. This was followed by a procession of Volunteers, firebrigades, police, and so on. In the afternoon a great *fête* at Westwood Park, half the receipts from which will be added to the subscriptions for the Jubilee West Wing to the Royal South Hants Infirmary; and in the evening there was a grand display of fireworks on Southampton Common. The great feature of the second day was the assembly in the public parks of about ten thousand children attending the various Sunday and Board Schools in town from seven years old upwards, who marched in procession to Westwood Park, where they were entertained at tea. The Corporation illuminated all the public municipal buildings, and the inhabitants decorated their houses on both days. The Mayor of Southampton (Alderman Harry Coles) gave a banquet on Thursday evening, the 16th inst., at the Victoria Rooms, which was largely attended. The public bodies of the town and most of the leading townsmen accompanied him to St. Mary's Church on Sunday morning, the 19th of June, where a Special Jubilee Thanksgiving Service was held.

SWANSEA

A ROYAL salute was fired at noon. In the afternoon 2,000 of the aged poor were entertained at dinner. Later on there was a Volunteer review, Colonel Dillwyn, M.P., commanding, and 15,000 spectators being present. At night beacons were lit, the town was illuminated, and fireworks were let off.

SWINDON

HERE the Jubilee Day was celebrated by a procession consisting of the mounted Yeomanry Cavalry, the members of all the benefit and friendly societies, and the representatives of the various public bodies, with the principal inhabitants. After perambulating the principal streets, the processionists proceeded to the site of the Victoria Cottage Hospital, the foundation stone of which was laid with much ceremony. The aged poor were regaled with a good substantial dinner, and later on the children, to the number of between 6,000 and 7,000, were provided with tea and cake in the New Swindon Park. Both towns were gaily decorated, there being scarcely a house that did not show some bunting or other decoration, and at night the illuminations surpassed anything ever before attempted in the place. The surrounding towns and villages have been equally enthusiastic in doing honour to the occasion.

TRURO

THE greatest enthusiasm prevailed here. A united service was held in front of the Cathedral, the address being delivered by the Bishop. The Royal Standard was saluted and congratulatory addresses were adopted by the citizens. In the afternoon there was a monster trade procession, followed by sports. A concert was given in the evening by the united city choirs, and later on there was a torchlight procession and a display of fireworks.

WARRINGTON

AT Warrington fourteen thousand Sunday School teachers and scholars assembled in the Park and sang the National Anthem. After parading the town they were provided with tea. A beacon fire of large dimensions was lighted on High Cliff, Cheshire, about four miles from Warrington.

WIGAN

FIFTEEN thousand school children and 1,300 persons of 60 years and upwards were entertained in the Drill Hall. There was a grand united town, trade, and friendly society demonstration and procession, the number taking part in it being about 6,000. At Hindley the Leyland Free Library and public recreation grounds were handed over to the township by Mr. Nathaniel Eckersley as a Jubilee gift, and at Ince the first sod was cut of a public recreation ground on Amberswood Common.

WICK

THE day was observed as a holiday in Wick. The town bells rang merry peals at noon and again at one o'clock. The principal local event was a regatta in which sailing, rowing, and sculling boats competed. The weather was very fine, and large crowds of people witnessed the boat races from the cliffs on the two sides of the bay.

JUBILEE SPORTS AT DUBLIN

WHITBY

THERE was a short special service at St. Mary's, after which a procession was formed, and marched the streets to the tunes of several bands of music. A *feu de joie* was fired, and a Royal salute given. The whole of the children of the town were treated, as were the indigent poor. At night the lofty hills and the coast line were lit up by the beacons and huge bonfires.

WHITEHAVEN

THE day was celebrated as a general holiday. The weather was beautifully fine. The town and shipping were decorated. A regatta was held in the morning, a feature of which was a race between the Whitehaven, Maryport, and Wokington Lifeboats, over a six-mile course. The Maryport boat won by half-a-length. The other events were well-contested, and were watched by five or six thousand persons on the piers. In the afternoon there was a great demonstration of friendly societies and school-children, upwards of six thousand adults and children, and bands of music taking part, and balls, suppers, and fireworks were arranged on a great scale for the night.

WORCESTER

THE celebration here, independent of the lighting of the beacon fire on the Worcestershire Beacon, consisted first in the dedication of a new peal of bells in Malvern Abbey Church. The old bells were melted down, from which six were re-founded, two new bells, the gift of Mr. Archer and Mrs. Dixy, making up the octave. This was followed by a full choral Thanksgiving Service at the Abbey Church, which was crowded. At the close of the service a magnolia was planted on the Terrace, the centre of the town, by Lady Emily Clive. Two days, fittingly dressed up, bore the tree from the nursery to its future position, preceded by a procession and accompanied by a group of children dressed in the costume of the time of George III., some of the prettiest school-girls and sturdiest boys being selected. The National Anthem was sung. Many of the surrounding parishes gave entertainments to the labourers and children.

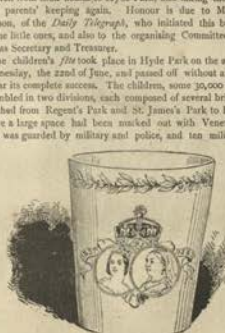
WOLVERHAMPTON

IN this great centre of industry, the Mayor and Corporation attended Divine Service in St. Paul's Collegiate Church. Volunteers, members of other public bodies, representatives of institutions, friendly societies, and so on, were present. The sermon was preached by Canon Jackson. On the Monday the Mayor (Mr. V. Jackson) gave a public breakfast. On the Monday and Tuesday about one thousand four hundred aged poor were entertained at dinner. On the latter day fourteen thousand school-children were marshalled in procession, and, headed by the Volunteer band, marched through the principal thoroughfares of the town. They then assembled in Queen Square, around the Prince Albert Statue, and sang "God Save the Queen," after which they dispersed to the various school-rooms, where tea and cake were provided.

THE CHILDREN'S FÊTE IN HYDE PARK

THIS festival for the thirty thousand little ones, drawn from the various London Schools, passed off very successfully. The Duke of Wellington was the author of a celebrated saying about the difficulty of getting ten thousand men in and out of Hyde Park. Credit is due to the organisers of this vast school-treat for solving the infinitely more difficult task of bringing three times ten thousand children from their homes to Hyde Park, and taking them safely to their parents' keeping again. Honour is due to Mr. Edward Lawson, of the *Daily Telegraph*, who initiated this brilliant *fête* for the little ones, and also to the organising Committee, of which he was Secretary and Treasurer.

The children's *fête* took place in Hyde Park on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 22nd of June, and passed off without any accident to mar its complete success. The children, some 30,000 in number, assembled in two divisions, each composed of several brigades, and marched from Regent's Park and St. James's Park to Hyde Park, where a large space had been marked out with Venetian masts. This was guarded by military and police, and ten military bands



MUG OF DOULTON WARE
Designed for the London School Children's Fête in Hyde Park

were engaged. Refreshments and various amusements were provided for the children. The rations for each child were distributed in paper bags, and consisted of substantial fare, such as meat-pies, squares of cake, and buns, besides oranges; while lemonade, ginger-beer, and milk were supplied as required in each tent. Some 62,000 buns, 30,000 meat-pies, and 30,000 oranges were served out, with 5,000 gallons of beverages. A large number of ladies and gentlemen had volunteered their assistance in distributing the food to the children, the ten marquees being presided over by the Duchess of Manchester, the Duchess of Abercorn, the Countess of Rosebery, the Duchess of Westminster, Mrs. Lawson, the Countess Spencer, Lady Rothschild, the Countess of Lathom, Lady Randolph Churchill, and Lady Hayter, each of whom was helped in her laborious but still pleasant task by eleven other ladies and twelve gentlemen. About twenty Punch and Judy entertainments were placed in different parts of the enclosure, besides eight marionette theatres, eighty-six cosmoramic views and peep-shows, nine troupes of performing dogs, monkeys, and ponies, hundreds of 'Aunt Sallies' and 'knock-em-downs,' and 100 large lucky-dip barrels. Besides this there were distributed 1,000 skipping-ropes, 10,000 small gas-balloons, and no fewer than 42,000 prizes, consisting of an infinite variety of toys. Medals, moreover, were furnished to the children, having on one side a portrait of the Queen in 1837, and on the other her portrait in 1887. The girls and boys entered into the amusements provided for them with immense zest, and throughout the bright summer afternoon the green sward of the Park was transformed into an admirable playground, where the children disported themselves to their boundless satisfaction, never, however, allowing their exuberance to degenerate into unseemly roughness. Their uniform good behaviour, indeed, was not among the least gratifying of the many gratifying features of the festival.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the three Princesses, arrived soon after four o'clock, and appeared much pleased by the manifest gratification which their presence afforded to the children. Their Royal Highnesses, after having been received by Mr. Lawson and conducted to the Committee Tent, proceeded to one of the ordinary tents, where the distribution of memorial-cups was going on. Having made their way through the juvenile and excited throng which pressed round them, the Prince and Princess handed a cup each to several of the children. The visit was quite unpremeditated, and no arrangements had been made. It was therefore a case of first come first served, and the children struggled hard with outstretched hands in their efforts to secure a cup from the hands of their Royal Highnesses. The Prince smiled good-humouredly at their eagerness, and as he left the tent "God Bless the Prince of Wales" was sung with much heartiness. Their Royal Highnesses then returned to the Committee Tent, where the gentlemen and ladies, who earlier in the day had assisted in the tents, and other invited guests were assembled.

The Queen was expected on the ground at half-past five, but it was considerably later before Her Majesty's Procession arrived. In the interval several of the Royal guests joined the Prince and Princess of Wales in the reserved enclosure, the children cheering lustily as they drove past. The Crown Prince of Germany was recognised and duly acclaimed, and the Duke of Cambridge as he rode by was also the object of the children's plaudits. The King of the Hellenes, the King of Denmark, the Duke of Sparta, Prince William of Prussia, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Grand of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and other princely personages were each in turn the object of the children's wonder. At last the appearance of a dozen mounted constables trotting up the roadway betokened that the chief event of the day might shortly be expected. The Royal carriages, which were immediately preceded by outriders in scarlet, were all open, and some were drawn by four horses. To complete the picture, for such it was, several of the Royal Princes appeared in uniform, Prince Albert Victor being in the uniform dress of his regiment, the Duke of Edinburgh in that of a naval officer, and the Duke of Connaught wearing a major-general's uniform. Then came the Queen's carriage, and the Queen herself, looking none the worse for the fatigues of Tuesday's ceremony. In the same carriage with the Queen were the Duke of Edinburgh and the Crown Princess of Germany. In the carriages following were Princess Christian, the Duchess of Connaught, and other daughters and daughters-in-law of Her Majesty. The Queen's carriage was stopped opposite the flag-staff, and the chief ceremony of the day was at once begun. Here Miss Lawson had the honour of offering Her Majesty a splendid bouquet of the loveliest orchids wrapped round with a silvered satin holder, bearing the inscription of the gateway—"Not Queen alone; but Mother, Queen, and Friend in one!" Other presentations followed, and then the Prince of Wales led to the Royal carriage a proud but trembling little maid, twelve years old, Florence Dunn by name, wearing many school medals, and possessing a perfectly blameless record of attendance and good conduct. In her little hands the Queen graciously and sweetly placed the cup, saying, "I am pleased to give you this memorial of my Jubilee, dear child." The Union Jack now went up the flag-staff under the Royal Standard, and the bands struck up the first bar of the Old Hundredth, in which the little voices joined. "God Bless the Prince of Wales" was next played, and, last of all, "God Save the Queen," and the Royal carriage rolled away towards Paddington, on the way to Windsor. Before her departure, however, the Queen expressed to Mr. Lawson, in the most kind and impressive language, the pleasure which the spectacle had afforded her, and her satisfaction at beholding so many young and happy faces around her. The last strains of the National Anthem now summoned the teachers to collect their flocks; and, with military precision, the children fell into marching order and filed out into their homeward roads, carrying gladness and wonder in their hearts, and in their pocket-handkerchiefs carefully tied up the precious cups which were to recall to them for many a year to come the wonderful day of sunshine and delight in Hyde Park. Some fifteen children were reported as suffering from those discomforts which occasionally attend the convivialities of the young; but their cases yielded readily to simple medical treatment, and they went home none the worse. Eight children were "mislaid;" but, being labelled with their names as well as with the names of their schools and their teachers, besides the colours and numbers of their tents, it was an easy matter to send them promptly off in two four-wheeled cabs under a trusty convoy; and in all probability they reached their homes before their schoolmates had arrived at theirs.

One of the most touching and pathetic sights to be seen in the Park was the sight of the sightless. A batch of little blind girls and boys were led about by carefully-appointed guides, and treated like gentle invalids, everything being explained to them, and every available pleasure imparted. Little Jewish boys and girls were there also, and their scruples in the matter of ham sandwiches were kindly thought of, and their bags of provision were all marked and certified, so that they could eat away without apprehension or qualms of conscience.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales hit upon the idea of the Jubilee mug. The Prince is said to have been very much struck with the distribution of rough brown cups, bearing the *Imperial* cipher in relief, a distribution which was chosen by the Czar as a method of commemorating the marriage of the Czarevitch. The mugs, productions of Messrs. Doulton, were great improvements on the original. The ground is of polished cream-coloured earthenware, and the two portraits of the Queen (1837 and 1887) are artistically executed in neutral tints. The latter is from the photograph by Mr. Lafayette of Dublin.

JUBILEE GIFTS

THE joint Jubilee gift presented to the Queen by the whole of her children and grandchildren consists of a magnificent gold and silver centrepiece for the table, richly adorned with precious stones. This beautiful object was manufactured in Berlin. The centrepiece comprises three parts, resting on a common base, in the centre of which are the arms of the United Kingdom and the inscription, "Her children and grandchildren, to their beloved mother and grandmother." The middle portion consists of a splendid vase modelled after one in the possession of the German Crown Princess, and adorned with the arms and portraits of children and grandchildren and of the Queen, all in solid gold. The lid of the vase is surmounted by the Royal Crown of England. To the right and left of the vase are the lion and unicorn, splendidly executed. The effect of this work of art as a whole is most imposing.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

PRESENTED Her Majesty with a magnificent oil painting, representing a Southern European lighthouse being visited by the lighthouse-keeper, whose daughter is trimming the lamp. The painting is by H. Carrodi, of Rome.

There were also presents from most of the other members of the Royal Family besides the one for which they made a common contribution.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE ALBUM

THE staff and gentlemen cadets of the Royal Military College, Woolwich, presented to Her Majesty as their public offering, a handsome album. This album contains a large number of drawings, illustrative of the uniform worn by the gentlemen cadets of the Royal Military Academy, from the earliest period to the present time. These drawings are tastefully executed, and are the work of Colonel Seccombe, late of the Royal Artillery. The album is of great artistic merit, and contains in addition to the drawings an address to the Queen, followed by the names of the Governor and staff, the professors and masters at the Academy, together with those of the whole of the company of gentlemen cadets. It is handsomely bound in white morocco, embellished with the arms of the Academy on the face in raised gold.

THE ROYAL CAMBRIAN ALBUM

THE Queen received an album of Welsh sketches as a Jubilee gift, from the members of the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art, now established as Plas Mawr, Conway.

THE QUEEN OF HAWAII'S GIFT

THE Queen of Hawaii presented to the Queen a piece of work made entirely of the feathers of a very rare bird from the Sandwich Islands. It appears that there are only two of this particular feather of the bird, and it has taken some thousands of feathers to make the wreath, which is the work of the Hawaiian Queen's own

CROWN PRINCESS OF PORTUGAL
One of the Queen's Guests at the Jubilee Celebrations

hands. It has been mounted on Royal blue plush set in a frame of gold with the Royal arms and the arms of the Queen of Hawaii on either side; which is again surrounded by a border of Royal blue set with golden stars with eight points, representing the eight islands of the Sandwich group. Above is the Royal crown and cushion, set with diamonds.

THE IRISH WOMEN'S JUBILEE OFFERING

NOT the least pleasing of the gifts to the Royal recipient must have been the Irish Women's Jubilee Offering which was presented to Her Majesty by Lady Londonderry. This offering takes the form of a casket, in which is a scroll containing the signatures of 149,346 loyal Irish women, representatives of every class and creed in the country, and it is worthy of note that every signature represents a contribution. A sum of 3,700*l.* was subscribed in connection with the movement, and the great bulk of this amount came in penny contributions from the poorer classes. Moreover the counties of the South and West did not lag behind the record of the North in contributions and enthusiasm. The casket itself does credit to Irish art. Irishwomen played a very large and appropriate part in its production, the carving and all those portions of the embellishments which

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN—THE QUEEN PASSING UNDER THE SCREEN AFTER THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 21

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

H.I.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK

THE GRAND MARQUEE AT THE WEST DOOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY WHERE THE PROCESSIONS WERE RECEIVED AND MARSHALLED, JUNE 21

WORKMEN TESTING THE GALLERIES IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY—"ONE, TWO, THREE: JUMP!"

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

permitted it having been entrusted to their hands. On the top there is a harp and a crown surmounting the inscription :—"Irishwomen's Jubilee Offering to the Queen, 1837-1887," which is sunk in ornament, while at the four corners there are the arms of the four provinces of Ireland worked in rich Celtic designs. Inside, the lining is of St. Patrick's blue poplin. Underneath the lid is a silver shield giving the total number of signatures, while the names of the Irish Committee are beautifully engrossed on vellum.

THE HOUSEHOLD PRESENT

THE gift of Her Majesty's Household to their Royal mistress is a centre piece or vase wrought in steel with the harp in the right hand, and the inscribed sheet of music in the left, symbolises the art of Music. At the feet of each figure are seated attendant genii, one holding a wreath (the laureate crown), the other grasping a tibia, or pipe. By the side of "Poetry" lies a book, branches of olive, and a medallion portrait of Homer. Various musical instruments are grouped at the side of the allegorical figure of "Music." The two plaques of oxydised silver inserted on the oval surface of the vase represent the Nine Muses with their various attributes; and on the oval escutcheons of damascened steel at the bases of the handles are inscribed the names of illustrious poets: Homer, Shakespeare, Molière, and Byron; and of musical composers: Handel, Beethoven, Hadyn, and Mozart.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SPARTA, CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE
One of the Queen's Guests at the Jubilee Celebrations

The line of composition is continued upwards from the handles by garlands of flowers, and the vase is surmounted by two *amorini*, or cupids, one of whom holds aloft in triumph the lyre, as the emblem of Apollo, the god of Poetry and Song, while the other has in his hands more mere musical appliances of the tuning-fork and the conductor's *bâton*.

On the shelving base of the pedestal, between the seated figures of "Poetry" and "Music," are two oval bas-reliefs in silver, representing Pegasus bearing the genius of Inspiration, and a Hippogriph carrying the genius of Imagination.

Around the outer border of the plateau are inserted twelve bas-reliefs in silver, illustrative of the various developments of Music and Poetry.

At the outer ends of the plateau are figures of *amorini* bearing shields, on which are inscribed respectively the monograms and dates, V.R., 1837, and V.R.I., 1887.

The various spaces in the steel framework of the whole design are filled with damascened ornaments of graceful renaissance form, combined with masks, branches of olive and laurel, the lyre, and other emblems having reference to Poetry and Music.

On either side, in the centre of the plateau, are fixed silver shields surmounted by crowns; one bears the Royal Arms enamelled in colour, and the other bears the inscription: "To Queen Victoria, from her loyal and faithful Household, 1837—1887."

This work of art, which has been selected for presentation to the Queen on the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee, from the past and present members of Her Majesty's household, if compared with the artistic productions of fifty years ago, may be justly regarded not only as an illustrative example of the satisfactory development of executive skill, but also as an evidence of the marked advance made during that period in art education, which has so materially conduced to a more correct and general appreciation of the arts of decorative design.

THE JUBILEE CAKE

A JUBILEE cake was presented to the Queen by Messrs. Gunter and Co., which represents the Crown guarded by lions, surmounted by a temple bearing figures of Fame and Glory, with trumpets heralding the Jubilee to the four quarters of the world. These are surmounted by temples, crowned by a winged figure of Peace, bearing the Crown of Empire. The panels of the base bear the Royal monogram divided by figures in relief of the four quarters of the world. The medallions between the lions are portraits in relief of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort at the time of the Royal marriage, 1840, of Her Majesty in 1867, and of Her Majesty at the present time as Queen and Empress of India. The other medallions bear the names of the principal portions of the Empire. The border round the cake is composed of the rose, shamrock, and thistle. The cake is 9 ft. 6 in. in circumference, and 10 ft. 6 in. high and weighs over a quarter of a ton.

PRINCE WILLIAM OF GERMANY
One of the Queen's Guests at the Jubilee Celebrations

THE HIGH WYCOMBE CHAIR

ON the 22nd of June Her Majesty received at Buckingham Palace a deputation from the children of High Wycombe, the seat of the chairmaking industry, to present as a Jubilee gift a handsome lady's chair of local design and manufacture. This chair was made of mahogany inlaid with ivory, and is fashioned after the Chippendale style, the marqueterie is in orangewood, box, and peartree. It is elaborately and tastefully worked. The Royal arms surrounded by the flowers sacred to England, Ireland, and Scotland adorn the top of the chair, which is upholstered in Royal blue velvet, with glimpse

The ladies of Stockport presented to the Queen a casket as a

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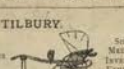

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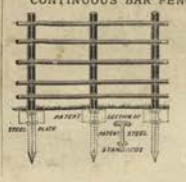

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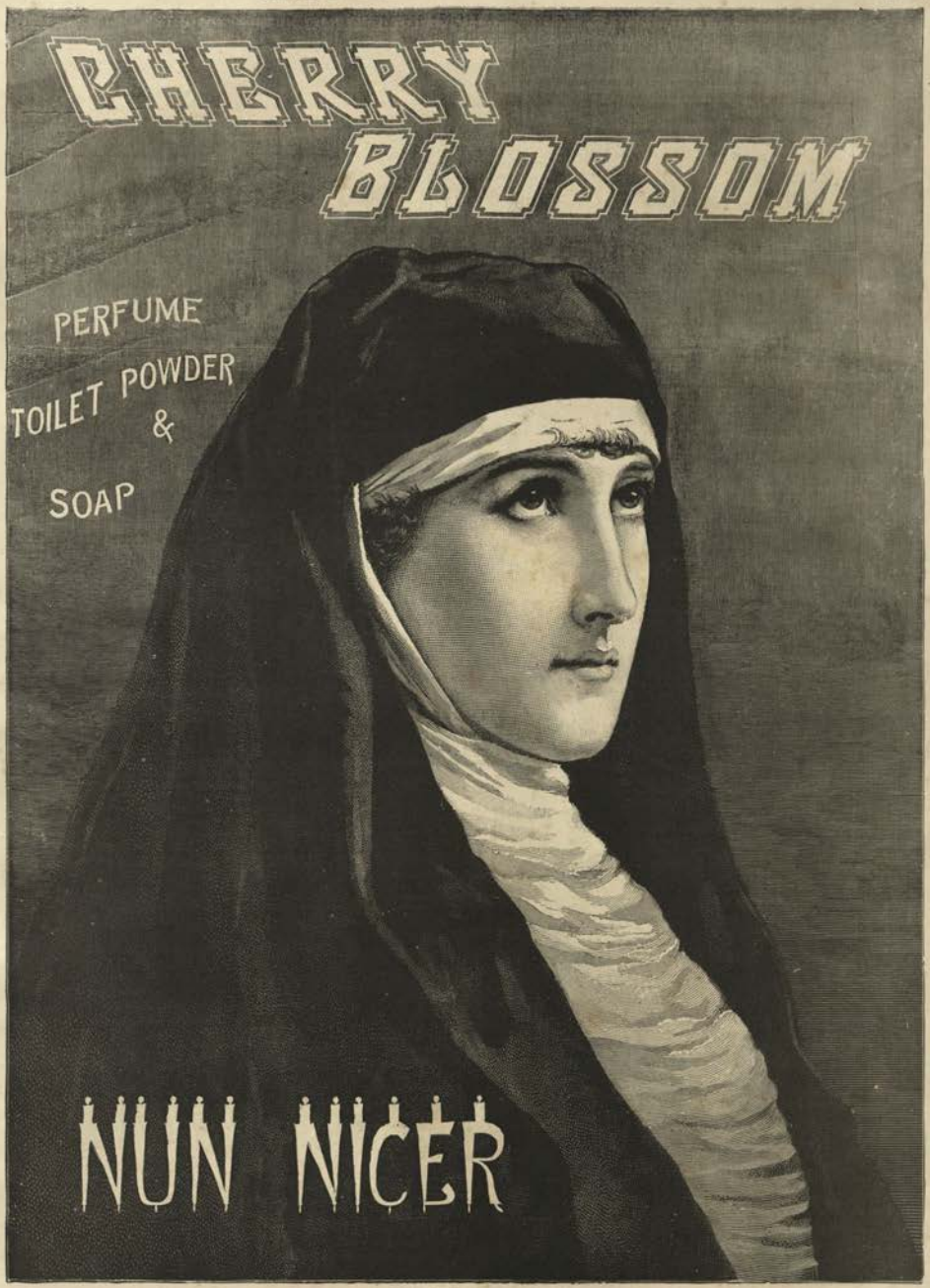
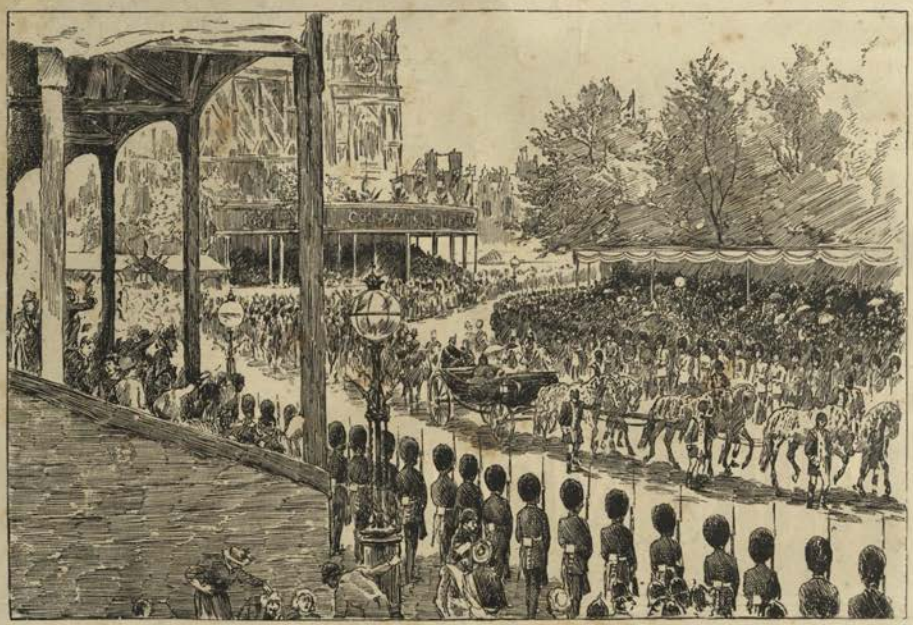


IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE—Gosnell v. Durant—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs, restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell and Co.'s Registered Trade Mark, **CHERRY BLOSSOM**.

109376

DRINKING THE QUEEN'S HEALTH FROM THE TOWN PUNCH BOWL, KIRKCUDBRIGHT, JUNE 21

THE LOST SLIPPER—A FOOTMAN'S DILEMMA, JUNE 21



THE ROYAL PROCESSION ENTERING PARLIAMENT SQUARE

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

HIS HIGHNESS THE RAO OF KUTCH

HIS HIGHNESS THE THAKORE SAHIB OF MORVI

THE THAKORE SAHIB OF GONDAL, K.C.I.E.

SOME OF THE ROYAL GUESTS

Inflating the Great Balloon

THE JUBILEE FÊTE TO CHILDREN OF LONDON SCHOOLS IN HYDE PARK
Organised by Mr. E. L. Lawson, of the *Daily Telegraph*

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

jubilee gift, which served, too, as a means of conveyance for a loyal address of congratulation. The casket took the form of a representation of the finest half-timbered Hall in Cheshire, and perhaps in England. This model building surmounts an oak base which contains the drawer holding the illuminated scroll. The Hall chosen for representation in miniature is Bramhall, the ancient and famous seat of the Davenport family. It is now in the possession of Mr. C. T. Neville. Its beauty and suitability for the purpose of the model caused it to be fixed upon for artistic representation, more than the fact of its proximity to Stockport, and of its historic association. The making of the work, which required no small artistic skill and

CASKET
Presented to the Queen by the People of Stockport

taste for its proper performance, was entrusted to Messrs. Elkington. The Hall is in ivory with ebony diversions, metallic frames and mouldings, bronze standing for red brick and terra cotta, with silver oxydised roof and gables. The plan has been followed with painstaking fidelity. The moulding of doors and windows has been carefully rendered in miniature. An agreeable air of freshness and light has been given to the whole by the introduction of mother-of-pearl into the windows. These are traversed by fine black lines, and show the small panes of glass which are a feature in early English houses. The brackets and oriel windows are exceedingly well done. The large boards, also, at the end of the gables, curiously and variously carved as they are, give artistic quality to the model. The modellers have avoided the danger of uniformity of colour by a judicious use of materials. The casket bears the Royal Arms modelled in silver and enamelled in heraldic colours as well as the Stockport Arms. A silver plate bears the following inscription:—"Presented to Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, on the

Fiftieth Anniversary of Her Accession, by Her faithful subjects the Women of Stockport."

THE ROYAL NAVY AND MARINES

The Royal Navy and Royal Marines made a beautiful and interesting Jubilee present to Her Majesty. It consisted of the models of two ships in silver, the models illustrating the change which has occurred in naval architecture between 1837 and 1887, each ship being a type of the Navy of its time. To represent our fleet of 1837 the *Britannia* was chosen. This vessel was a regular three-decker, and fought both at Trafalgar and at Sebastopol. A vessel of the *Sans Pareil* type called the *Queen* supplied the model for the ship of the time in which we live. Nine hundred ounces of silver were employed in the construction of this handsome gift, each model being three feet in length, a boat being added to the *Queen* to make her of the same length as the *Britannia*. The scale used was a tenth of an inch to the foot. The vessels are mounted on thick plate glass, so prepared as to represent the sea, while both are supported on ebony plinths. The presentation was accompanied by an address to the Queen, in which a summary of naval progress during the last fifty years was given, and the establishment of the Royal Naval Reserve, of the Royal Naval Volunteer Force, and of the Royal College for Naval Instruction at Greenwich were specially referred to.

THE ARMY, MILITIA, AND VOLUNTEERS

A Jubilee present was also offered to Her Majesty for acceptance by the officers and men of the Army, the Militia, and Volunteers. It was subscribed for voluntarily. The gift took the form of statuettes in silver of the late Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Connaught.

THE ALBERT MEDAL

The Society of Arts awarded to the Queen its Albert Medal for the year 1887, and this Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept.

The highest honour in the gift of the Society is the Albert Medal, which was founded in memory of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, who was for eighteen years President of the Society. On the 4th of February, 1863, the Council resolved:—

"That a gold medal, to be called the Albert Medal, be provided by the Society, to be awarded by the Council not oftener than once a year, for distinguished merit in promoting Arts, Manufactures, or Commerce."

It was subsequently resolved that Mr. Leonard Wyon be requested to furnish the model for a head of the Prince at a late period of his life, the inscription to be "Albert, Prince Consort." It was decided that the reverse should be illustrative of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, and that several well-known artists should be invited to furnish designs. Ultimately, Mr. Leonard Wyon produced a design, which was accepted, and he then proceeded to prepare the dies. The first award of the Albert Medal was in 1863, to Sir Rowland Hill, "For his great services to Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in the creation of the penny postage, and for his other reforms in the postal system of this country, the benefits of which have extended over the civilised world."

THE LEAMINGTON CASKET

The gold casket presented to Her Majesty the Queen, with the Address from the Mayor and Corporation of Royal Leamington Spa, stands on a plinth of dove-coloured marble, which bears on a shield the arms, crest, and motto of the borough, enamelled in proper heraldic colours. A line of aventurine or goldstone intervenes between the marble base and the ivory body of the casket, forming

an agreeable break. In the centre of the casket is a portrait of Her Majesty, enamelled in colours on gold; this has on either side a wreath of oak leaves and laurels in fine emeralds, whilst the sceptres of Power and Peace, and the years 1837—1887, with the word Jubilee, appear underneath. Two enamelled bosses display symbols of the artistic and material progress of the reign, and the ends are fitted in with views of the Municipal Buildings and College. The back has in the centre an oval disc, engraved;—

"To Her Most Excellent Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, &c., from the Mayor and Corporation of Royal Leamington Spa."

The small discs are occupied by monograms of Her Majesty and Royal Leamington Spa. The lid bears back and front the Queen's monogram, V.R. and I., enamelled on gold, with the Trumpet of Fame in gold and the Jubilee Trumpet in Silver. The ends of the lid bear the name and crest of the Mayor (S. T. Wackrill, Esq., J.P.), whilst the Royal Arms, heraldically treated form an important and appropriate finish on the top, being boldly designed and marking it as a gift to Royalty.

The casket was specially designed and manufactured by Mr. R. S. Roberts.

PRESENTATION OF THE WOMEN'S OFFERING TO THE QUEEN

On Wednesday, June the 22nd, at Buckingham Palace, the Queen received the officers of the General Committee of the Women's Jubilee offering of 75,000*l*. The officers were the Duke of Westminster, Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., and Sir James M'Garel-Hogg, M.P. (the trustees), Lord Charles Brudenell Bruce and Mr. Charles Morley (the treasurers), and Major Thomas Tully and Mr. Leonard Broke Willoughby (the honorary secretaries). There were about two hundred ladies present.

The company assembled in the White Drawing Room, where Her Majesty, who was preceded by Lord Lathom, the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Bridport, was accompanied by the Crown Princess of Germany, Princess Beatrice, and other members of the Royal Family. Her Majesty passed down the double row of ladies, and the Countess of Strafford, as President of the Committee, then presented her with a beautifully illuminated address emblazoned with the arms of various towns of the kingdom, and the names of subscribers in England, Scotland, and Wales, the scrolls of names being enclosed in an historical box which once belonged to George III. The Countess informed Her Majesty that the subscriptions were contributed by nearly three million women in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

Her Excellency the Marchioness of Londonderry then, on behalf of the Irishwomen, presented the Queen with a handsome casket, carved out of Irish bog oak, with a representation of the Irish harp with golden strings on the cover.

The presentations were graciously received by Her Majesty, who spoke to many of the ladies, and the deputation then retired.

THE WORCESTER VASES

These vases, the Jubilee gift of the women of Worcester presented by the Mayoress to the Queen, are of Indian design, similar in shape, but decorated in quite distinct styles of Indian work. The form of each is a globe raised upon a pierced foot, the neck and shoulders and

HIS EXCELLENCY M. CHRISTICH
The Special Envoy of His Majesty the King of Servia at the Queen's Jubilee

cover being similarly pierced. Each base stands upon a richly decorated plinth. The ornamentation of both vases is highly enriched with raised gold *cloisonné* work, delicately coloured. The handles are damascened with gold and silver. The form the vases were to take was designed by Mr. Hadley; the decorations were the work of Mr. W. Moore Binns.

THE ACTORS' JUBILEE ADDRESS

Amongst the many loyal and patriotic addresses that have been presented to Her Majesty, none has created more popular interest than the magnificent volume offered by "her faithful servants," the actors of England, which is engraved on page 8. And certainly the offering is worthy such an historic event, from such a profession, for a more sumptuous volume has seldom found place in a Royal library. The conception of the whole work has been most daring, and not the least difficult task in connection with it has been the collection of signatures from the various "casts" engaged in the provinces, who, moving from town to town, made the undertaking almost impossible. But the Committee determined to spare no expense or trouble in securing the names of those who desired to testify their loyalty—and the result shows a roll of autographs embracing the most successful to the humblest actor in the land.

The volume is about the size of a copy of *The Graphic*, and contains nearly two hundred sheets of vellum. We have given an illustration of the address, painted and designed by Mr. Burnside, showing a pretty sketch of Windsor, cupids holding aloft the Royal quarterings, draped with rose, thistle, and shamrock, whilst the Comedy and Tragedy masks, mandolines, and other emblems of the Thespian art, are wreathed with ivy and bay-leaves. Preceding this is a quaint and happy design of cupids holding aloft the Royal

a d Imperial crowns, from which, falling in not ungraceful confusion amidst a shower of roses, are the dates 1837—1887. Then follow the sheets of signatures, each vellum bearing a light and graceful water-colour sketch. In such an extensive volume one would look for repetition of the design, but in no case have they been repeated; and, in turning over the pages, we are struck with the variety of artistic embellishments.

One of the most interesting of the series we have selected for illustration, containing the names of Mr. Henry Irving's company. The design is painted Miss Katie Bachelor, whose delicately painted floral sketches have added much to the beauty of the work. Then Drury Lane, the National Theatre, with its boldly drawn sketch of the raft scene from *Life*, a scene from the opera of *Norma*, and pantomime figures, show how catholic its popular and energetic manager is in his catering for the public. Nothing could be better in this way than the provincial designs—Aberdeen, with its Highland Laddie keeping watch by Balmoral and the Royal Arches at Edinburgh, are succeeded in order by Gloucester and York, with views of their "storied windows." Old playgoers will read with interest the name of James Anderson, who in days gone by played with Macready, and whose Romeo in our fathers' time afforded such delight. The signature, alas, is feeble, betokening "the noiseless steps of time," but his loyalty is unshaken, and his name may recall to Her Majesty the old days when she delighted her subjects by her patronage of the Drama. Modern playgoers will see their favourites too—Ellen Terry, Mary Anderson, and the latest recruit that Society has given the stage—"Cora Urquhart Potter."

The work, which has been designed and bound by Mr. Zaensdorf, F.S.A., York Street, has been executed in a manner worthy his reputation. Covered in Royal red morocco, and "tooled" with delicate seventeenth-century scrolls, it has been declared by many experts to be one of the finest specimens of the beautiful art of bookbinding seen in recent years.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION GIFT

NOT the least interesting tribute offered to Her Majesty on the occasion of her Jubilee were the petitions signed in 190 schools associated with the Ragged School Unions, and containing upwards of 30,000 signatures from as many of Her Majesty's youngest and very poorest subjects. The joint authors of the address to the Queen are Professor Leone Levi and Mr. John Kirk, Secretary to

the Ragged School Union. It alludes in appropriate terms to the gratitude entertained by officers, teachers, and scholars to the Queen for her kindness in becoming patroness of the Ragged School Union. Since its commencement the Union has taken no fewer than 200,000 children off the streets of London, and this is only a part of its work.

From the Women of the Kingdom came an immense buffalo trunk studded with brass nails, the nails in devices showing the Royal Arms and the initials "V. R." and on either side are brass bands, on which are engraven good wishes to the Queen. The citizens of York sent an immense album of rich morocco, with the Royal Arms embossed upon the covers. Within are five views of the city.

Germans living in Great Britain gave Her Majesty a beautiful painting in water colours, in which are reproduced all the members of the German Emperor's family, the Emperor and Empress being also included. Another present, which, it is understood, came from the Marchioness of Salisbury, was a portrait in oils of the Prime Minister wearing the ribbon and star of the Order of the Garter.

From Staffordshire came a beautifully carved oak cabinet.

The women of Heligoland sent an album, with crimson plush covers, containing photographic views of the island.

The Royal Female School of Art and the Royal Scottish Society of Painters also sent albums.

A deputation from the Royal Cambrian Society of Art also presented to the Queen in two magnificently-bound volumes sketches of Welsh scenery. Her Majesty accepted the gift, and thanked the deputation "for their very valuable and handsome present."

An interesting present is a patchwork quilt, made by inmates of the Fox Court Ragged Schools.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF WATER COLOURS' GIFTS.

THE Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours presented to Her Majesty a collection of drawings, contained in four albums, as a Jubilee gift. Among the drawings was one by Mr. Alma-Tadema, entitled, "A Siesta." The presentation was made to the Queen at Buckingham Palace, on the 22nd of June, by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., President; Mr. Carl Haag R.W.S.; and Mr. Alfred D. Fripp, the Secretary.

THE GIFTS OF ROYAL SOVEREIGNS

THE gifts of the German Emperor to Her Majesty is a splendid Dresden Yellow-ware Service of some six hundred pieces, and a relief portrait of the Emperor William and the Empress Augusta. Professor Kopf, of Rome, the well-known sculptor, executed this work of art, and had special sittings from the illustrious subjects at Berlin, whither he went for the purpose of obtaining a perfectly accurate presentation of the Imperial pair.

The King of Belgians' gift is a grand silver cup, two feet in height, with figures of children and elaborately-worked panels, on which are recorded the following historical dates: "1837 crowned, 1840 married, 1877 Empress, 1887 Jubilee."

The King of Denmark's present is a handsome china vase, with views of the Royal Palaces of Denmark painted by skilled artists. The lid of the vase is supported by four swans, the whole being exquisitely modelled. The Emperor of Austria's offering was brought over here from Vienna by the Crown Prince Rudolph. It is a pretty basket, in which are fifty bottles of the world-renowned Tokay wine.

A splendid set of Dresden Chinaware formed the Jubilee present of His Majesty King Frederick of Saxony.

From the Queen of Roumania, the accomplished "Carmen Sylva," Her Majesty received a copy, magnificently bound, of the "Queen's Diary," which was translated into Roumanian by the Royal giver, who has distributed over all her country a cheap edition of her work. This graceful present was fully appreciated by the Royal recipient.

The Pope, by his Envoy, Monsignor Ruffo Scilla, sent to the Queen as his Jubilee gift a reproduction in mosaic of a fresco by

MOSAIC FROM THE POPE

Raphael, representing an allgorical figure of Poetry. This work of art was executed at the Vatican.

The Khedive's present to Her Majesty was a necklace composed of antique Egyptian gems of very great value. The bearer of this valuable gift was Nubar Pasha.

A costly widow's cap was sent to the Queen as a Jubilee gift from the Queen-Regent of Spain. It is made of priceless old Spanish lace, with an embroidered veil at the back hanging almost to the ground, and a pearl diadem in front, the jewels being embroidered on the lace by Queen Christina herself, who is an accomplished needle-woman. The cap is copied from an old portrait which Queen Christina found in the Palace at Madrid, representing a widow of the Spanish Royal House in the gala costume of three centuries ago.

GOLD AND SILVER CENTRE-PIECE
Presented to the Queen by the whole of Her Majesty's Children and Grandchildren

THE GIFTS OF BRITISH SUBJECTS ABROAD

THE ALBUM PRESENTED BY BRITISH RESIDENTS IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The Address from British Subjects resident in Austria-Hungary was presented to Her Majesty in a handsome Album, which constituted their Jubilee gift. The address is illuminated in richly-coloured Gothic characters, and is enclosed in an envelope of Viennese Art work. The ground work of the Album is carved leather, the most difficult and rare kind of hand industry in leather. Indeed there are very few craftsmen in Vienna who are capable of it at all. In the middle are the Royal Arms of England in embossed bronze, the colours of which are executed in embossed fire enamel. The arms are surrounded by a wreath of laurel in green enamel, and round the laurel wreath is another entwined of roses, shamrocks, and thistles. Over the Royal Arms is a small medallion bearing the date 1837, encircled with a wreath of laurel, shamrock, and thistle, also in enamel. Under the Royal Arms is a similar medallion, showing the year 1887, with a wreath of laurel and roses. The middle field is enclosed in a richly enamelled border in relief. The album is put out of hand with the highest artistic skill, and the work was entrusted to the celebrated maker of Viennese Art specialities, Herr August Klein, who generously produced an album of twice the value of the sum voted, actuated indeed by a double impulse—that of doing honour to the Queen, and that of bringing credit to Viennese Art. The case containing the album was made by the well-known Viennese firm of August Klein, under the direction of Mr. S. W. Brooke.

THE BOMBAY JUBILEE CASKET

THE casket containing the address of the Municipal Corporation of Bombay for presentation to Her Majesty is an oblong box, 2 ft. 4 in. long, 10 in. wide at the base, and 11 in. high; composed chiefly of ivory, and is supported on four gold eagle claws. The base or bottom of the casket is of richly-carved ivory in vandykes and Indian arabesques. The front and rear panels, each 20 in. long by 2 in. broad, are of solid gold richly embossed, the front panel bearing in old English raised letters the words, "Victoria Queen, Kaiser-i-Hind, 1837-1887." The four gold corner columns are each surmounted by the Imperial Crown in miniature, while the end panels carry the Royal Arms and those of the city of Bombay in solid gold. The lid is of ivory, magnificently ornamented with golden leaves in relief. The escutcheon plate, and thumbpieces are of solid gold, the latter being handsomely embossed in oriental pattern. The inside of the casket, while of course not so imposing in appearance as the exterior of the trophy, nevertheless shows careful workmanship. It is lined with deep crimson velvet, and contains an ivory roller supported on cheeks of the same material, round which the address is to be placed. With reference to the address, it may be stated that it is on vellum, that its mountings are white satin, and that it is further beautified by two golden tassels. The presentation was made by Captain Morhead, Port Officer of Bombay. This gentleman has been Chairman of the Municipal Corporation of the Premier City of India, and made himself prominent in connection with the celebration of the Jubilee in India last February.—Our illustration is from a photograph kindly forwarded by Mr. Craig, the Hon. Sec. of the Bombay Amateur Photographic Society.

THE GENEVA BROOCH

THIS superb brooch was presented to Her Majesty the Queen when at Aix-les-Baine as a Jubilee offering, by a deputation of the British colony at Geneva, headed by their Consul, Mr. D. P. F. Barton. The brooch consists of two miniature portraits on enamel, one of the late Prince Consort, the other of the Prince of Wales in his youth, painted some thirty years ago, by the well-known Lamunière. The mounting of the brooch is in rich *cinquefoil*, and comprises the Royal Crown, monogram, the Prince of Wales's feathers (in platinum), together with the three flowers emblematic of the three kingdoms. The firm of artists employed for this work was Golay Leresche and Sons of Geneva. Her Majesty expressed much pleasure at receiving this token of affectionate regard on the part of her subjects resident in the city of Calvin.

THE SPANISH PRESENT.

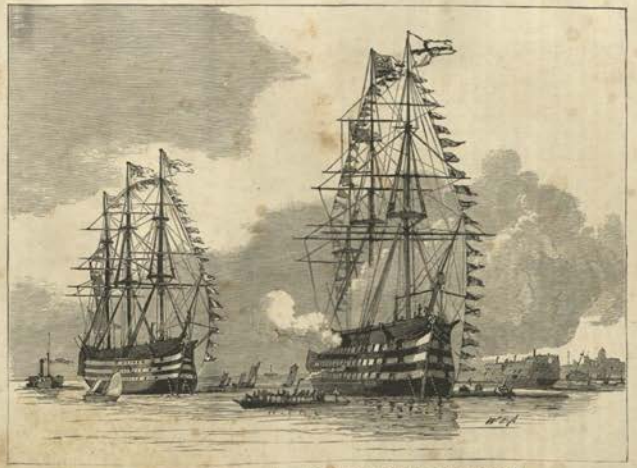
THOSE subjects of the Queen who reside in Seville sent to the Queen as their Jubilee gift a Spanish mantilla. It was enclosed in a handsome case of iron and gold.

UNVEILING MR. J. E. BOEHM'S JUBILEE STATUE OF THE QUEEN IN THE PRESENCE OF HER MAJESTY AT WINDSOR, JUNE 22

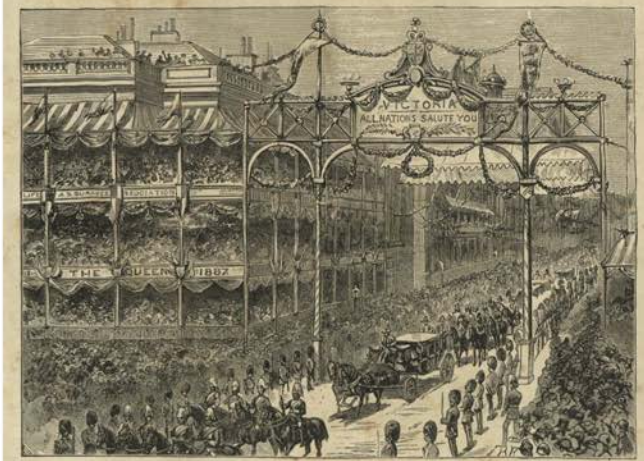
DEPUTATIONS PRESENTING JUBILEE GIFTS TO HER MAJESTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, JUNE 21

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

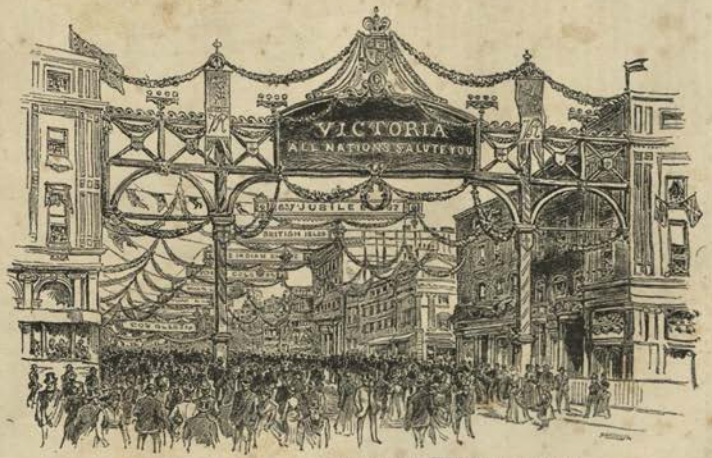
THE CIVIC JUBILEE SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, JUNE 23



NELSON'S SHIP, "THE VICTORY," FIRING A ROYAL SALUTE AT PORTSMOUTH ON JUBILEE DAY, JUNE 21



STAND ERECTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH LAW LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION, REGENT STREET



THE DECORATIONS IN REGENT STREET FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS TO WATERLOO PLACE

[THE ITALIAN PRESENT]

The English in Italy subscribed for a common gift. This took the form of a silver model of the Tartaruga Fountain, or Fountain

SILVER MODEL OF THE FOUNTAIN OF TURTLES, ROME
Presented to the Queen by the British Residents in Rome

of the Turtles. The model, however, will not be ready till the end of June, when it will be presented to the Queen by a deputation from the British residents in Italy.

THE INDIAN ESCORT

WE have to thank Captain C. W. Mute, Viceroy's Body-Guard, Commandant, and Captain G. A. Money, 18th Bengal Lancers, for the very courteous assistance given by them to our artist in procuring the annexed drawing of the Indian escort, whose names

greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout the Dominion, and the English and French Press alike contain loyal allusions to the event. At Toronto commemorative services were held in the cathedral and other places of worship, including the Jewish synagogue, on June 21st. The public buildings and banks were closed, but the general celebration took place on the Thursday and Friday following. Halifax and all the cities and towns of the Maritime Provinces, were in gala attire on Jubilee Day. Sermons suitable to the occasion, were preached in every church. In the larger cities there were parades of troops. A holiday of two days was held both in Halifax and St. John's, New Brunswick. In the latter town there were sports, a parade, a regatta, an oratorical festival, and a gathering of school children. At Fredericton the corner-stone of a hospital was laid. At Halifax 10,000 school children were entertained, and their elders amused themselves with a Jubilee ball later in the day. So it was elsewhere on this coast. Far away across the North American continent, at the western end of the Dominion, the same joyousness for the same cause was manifested. Thousands of people in Victoria, British Columbia, kept the Jubilee by making excursions into the United States. At this city, which takes its name from the Queen, the chief event in the rejoicings was a militia and a naval sham fight. In the evening the ships in harbour were illuminated. At Esquimalt, the coming great British port of the Pacific, there were similar gaieties. Quebec and Victoria and a host of other cities and towns linked together the loyal celebration of the East and West coasts of the Dominion of Canada, from St. John's to Victoria.

The greatest enthusiasm also prevailed in South Africa on Jubilee

vieing with each other in rendering them as successful as possible. An illuminated Address was forwarded to Her Majesty through the Governor. In the same fashion Kimberley, Mossel Bay, Graham's Town, and other towns celebrated this memorable day.

In Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, Australia, the enthusiasm on Monday and Tuesday, the two days of Jubilee celebration, was intense. The National Anthem was universally sung in all the churches of the Colony at thanksgiving service on the 20th of June. Sports were engaged in, and after them there was a review of 3,000 militia. The Governor held a *levée* on Jubilee Day itself, when Royal Addresses were presented, and the Mayor of Melbourne gave a grand luncheon at the Town Hall. Illuminations out of doors and a fancy dress ball indoors closed the festivities of the day. As a permanent memorial of the event, the Great Hall of the Victorian Parliament is henceforth to be called the Queen's Hall. Besides all this there have been both a musical festival and a great children's thanksgiving service in this stately city of the Antipodes. The rejoicings at Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane, Auckland, Perth, and Hobart Town were all characterised by the same warmth of feeling, and followed much the same lines in matters of detail.

Of course, where British soldiers were to be found, at Cairo, Alexandria, Suakim, at Malta, Gibraltar, Aden, and at the Bermudas, and so on, there was no lack of fervour and energy in the celebration of June 21st. The Crown Colonies were not behind-hand. Demerara vied with Nassau and the Bermudas, Sierra Leone, Hong Kong, the Mauritius, Singapore, Cyprus, Fiji—all had the same tale to tell of the honouring of a good and great Queen, of a wise Constitutional Monarch, by a sincerely and thoroughly

Ressaldar Hafiz Mohammad Nawaz Khan, 15th Bengal Cavalry, Mahomedan

Ressaldar Major Nafir Ali Khan, 18th Bengal Lancers, Mahomedan

Ressaldar Major Nurul Hassan, 6th Prince of Wales' Bengal Lancers, Mahomedan

Subadar Sheik Imdad Ali, Viceroy's Body Guard, Mahomedan

Subadar Ibrahim Khan, 5th Prince of Wales' Own Light Cavalry, Mahomedan

Ressaldar Major Mon gutter Khan, Bahadoor, 4th Cavalry, Mahomedan

Jemadar Kanshan Singh, 2nd Bengal Lancers, Hindoo

Wordie Major Lena Singh, 3rd Central India Horse, Hindoo

Ressaldar Major Zafar Ali Khan Sirdar Bahadoor, 3rd Punjab Cavalry, Mahomedan

Ressaldar Mohammad Boksh, 3rd Bombay Cavalry, Mahomedan

Ressaldar Lall Singh, 14th Bengal Lancers, Hindoo

Ressaldar Sher Singh, Sirdar Bahadoor, 2nd Punjab Cavalry, Hindoo

Ressaldar Major Jorl Singh, 15th Bengal Lancers, Hindoo

INDIAN OFFICERS SUMMONED TO ENGLAND BY THE QUEEN TO REPRESENT HER MAJESTY'S NATIVE INDIAN ARMY AT THE JUBILEE PROCESSION, JUNE 22

are subjoined. These officers are picked representatives of the various branches of our Indian Army, and typify the harmonious co-operation of men of different race and creed in the service of the Crown. Jemadar is the Indian equivalent of our military title Lieutenant, and Subadhar stands in the same relation to the word Captain.

THE CELEBRATIONS IN THE COLONIES

AT Ottawa, the capital of our Dominion of Canada, the Official Jubilee celebrations were not begun till the 30th of June, but we may imagine that they will be bright and enthusiastic enough; judging from what has already taken place in British North America. For example, Montreal had a military review in honour of the Queen's Jubilee, which proved a great success, and was witnessed by thousands of spectators, a large number of people coming in from the country. The city was crowded, and gaily decorated, the French quarter exhibiting a quantity of bunting and devices with loyal inscriptions. Illuminations on the most extensive scale took place in the evening. Hamilton, London, and many other towns are keeping the Jubilee to-day with decorations, processions, reviews, and concerts. The Day. Natal was *en fête*. At Capetown, the capital of Cape Colony, the festivities were inaugurated at eight o'clock in the morning by a grand military demonstration and the firing of a salute of one hundred and one guns from the ports in succession. At noon three cheers were given for the Queen by the troops on parade, and a salute of twenty-one guns were fired at the same time by the Imhoff Battery. Sir Hercules Robinson attended Divine Service at the Cathedral in State, accompanied by the members of the Cape Legislature. The Dutch also held Thanksgiving services, at which the National Anthem was lustily sung. There were processions of public bodies, school children were entertained, and 8,000 of them received each a Jubilee medal, bearing the Queen's image and the Colonial coat-of-arms. The foundation-stone of a statue to Her Majesty was laid by the Governor.

Five hundred Germans formed a torchlight procession, which was joined by 2,000 Malays, and proceeded to the Governor's residence, where they presented a congratulatory address to his Excellency. A review of 3,000 of the combined Regular and Volunteer Forces was held by the Governor, the Admiral of the Cape Station co-operating with a naval demonstration in Table Bay. The decorations and illuminations were on an extensive scale, all classes loyal people. In nothing has the essential oneness of the Anglo-Saxon race more displayed itself at one time than in the present

THE DECORATIONS IN ST. JAMES'S STREET

manifestation of heartfelt loyalty to the throne and person of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS BY BRITISH RESIDENTS ABROAD

THE Englishman abroad is more English probably than the Englishman at home, and on no occasion has this fact ever made itself more manifest than in the celebration of this Jubilee. Here, indeed, he has had with him the cordial co-operation and sympathy

DECORATIONS IN OXFORD STREET

of foreigners, which he does not always obtain in many other things where his sentiments and strongest convictions are profoundly engaged. We need feel no surprise that in Berlin, the seat of a Court closely united by ties of family with our own, the festivities, patronised by Sir Edward and Lady Ernsyntrude Malet, were heartily shared in by the *élite* of Berlin society, and obtained the sympathy of the German people. The British artisans and their families resident in that capital had a gala *fête* in the Hoppegarten, a suburban open space, and our Ambassador presided at a great banquet at the Kaiserhof, where the proceedings were all characterised by harmony and enthusiasm. The German Press, in its many articles devoted to the Jubilee, was of one accord in its praise of the Queen, and in appreciation of the progress made during her reign. What happened in Berlin occurred also in Dresden, Breslau, Coblenz, and in every town in which there was any collection of English homes worthy of being named an English colony.

The celebration in Austria-Hungary was not confined to Vienna. Prague, Buda-Pesth, Trieste joined equally in the rejoicings. One of the most interesting features in the Jubilee Festival in the Austrian capital was the *matinée* given by the D'Oyley Carte company, in aid of the foundation of a Jubilee Memorial House for English Governesses. This theatrical entertainment was given on June 1st, and was attended by the Emperor Francis Joseph in person. The children in the schools of Vienna who were learning English had tickets given to them, and the actresses who performed were each presented with a bouquet by the Jubilee Committee. A pleasant dinner was given in the Prater to British residents on June 21st. The attitude of the Press and people was thoroughly cordial. The Viennese, moreover, have been much gratified at the conferring on the Crown Prince Rudolf of the Order of the Garter.

At Rome, a Garden Party was given at the British Embassy, attended by all that is most distinguished in Italian Society. The Jubilee was also well celebrated in Naples and other Italian towns earlier in the year. As may be seen in our list of gifts, the English in Italy joined in a common subscription for a present to the Queen.

The Queen's Jubilee was celebrated at Paris some weeks ago in the first place by a dinner and ball, which took place at the Hôtel Continental. They were both eminently successful. At the former some two hundred gentlemen and a few ladies were present, and there were the usual demonstrations of hearty loyalty. The ball, for which the entire ground-floor of the spacious hostelry was thrown open, was attended by Lord Lyons, the Italian Ambassador to the French Republic, by the First Secretary of the German Embassy, by Colonel Lichtenstein, representing President Grévy, and by a deputation of officers representing every branch of the French army. There were also present a large number of the leading members of the English community in Paris.

Mr. Blount, who has done so much to make the Jubilee a success in the French capital, organised a children's *fête*. Some 800 children were taken on Thursday, June 16th, to Achères, in the Forest of St. Germain, and there had given them what must have been for the little ones a most enjoyable treat. These British children were the progeny of Catholics, Protestants, and Jews; and the sons and daughters of a French father and an English mother, or of a French mother and an English father were not excluded. The little ones range in age from five weeks to the period of the dawn of hobbledehoydom. The old lady who was overcome with wonder on her first visit to France at hearing quite young children speak French would have been still more astonished in the forest-encircled glade of Achères to learn that some boys and girls surprisingly glib with their Parisian were of English blood, yet almost strangers to the English tongue. Still, English blood, whether on the father's or mother's side, was a passport to the rolls of meat and bread, and to the bowls of fresh milk, and even to weak wine and water, if that beverage was preferred. A band, kindly sent by the Governor of Paris, played popular melodies, though the yet more delightful street organ was not wanting with its rapid succession of tunes to fill full the juvenile cup of joy. The Brothers Girard, from the Folies Bergères, kept an audience not hard to please in roars of laughter. Besides there were races, for which the prizes were real silver watches. A Jubilee medal was presented to each small guest of Mr. Blount and his committee, that gentleman, moreover, being the object of what—*pace* Mr. Freeman—is called an ovation at the hands of the little ones. On Monday, June 20th, a dinner was given to British workmen at St. Mandé.

Lord Lyons had a grand dinner on Jubilee Day and a garden party on the Wednesday, both of which were brilliantly successful. It is pleasant to note that the tone of the French Press has been altogether most friendly as regards the Jubilee, and that its allusions to Her Majesty have been both graceful and unalloyed in compliment. Of France it may be said, as of Germany, that wherever Britons were to be found in any numbers, there the sound of rejoicing and festivity might be heard. Even where two or three were met together there was a display of loyalty, as in the case of two Englishman who, on the summit of Mont Blanc, drank the Queen's health and sang the National Anthem. It was only natural that such essentially English towns as Boulogne, Calais, and Dieppe should be conspicuous for their jubilations.

It is said that the Spaniards at Madrid never honoured a foreign monarch as they have done Queen Victoria on this, the occasion of her Jubilee, by the way in which they have assisted in the English rejoicings in their capital. On the morning of the Jubilee Day the British Minister received visits from the heads of all the Diplomatic Missions accredited there, and again, in the afternoon, they were all present at his reception. As representative of the Royal Family, the Infanta Isabel appeared, and every member of the Cabinet, Many Ex-Ministers, the entire English Colony, and between six and seven hundred Spanish ladies and gentlemen helped further to fill the Saloons of the Legation. The building was illuminated at night. The leading Spanish papers contained warm eulogies of Queen Victoria.

The same story reaches us from the Hague and St. Petersburg, from Oporto and Constantinople, from Shanghai and Yokohama, from Brussels and from Valparaiso, and from a host of other places, showing how widely scattered British citizens are, and in what high and universal repute Queen Victoria is held.

The Americans are scarcely foreigners to us. They are kinsfolk, and they have joined as kinsfolk right heartily in the rejoicings of British subjects resident in the United States. The President Cleveland has sent to the Queen a letter, which we reproduce as doing honour to the head and heart of the writer, and of the great people whose chosen ruler he is. He writes:—

"Great and Good Friend,—In the name and on behalf of the people of the United States, I present their sincere felicitations

JUBILEE MEDAL
struck at Lewes to Commemorate the Jubilee

upon the arrival of the fiftieth anniversary of your Majesty's accession to the Crown of Great Britain. I but utter the general voice of my fellow-countrymen in wishing for your people a prolongation of reign so marked with advance in popular well-being, physical, moral, and intellectual. It is justice and not adulation to acknowledge the debt of gratitude and respect due to your personal virtues for their important influence in producing and causing the prosperous and well-ordered condition of affairs now generally prevailing throughout your dominions. May your life be prolonged, and peace, honour, and prosperity bless the people over whom you have been called to rule. May liberty flourish throughout your Empire, under just and equal laws, and your Government be strong in the affections of all who live under it, and I pray God to have your Majesty in His holy keeping.—Done at Washington this 27th day of May, A.D. 1887. GROVER CLEVELAND."

Most successful, too, was the demonstration in New York. All the British vessels in that port were decorated. Flags were universally displayed by both Britons and Americans. A great Jubilee celebration was held in the Metropolitan Opera House at ten in the morning. This festival was largely orchestral and musical. The Mayor of New York summed up the prevailing American sentiment when he said: "She is our friend as she is your Queen." "God Save the Queen" was sung at the end of the festival, the whole audience standing the while. There were great sports on Staten Island, attended by some 20,000 people. At the lunch which followed 400 tons of ham, beef, and tongue were provided for the feasters. All New York came out to see the fireworks, which made the bay in the evening one mass of flame. Similar rejoicings occurred at Chicago, Boston, Pittsburgh, Charlestown, and other places.

THE INEVITABLE PHOTOGRAPHER AND THE INEVITABLE DOG ON JUBILEE DAY

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.—THE QUEEN EMBRACING HER CHILDREN AND RELATIVES AFTER THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 21

JUBILEE HISTORICAL PAGEANT AT LANCASTER

The Historical Section of the torchlight procession at Lancaster, included tableaux of figures dressed in costume of 1887, 1087, 1187, 1287, 1387, 1487, 1587, 1687, 1787, 1887. The Imperial Section of the Procession comprised representatives of Canada, Africa, Australia,

1187—KING RICHARD I.

1587—QUEEN ELIZABETH

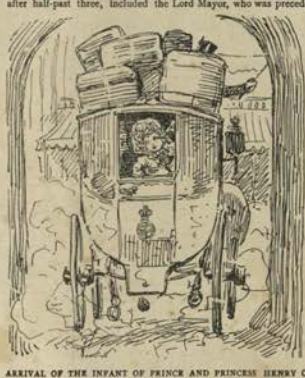
1387—RICHARD II.

TRADES PROCESSION

India, and Britain. There was also a Grotesque Section in which there was a grand representation of His Most Satanic Majesty, with his attendant Imps, holding a Jubilee on the amount of mischief he has been able to create during the last fifty years. Following him a grotesque carnival representing all the different sections of Society. Chief among these we may mention King Cash and his attendant slaves, a motley crowd of Monks, Mashers, Chinamen, Clowns, Brigands, Jesters, Watchmen, Greenwich Pensioners, Niggers, Admirals, Sailors, &c.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S

A SPECIAL Jubilee Thanksgiving Service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral on the afternoon of Thursday, the 23rd of June, and was attended in State by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs. The procession of civic dignitaries, which left the Guildhall soon after half-past three, included the Lord Mayor, who was preceded



ARRIVAL OF THE INFANT OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

by the City Marshal and ten constables, and the Sword and Mace Bearers, Aldermen past and below the chair, the Recorder, Sheriffs, high officers of the Corporation, the City Lands Committee, members of the Court of Common Council and the Court of Lieutenancy, and the Masters and Wardens of the City Companies. The procession entered the Cathedral by the west door, and having traversed the middle aisle the Lord Mayor was conducted to the Cathedral Throne, over which the sword was hung; the members of the Corporation being seated in the choir. The members of the Court of Lieutenancy filed off to the right and left to seats provided for them under the dome, as did also the Masters and Wardens of the City Companies. The service commenced with the Lord's Prayer, followed by the "Te Deum Laudamus," which was sung "as a solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God for the completion of fifty years of the happy reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria." The "Te Deum," which was set to the music of Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum," and which was sung by the St. Paul's special festival choir, conducted by Dr. Stainer, and accompanied by the special orchestra and the organ, contained a number of solos, two trios, and a quartette, and occupied over forty-five minutes in delivery. After the singing of the "Te Deum," the lesson was read from the 22nd chap. of Matthew, commencing at the 16th verse. Then followed the prayers for the Queen, Prince of Wales, and the Royal Family, and the special prayer of thanksgiving for the fifty years of Her Majesty's reign. After this, the vast congregation standing, the anthem was sung, the first part of which was chosen from the First Book of Chronicles, 17th chapter, and the 26th and 27th verses. The second part was taken as a solo, and the third as a chorus. The music of this was composed by Dr. Stainer. The last portion of the anthem consisted of "God Save the Queen," and in this the congregation joined. The service closed with the Benediction.

THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR

AFTER being present at the children's *fête* at Hyde Park, Her Majesty drove to Paddington and left by train for Windsor at six o'clock. The Queen, on alighting at Slough, was received by the Lord Lieutenant and the High Sheriff of Bucks. The magistrates and the Local Board having presented addresses, Her Majesty entered a carriage to drive through Eton. Escorting the carriage was a captain's escort of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, commanded by Lord Kilmarnock. In the Royal *carrige* there were seven landaus, drawn by grey ponies. The postilions were in scarlet, and the footmen in Ascot liveries.

At Eton, the Queen was received by Dr. Hornby, the Provost, Dr. Warre, the Head Master, and the fellows, who assembled opposite the quadrangle entrance; while the School Volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Clement and Major Durnford, were mounted on the west side of the road facing the Upper School. The rest of the boys, with the Assistant Masters, lined the large wall. The windows of the houses were filled with spectators. When the Queen's carriage approached the bar, the Volunteers received Her Majesty with a Royal salute.

While the National Anthem was played and the boys cheered, Addresses were handed to the Queen:—1, From the Provost, Vice-Provost, Fellows, and Masters of Eton College, by the Rev. J. Hornby, D.D., Provost.—2, From the King's Eldest Scholars and Upper Class of Eton College, by H. St. J. Thackeray, Esq., K.S., Captain of the School, and by H. Marshall, Esq., Captain of the Oppidans, jointly.—3, From the Eton Local Board, by the Rev. T. Dalton, Chairman. The Queen gave her usual gracious replies to these protestations of loyalty and offerings of congratulation. The Queen now moved off up the Castle Hill, the last carriage and the escort followed by the boys in fours, succeeded in their turn by the Volunteers. When the boys and Volunteers reached the Hundred Steps, they passed up them and took up positions on the slope of the Round Tower, facing east, and there awaited Her Majesty, who was to witness the unveiling of the statue of herself by Mr. Boehm. This statue is composed of bronze and Aberdeen granite, is about 15 ft. high, and presents an imposing appearance. The statue of the Queen, which represents Her Majesty attired in Royal robes, wearing the Garter insignia and holding an orb and sceptre, is cast in bronze, and on the base are four panels with supporting angels, finishing on dolphin terminals at the corners. The shield on the south bears the following inscription: "To commemorate the fiftieth year of the glorious reign of Victoria, Queen and Empress, June 20, 1887." The names of the contributing parishes and that of the Mayor are moulded on the north panel, and the west and east sides are adorned with the Royal quarterings and Windsor coat of arms. The memorial has cost about 2,500*l*. It was cast in Mr. Moore's foundry at Thames Ditton from a model by the eminent sculptor mentioned above, and now stood draped in the Union Jack and screened from spectators, Windsor's loyal gift to the Queen, awaiting the arrival of its recipient.

The weather was delightfully fine, and crowds of spectators thronged the streets, the merry pealing of the bells adding to the gaiety of the scene. While Her Majesty was travelling between Slough and Eton the Royal personages who had been invited to the ceremonial were assembling on the *dais* at the foot of the Grand Stand. Among the company here were the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, Prince Christian, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein. All the Princes wore military uniform. A guard of honour of the 1st Coldstreams, under the command of Colonel J. Montgomery, was mounted on the Castle Hill, near Henry VIII.'s Gateway, and another of the Berkshire Volunteers, under Major Holmes, opposite; the Royal route from Windsor Bridge to the Great Western station being kept by the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Berkshire Regiment, under Colonel Lord Wantage; and High Street and Park Street by the Coldstream Guards, under Colonel Hall. The Royal Standard announcing the arrival of the Queen was hoisted upon the Round Tower, and the bells of St. George's Chapel and St. John's Church pealed while Her Majesty slowly made her way up Thames Street amid the cheering of the spectators upon the slope, near the Hundred Steps, and along the route. It was a quarter past seven before the advance escort of the Royal Horse Guards heralded the approach of the Queen, who received a magnificent greeting. The Guards presented arms, and the band played the National Anthem as the Royal equipage passed. Immediately in front of the draped memorial Sir H. L. Simpson, the Mayor, advancing to the Royal carriage, presented an address from the Jubilee Committee to Her Majesty. The address, which was brilliantly illuminated, was enclosed in a silver-gilt casket of very beautiful design, costing 100 guineas. Her Majesty, in reply, said:

"I receive with great satisfaction your loyal and dutiful address, and I accept with cordial pleasure the statue by which you propose to commemorate the fiftieth year of my reign. I am deeply touched at the gratifying and enduring evidence which this work of art affords of your attachment to my throne and person. It is particularly pleasing to me that this memorial should have been erected by the inhabitants of this neighbourhood, among whom so much of my reign has been spent and so many events of my life have occurred. I trust that Windsor may ever share in all the prosperity and happiness which it may please God to bestow on the English people."

When the drapery fell from the statue, a flourish of trumpets from the Royal Horse Guards near the pedestal, a ruffle of drums from the 1st battalion Coldstream Guards, a presenting of arms by the troops, and a ringing of bells announced the fact.

After this the Royal party continued their drive to the Palace, which they entered by George the Fourth's Gateway, the Eton College Volunteers' guard of honour saluting as Her Majesty arrived in the Grand Quadrangle.

The Eton boys had a grand torchlight procession, when night fell, in the presence of the Queen and her Royal guests, that they might do honour to the Jubilee. This was one of the prettiest incidents in the record of this wonderful celebration, and to describe it we cannot do better than follow *verbatim* the account given in the *Court Circular*. This torchlight procession arrived with its band in the Lower Castle Yard from Eton College, entering the Quadrangle by St. George's Gate at 10 P.M., headed by the band of the Royal Horse Guards, and by the band and drums of the Coldstream Guards in the following order:—

Four companies Eton Volunteers in grey undress uniform, with torches.
Two companies in white, with torches.
Two companies in blue, with torches.
Two companies in white, with Chinese lanterns.
Two companies in blue, with Chinese lanterns.
Two companies, one in white and the other in blue, on the slope of the Round Tower.

The whole numbering about 900.

The procession entered the Quadrangle to the tunes of "The British Grenadiers," "Highland Laddie," and "Garryowen."

BEACON FIRE ON SNOWDON FROM NEAR CAPEL CURIG

1. First Movement.—The letters V.R. formed by the Volunteers and framed with torches and lanterns. "God Save the Queen" was sung by the boys, accompanied by the bands. The boys then gave threee cheers.

2. No. 1 figure was broken up while the boys were singing the Eton Boating Song.

BOATING SONG.

Jolly boating weather,
With a hay-harvest breeze;
Blade on the feather,
Shade off the trees;
Swing, swing together,
With our bodies between our knees.
(Chorus) Swing, swing together,
With our bodies between our knees

Rugby may be more clever
Harrow may make more row
But we'll row together
Steady from stroke to bow,
And nothing in life shall sever
The chaste that is round us now
(Chorus) Swing, swing, together, &c.

Others will fill our places,
Dressed in the old light blue;
We'll recollect our races
We'll to the flag prove true;
And youth will be still in our faces
When we cheer for an Eton crew
(Chorus) Swing, swing, &c.

Twenty years hence this weather
Will tempt us from office stools;
We may be slow on the feather,
And stiffen to boys old fools.
But we'll still sing together
And swear by the best of schools.
(Chorus) Swing, swing, &c.

and was succeeded by :—

3. The Rose. After the formation of which was sung a new Jubilee song, the words by A. C. Alexander, Esq., and the music by J. Barnby, Esq., written and composed expressly for the occasion—"Victoria our Queen."

JUBILEE SONG.

While the white wide realm rejoices,
Far and nearest or land and sea,
Eton brings her thousand voices,
Brings her thousand hearts to thee;
Grateful hearts thy love to own;
Loyal hearts to guard thy throne;
Voices loud to thank thee well;
Voices loud thy praise to tell;
Sing together one and all!
Shout together, great and small!
Victoria—Victoria—Victoria—our Queen!

Fifty years of high endeavour
For the right against the wrong;
Ever glorious—gracious ever—
Bid us raise an Etonsong;
Raise a song, Etonians raise!
Raise a song of love and praise!
Love that grows through smiles and tears
Fiftyfold in fifty years:
Sing together one and all!
Shout together great and small!
Victoria—Victoria—Victoria—our Queen!

4. No. 3 figure was broken up, the boys singing their favourite song, "Carmen Etonense." We subjoin the first stanza :—

CARMEN ETONENSE.

Sonent voces cantica
Liliorum flores,
Digna prosequentium
Laude Fundatores!
Concinamus, qualis
In Alumnis indoles
Fuerit regalis,
Donec oras Anglie
Alma lux foverit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! floreat!

After which was formed—

5. The Union Jack. After the formation of which the boys sang "Rule Britannia."

6. While bands played, this figure was broken up: all the boys retired towards the western end of the Quadrangle, where

7. Column was formed, and an advance made in quick time, and then at the double, towards the eastern end of the Quadrangle, bands playing and drums beating.

8. The halt sounded, and the bands first played, and then all sang in unison :—

Post festra dnum
Salve Regina,
Mater vera Patriæ;
Regina salve
Victoria.

The boys then gave three times three cheers, the band drums playing "God Save the Queen."

9. The procession then retired, the companies of boys on the slope of the Round Tower showing the words, "Good Night," written in Chinese lanterns. The boys then marched past the Queen—who, with her Royal Family, had come down into the Quadrangle, and repeated her thanks—headed by the bands playing "Auld Lang Syne," and left the Quadrangle by William IV.'s gateway. The whole of the songs were accompanied by the band.

Thus closed this very pleasant day in the Jubilee series.

When everything was finished, Her Majesty was pleased to say to the Head Master of Eton, the Rev. Dr. Edward Warre, "I am very grateful for the welcome you have given me, and sincerely thank you for this beautiful sight."

THE MILITARY REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT.

THE Crown Prince of Germany and his son, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Prince Albert Victor of Wales left Windsor on the morning of Thursday, the 23rd of June, by a special train on the South Western Railway for Aldershot, for the purpose of attending the military review there. The Queen did not go. Two other special trains were despatched from Waterloo for Farnborough, taking distinguished personages to witness the grand review. Among them were the Prince of Wales, Prince William of Prussia, the King of Saxony, the King of Greece, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Siam, the Indian Princes, and others.

The Prince of Wales left Aldershot again about four o'clock, arriving at Waterloo about 4.45 this afternoon.

About 12,000 men were on the ground, with 2,500 horses and fifty guns. The troops were all in position at a quarter past 10, the review being held on the steeplechase course to the westward of Cocked Hat Wood. The attacking force, under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Alison, consists of six batteries of field and horse artillery, three regiments of cavalry, and three infantry brigades, composed of nine battalions. Major-General Lyon Freemantle, C.B., commands the defender's force, consisting of a battery of horse and two batteries of field artillery, two regiments of cavalry, and seven militia battalions.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN KAPIOLANI OF HAWAII

At a quarter past eleven the Royal party arrived, and were received with a Royal salute, the massed bands playing "God Save the Queen." After riding down the lines the Royal party proceeded to the saluting base, and a march past took place, the mounted bands playing in front of the troops. The general idea of the proceedings is as follows :—A force advancing from Leatherhead *viâ* Guildford has reached Aldershot, and has just pitched its camp about the Claycart Plantations, when the officer commanding receives sudden information of the rapid approach of a superior force of the enemy from the direction of Odiham. Orders are at once given for the infantry to take up a defensive position near the encampment, while the cavalry and horse artillery are sent forward to hold the enemy in check.

THE JUBILEE COINS AND MEDAL

FOR the past fifty years our coins have borne the likeness of the Queen which was modelled by Mr. William Wyon, R.A., modeller and engraver to the Mint on Her Majesty's Accession in 1837. This year Her Majesty decided that henceforward the coins should bear the new effigy, modelled by Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A. In this the Queen appears crowned and veiled, with the Ribbon and Star and Garter, and the Victoria and Albert Order. The legend, "Victoria Dei Gratiâ Britanniarum Regina, Fidei Defensor," is variously arranged on the different coins. Alterations in some of the coins have also been made, while others remain unchanged. Thus the reverse of the sovereign still bears the design of St. George and the Dragon, by Pistrucci, first adopted for the sovereigns of George IV. The reverses of the half-sovereign and threepence remain unchanged, except that the crown has been assimilated to that used for the new effigy. The St. George and the Dragon design has been resumed for the five-pound piece, the double sovereign, and the five-shilling piece, this design having been adopted for these pieces when originally struck. The half-crown bears the same reverse as that coin bore when first issued, a design of considerable merit, by Merlin, while the shilling and sixpenny-piece, like the half-crown, bear the Royal arms, crowned, and surrounded by the Garter, instead of the words "sixpence" and "shilling" as at present. One addition has been made to the coins in circulation before, by the issue of a double-florin. The reverse is composed of crowned shields, bearing the arms of the United Kingdom arranged in the form of a cross between sceptres, a device which was first adopted for coins of Charles II. It was designed by Thomas Simon, a celebrated English engraver of that time. The reverse of the florin bears the same design, in place of the rose, shamrock, and thistle as formerly. The Queen was further pleased to command that the fiftieth anniversary of her accession should be commemorated by the issue of a medal. The effigy for this, which was also designed by Mr. Boehm, has a somewhat more ornate veil than that on the coin, and, on the bust, in addition to the Victoria and Albert Order, is shown the badge of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India. The reverse is designed by Sir Frederick Leighton. In the centre a figure representing the British Empire sits enthroned, resting one hand on the sword of Justice, and holding in the other the symbol of victorious rule. A lion is seen on each side of the throne. At the feet of the seated figure lies Mercury, the God of Commerce, the mainstay of our Imperial strength, holding up in one hand a cup heaped with gold. Opposite to him sits the Genius of Electricity and Steam. Below, again, five shields banded together bear the names of the five Continents, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia, over which the Empire extends. On each side of the figure of Empire stand the personified elements of its greatness—on the right (of the spectator) Industry and Agriculture—on the left, Science, Letters, and Art. Above, the occasion of the celebration commemorated is expressed by two winged figures representing the year 1887 (the advancing figure) and the year 1837 (with averted head), holding each a wreath. Where these wreaths interlock the letters V.R.I. appear, and over all the words, "In Commemoration." The issue of the new coins began on Monday, the 20th of June.

CONCLUSION

IN closing this description of the Jubilee festivities of the 21st of June we may observe that, from the beginning, it has been one great success. It was a new revelation to the world of the respect and love entertained for Her Majesty by her subjects in Great Britain, in India, and in the Colonies. The homage which foreign nations and rulers paid to the Queen, told Englishmen that the virtues of our ruler had obtained unlimited recognition abroad. The celebration of the Jubilee possessed another feature more remarkable even than its splendour, and that was its universality. Our

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION OF ETON BOYS AT WINDSOR
To Welcome the Queen on her Return from London

STAND FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD IN THE FORECOURT, BUCKINGHAM PALACE

LIGHTING THE JUBILEE BONFIRE ON CÆSAR'S CAMP, ALDERSHOT, JUNE 21

JUBILEE RIVER FÊTE AT CHERTSEY, SURREY, JUNE 23

THE HISTORICAL AND IMPERIAL SECTION OF THE JUBILEE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION AT LANCASTER PASSING BELOW JOHN O' GAUNT'S GATE OF LANCASTER CASTLE

JUBILEE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION OF ETON BOYS BEFORE THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE, JUNE 22

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL WATER COLOUR SOCIETY, PRESENTING TO THE QUEEN AN ALBUM OF DRAWINGS BY MEMBERS, JUNE 22

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

entire people, not only the wealthy and the fashionable denizens of Mayfair and Belgravia, but the lowlier residents of our metropolis, were in complete accord in the warmth of their joyous congratulations. The unanimity was remarkable, and so was the absence of any jarring note to mar the harmony of the voices of praise, of gratitude, and of applause coming from the nation, the Empire, and the world. The Jubilee would have been quite otherwise than it was, if the skies had been ungentle and the weather inclement. The pageant would have been spoilt, and millions of men, women, and children suffered inconvenience and grave discomfort. Happily we have had "Queen's weather;" the brightest, clearest, most glorious of June days, succeeded by magnificent nights.

Then so much happiness has been diffused, so many things have been done, which leave a pleasant savour in the memory. The poor have had a white chalk day added to an existence in which the *dies cveti notandæ* are all too few. Children have been made glad by the hundred thousand. The quality of mercy has been exercised. A momentary suspension has been given to the bickerings of faction, to the rivalries and hostilities of States. Fortunate, too, it may well be deemed that

> No war: or battle's sound,
> Was heard the world around:
> The idle spear and shield were high up hung

Man and nature were in harmony with all the forms and shapes and sounds of joy, with the chiming of the bells, the blare of the trumpets, the thunder of artillery, the melodies of military bands, of massed orchestras, and the loud rolling notes of the solemn organ sacred to the functions of religion, with the banners and flags and flowers, the triumphal arches, with the joy-fires and joy-flames of night. Man with full-glad heart raised his voice in the loud cheer, and so voiced the motto and the prayer of all—"God Save the Queen."

FRANK BANFIELD.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE
One of the Queen's Guests at the Jubilee Celebrations

BEACON FIRE ON THE "YOKE"

NOTE.——"The Jubilee State Chair," which we illustrate on page 16, is entirely manufactured out of English grown oak, has been presented as a Jubilee offering to the Mayor and Corporation of Peterborough. It is of considerable local interest from the fact that the whole of the work was executed in Peterborough. It was designed, presented, and executed under the direction of Mr. John Thompson, a former Mayor of the town. The carvings with which it is adorned, consist of the Municipal Arms of the Borough of Peterborough, and emblems of loyalty, peace, unity, and prosperity.

NOTE.—Most of the portraits in this Number are from photographs, by the following photographers:—The Queen of the Belgians, by Gérard Frères, 272, Rue de l'Empire, Brussels; the King of Denmark and the Queen of Greece by E. Hohlenberg, 1, Ostergade, Copenhagen; the Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary by Koumata Ferenze, Buda-Pesth; the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway by Gosta Florman, 26a, Regeringsgatan, Stockholm; the Crown Princess of Portugal by Nuna Blanc 61a, Paris and Cannes; Prince William of Germany by Hanna Hanfstaengl, Ulster 6ra, London, Berlin; the Crown Prince of Denmark and Prince George of Greece by Georg Hansen, Ostergade 12, Copenhagen; the Duke of Sparta, the Grand Duke Sergius, and Prince Komatsu of Japan by Ch. Bergamasco, 19, Newsky Prospect, St. Petersburg; the Thakore Sahib of Gondal by Window and Grove, 63a, Baker Street (the Nawab Amir-i-Akbar Asman Jah by H. Mollentelle, and Co., India; Prince Louis of Battenberg by C. Backofen, Darmstadt; the Rao of Cutch by P. Vannino and Co., Bombay and Poona; Prince Devawongse of Siam by F. Schossman, Vienna; M. Christith by J. Lowy, Vienna, and Wan der Weyde, Regent Street; the Thakore Sahib of Morvi by A. Bassano, 'er, Old Bond Street-W.; Dr. Bridge by John Collier, 66, New Sower, Birmingham; the Queen of Hawaii by Falk, 202, Broadway, New York—Impressing our drawing of the group of Indian officers now in London our artist was assisted by excellent photographs taken by J. Russell and Sons, Hill Road, Wimbledon, S.W.—Our engraving of the Jubilee Celebration at Kirkcaldy is from a drawing by Mr. E. A. Hornel—The Jubilee Bouquet of Orchids was made by Mr. F. Sander, of St. Albans—Our engraving of The Jubilee Cake, manufactured by Gunter and Co., is from a photograph by Mr. Franz Bauer, 12, Old Bond Street, W.—Our engraving of the Map of the Beacons is from a plan prepared by the Birmingham *Daily Gazette*, and here reproduced by the courtesy of the proprietors.—Our drawing of the Procession in Waterloo Place was made from the large and artistically decorated stand erected by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, 8 and 9 Pall Mall East, at the office of the English and Scottish Law Life Assurance Association, 12, Waterloo Place. The money derived from the sale of tickets in this stand (which was, perhaps, the finest on the route) was given to the Imperial Institute and to various charitable objects.—Our engraving of the Leamington Casket is from a photograph by Bullock Brothers, 198, The Parade, Royal Leamington.—Our engravings of the North Wales Beacons are from sketches by Mr. Edwin A. Norbury, The Studio, Town Hall, Rhyl, North Wales.—The scenery of the Beacon at Aldershot is from a sketch by Mr. Arthur A. M. Layard, Lieutenant, R.E.—The High Wycombe Chair is from a photograph by J. P. Starling, Frogmore Studio, High Wycombe.

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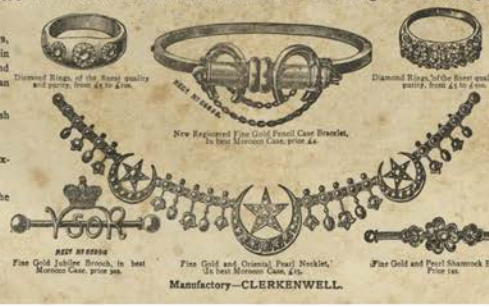

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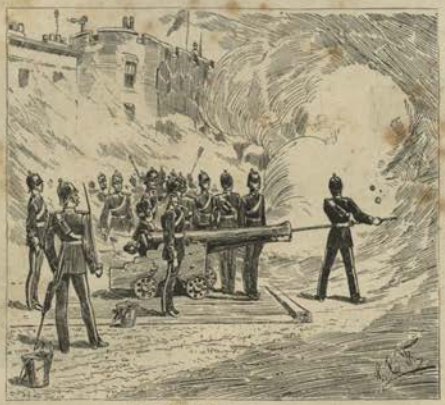


FIRING A JUBILEE SALUTE AT CHESTER

THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE PASSING ALONG PICCADILLY, JUNE 21

LIGHTING THE SIGNAL BEACON AT MALVERN, JUNE 21

DECORATIONS IN PEASCOD STREET, WINDSOR

THE PROVOST OF ETON PRESENTING AN ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN, JUNE 22

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

INDIAN OFFICERS SUMMONED TO ENGLAND BY THE QUEEN TO REPRESENT HER MAJESTY'S NATIVE INDIAN ARMY AT THE JUBILEE PROCESSION, JUNE 21

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

THE CELEBRATION OF THE JUBILEE

OF

1837 Her Majesty the Queen. 1887

THE SUBJECTS OF THE QUEEN have been celebrating right loyally and with a boundless enthusiasm the completion of the fiftieth year of a beneficent, constitutional, and splendid reign. The subject has filled the thoughts and moved deeply the heart of the Anglo Saxon race everywhere, and of all the myriad peoples allied with it or controlled by its influence. Therefore it is that in these pages we do not dwell at length on the past half-century

STATUE OF THE QUEEN
Unveiled by Her Majesty at Windsor, June 22
This Statue is the work of Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A., and was erected by the Public Subscription of the Inhabitants of Windsor

of British history, or the achievements in war and peace which, over that period, have added to the splendour and glory of the British name. We treat of the pageantry, of the military spectacles, of the popular rejoicings which, throughout a still united Empire, have accompanied an auspicious event. What is to be found here is a record, pictorial and written, while the impression of the Jubilee is still fresh in the minds of the artists and the writer, of an occasion which must rank as one of the most remarkable episodes in the annals of the world. Great care and pains have been taken so that this record shall cover the whole of the proceedings which culminated in the ceremonial of the 21st of June. India and the Colonies are not lost sight of, and all the variety of the manifestations of loyalty, whether at home or in the outlying dominions of the Queen, has been considered. The tribute of the lords and the offering of the sailors, the addresses of English cities and the protestations of fealty of Indian Princes, are alike to be found here.

Although the three Kings, Henry III., Edward III., and George III., each concluded half a century of rule, there was no such ground in their case for joyous Jubilee Celebration as has existed to-day. The father of Edward I. came to the throne an infant, amid storms of war and trouble, and storms of war and trouble were mainly characteristic of his reign. It was a period of civil war at home, of disastrous expeditions and futile enterprises abroad. The King was not beloved, while the greatest popular leader of the time fell in battle against forces marshalled by the King's son. The glory of the early portion of Edward III.'s reign had lost in lustre when he reached his fiftieth year of rule. The memory of Crecy and Poitiers was clouded by the sense of exhaustion in the kingdom due to the Plague and long war, by the thraldom of the monarch to a woman of no reputation, while the promise of the future was bedimmed by the sure prospect of a long minority under the young son of the Black Prince, and by the ominous mutterings of discontent, which foreeasted the coming peasants' revolt. As to George III., it is pretty certain that that Prince was not of sound mind, when the nation, despite its many anxieties and heavy war burdens, celebrated his Jubilee. During the forty-nine years between 1760 and 1809, we had lost our American Colonies, except such as now form part of our Dominion of Canada. Although we had made fresh Colonial acquisitions, besides conquests in India, and added to our long roll of victories by sea and land, the net result of the reign of that monarch could not, at the moment, afford scope for a very favourable and flattering estimate. George III. was honoured by his people as an honest man, as "Farmer George," and pitied for his affliction, but in no sense could his person be typical to them of brilliant national progress.

The Jubilee Celebration which is here commemorated, however, differs from those which have gone before, in that it sums up an era of rapid material, moral, and mental development, which has been without a break, and has no counterpart in the story of any state or dominion, in all the long centuries of the past. The regions which enjoy the *Pax Britannica* have been enormously extended, the number of the Queen's subjects has been vastly augmented, while the well-being in every sense of each individual has been added to since 1837. Literature, Art, Science, Commerce, War have done grand things for the lustre of the reign.

The number of our ships, their carrying capacity, and their rate of speed have multiplied amazingly since 1837, and a comparison between our Argosies of fifty years ago and those which now plough the seas is as if two ages, far distant from each other were contrasted. Yet our Antonios were merchant princes then. It is a satisfaction and a source of legitimate pride that to-day, after a lapse of half a century, they are greater merchant princes than ever before. The cargoes have grown with the merchantmen. Our wealth in ships is out-rivalled by the amazing values of the goods they transport from shore to shore, and chiefly to our own ports. Our imports show that, taken per head, we eat infinitely more food and consume a much larger quantity of luxuries than we did, considered person by person, in 1837, and the country has half as many mouths again to feed, and yet feeds them better. The exports display the same features of brilliant advance. We have paid for what we have bought with the produce of our looms, our foundries, our mines, and our building yards. The increment of the national wealth has progressed year by year, so that in our seasons of depression, when our prosperity seems to have suffered a check, the record of each year has seen us richer by tens of millions than before. If our harvests have not shared in the general growth, our people have had increased facilities of access to bountiful granaries beyond the sea given to them. The homes of England, not only "the stately homes of England" but the humbler ones, are better built and better furnished than they were when the Queen came to her throne, a maiden Princess of eighteen. The improvement in the means of communication between town and town, from John O'Groat's House to the Land's End, have transformed the face of the land. Railways, and all that railways bring with them, mark off the Victorian Era from the eras of the past. The theme of the material development of England, under the sway of Her Majesty, is one worthy the exercise of all the energies of the great economic historian of the future.

Our Colonies within the Jubilee period have had a phenomenal growth. In the Southern Ocean, from widely scattered and poor communities they have grown into powerful States, rich in agriculture, and mines, and commerce, with the sure promise of a giant might to come. It was "Botany Bay" then, a name of reproach and shame; now England looks, with her Laureate, proudly across Continents and seas, towards her sturdy sons, the strong New Englands of the Southern Pole. Canada has developed into a Dominion, resting at once on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, which it has wisely and promptly linked by that iron road—the good magician of the era. Our Colonies have quadrupled in popularity. Their wealth they have quadrupled many times over since the days of the Queen's Accession. Within the same time India's inhabitants have trebled in number, and with their numbers have also grown their loyalty, their content, their happiness, and riches under the kindly influences which have gone out from the Kaiser-i-Hind.

Moral progress is not so readily gauged as material. Yet statistics thoroughly trustworthy inform us that, in proportion to population, we have fewer criminals and fewer paupers than we had in 1837. This may serve to remind us of the wonderful increase in our midst of religious, educational, and philanthropic activity during the last fifty years. The churches, the chapels, and the schools have multiplied exceedingly. The name is legion of the number of men, gifted alike with intelligence and warm hearts, who, inspired with fervent altruistic enthusiasm, and caring only for the good of their fellow-creatures, have lived their lives for others. It is a surpassing tribute to the character of our Queen that such men as these have given to Her Majesty their unstinted love, devotion, and respect. They have purified our prisons and reclaimed our outcasts; they have restored the garment of modesty to unsexed women, and have given a glorious answer to the desolate "Cry of the Children." Nor is there, nor has there been, one of them who would jealously cavil if we mention the name of Shaftesbury as the type and symbol of that noble band. These philanthropists, indeed, have been one of the glories of the Queen's reign. It is to its having rallied round them generously that this nation owes its sweeter manners, nobler laws, and it is her discerning, sympathetic support of them which does Queen Victoria the highest honour.

In an estimate of its mental self an age is apt to sway backwards and forwards between the two extremes of undue self-depreciation and undue self-exaltation. Comparisons are futile. We must be thankful for what we inherit from "the simple great ones gone," and thankful for the mighty minds which have been granted to our generation. We need not to stone our own prophets, while over assiduous in building the sepulchres of their predecessors. The Age of Elizabeth was great, so was the Age of Anne; the beginning of the century is meteoric with genius, and the Victorian Age has its own splendour.

The Victorian statesmen will bear comparison with the great and wise councillors of former monarchs, with Burleigh, and Godolphin, and Walpole, for the exigencies of our time have scarcely called imperatively for the qualities of an elder and of a younger Pitt. Still, our roll is a grand one, including, as it does, the names of Melbourne, of Peel, of Palmerston, of Derby, of Russell, of Beaconsfield, of Gladstone, of Salisbury. The art of oratory is nearly connected with statecraft in a land where all is broad-based upon the people's will, and we have had, and have, among us men to be mentioned with Demosthenes and Cicero in their power of speech to move men's hearts. There are Bright and Liddon, Gladstone and Spurgeon; there have have been an Irving and a Chalmers, now among the illustrious dead of the reign. The ermine nobly worn by a Hale, a Somers, and a Mansfield, has not been dishonoured by a Romilly, a Cockburn, a Cairns and a Selborne. Hooker and Jeremy Taylor have found worthy successors in a Pusey and a Maurice.

Nor in this half century has the English muse been unequal to the maintenance of its long and magnificent repute, when among its votaries we can mention the names of Tenny-

THE WORCESTER VASE
Presented to the Queen by the Women of Worcester

son, of Browning, of Swinburne, of the authoress of "The Cry of the Children" and "Aurora Leigh," of Alfred Austin, of William Morris, besides those of many others. Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Bulwer Lytton, and Kingsley, to say nothing of the brilliant galaxy of living writers of fiction, have proved that the mantles of Defoe, Fielding, Richardson, and Madame D'Arblay have fallen on shoulders worthy to wear them. In science, natural, social, economical, and political, the period which can boast of Faraday, Simpson, Darwin, Lyell, Herschell, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, Buckle, and Mill, is not to be contemned.

Historians have not been wanting to the State which honours among its chroniclers in the past Clarendon, Gibbon, and Hume. We, of this Age, have had Carlyle, Macaulay, Milman, Grote,

SPECIMEN OF CHINA PLATE
Presented by the Mayor of Worcester to the Old Men and Women to whom he gave a Free Dinner in honour of the Jubilee

Green, Freeman, Hallam, Arnold, Froude, Seeley, and not a few others, as justifiably ambitious of founding a "possession for ever" as Thucydides himself. Nor did the France of Louis XIV. produce

ALBUM
Containing the Autographs of the Members of Her Majesty's Household

SILVER CENTRE PIECE
Presented to the Queen by the Members of Her Majesty's Household

more wise, witty, and entertaining memoirs than future generations are likely to inherit from ourselves. Of our achievements in the Drama, in Music, and in Painting we have no need to be ashamed. For Garrick and Kemble we have had Macready and Phelps, and now have Irving. If we have no Lawrence or Gainsborough, we have a Millais. Michael Balfe, Sir Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Mackenzie, Sir Arthur Sullivan, have been, and are, amongst our composers. Within the realm at home and in the Colonies the number of those who can enjoy the product of genius has vastly and amazingly increased.

These are all glories of peace. In the paths of war the Queen's soldiers have nobly upheld the honour of the flag. Moodkee and Sobraon, Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, are words that tell their own tale. The great odds of mutinous Sepoys, and the fanatical onslaught of Arabs, have found the British warrior as of old "ready, aye ready." His leaders may rank with the war-chiefs of the past. Skill and valour have been combined in Clyde and Havelock, in Roberts and in Wolseley. And let it never be forgotten that our day has had its Bayard—the immortal hero who fell at Khartoum, than whom no man has made a deeper impression on the heart of the English race, Charles Gordon. Our seamen have proved themselves as stout as the men of yore when opportunity has been given them. Nor should we forget that the Volunteers are of the Victorian age.

Over all rises the figure of the Queen. Setting to her Court and people an example of the best type of domestic life, a fond and dutiful wife, a loving mother, sharing in the sorrows of her people, she has allowed them to share with her those she has borne. Deep and genuine was the nation's grief on those occasions when death took away the husband, the daughter, the son. It watched anxiously with her beside that sick bed on which the Heir Apparent to the Throne lay at the verge of the tomb. The Queen and her people are not strangers to each other. But womanly merit is not all; and not till a future day will the English race know thoroughly how great, and wise, as a Constitutional Sovereign Queen Victoria has been.

And thus what there is of splendour is enhanced by the rare combination of domestic virtue and capacity to reign always manifested by Her Majesty. So it is that the dimensions which the celebration of June, 1887, have assumed are so imposing and of such world-wide proportions, and that its underlying idea has so thoroughly pervaded alike the classes and masses of our countrymen. No rejoicings, surely, have ever been carried out with more magnificence or on a larger scale. If they are grouped together, they form a whole of the highest impressiveness.

The metropolis of the Empire has seen a splendid pageant of Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, go with the Queen to Westminster to solemn thanksgiving in the ancient Abbey, amid the hearty huzzas of tens of thousands of subjects. Every State of the world, every British colony, was represented there. Indian Princes assembled together, with all that is most distinguished in our commonwealth. Festivity reigned from one end to another of the greatest city on the face of the earth, and what happened in London was but an example of what occurred at the same time in every town of Great Britain, and in every clime, in Australasian cities, and by the wide waters of Canadian streams and lakes. The Royal salutes fired here were repeated in Calcutta, in Malta, in Sydney, in Quebec, in Hong Kong, and round all the circle of the earth. Every hill in England blazed at night, and a thousand cities turned the darkness into day. Gifts and loyal addresses, from Britons inhabiting every continent of the world, came to our Queen. In tens of thousands of religious buildings gratitude was expressed to the Almighty for this event, a gratitude expressed five months before in the shrines, mosques, fire-temples, churches, and chapels of Hindoostan. Great poets sang and great writers described the glories of the reign, for which great artists and architects designed more material memorials. The array of troops was such as England never saw reviewed before, and in the multiplicity of its component parts unsurpassed anywhere, or at any time. Never was a mightier naval armament assembled in time of peace than that now filling the waters of the Solent to do maritime honours to the Jubilee. The celebration, like the Empire, has taken proportions at once immense and bewildering, and as the reign is a more fitting subject for an epic than for an ode, so the tale of this Jubilee would fill better many volumes than one.

THE BARDIC TRIBUTE

It was not to be supposed that, when all the English world has joined to celebrate an event so striking in historical effect, our bards would be silent. The ancient province of their predecessors was to break forth into song over achievements of their princes, and what theme ever was grander than the fifty years of little interrupted growth in prosperity and power of the British dominion under the rule of a woman, Queen Victoria? And the recognised successors of the sweet singers of the past have with one accord attempted to make music with words, and to frame their great poetic thoughts into language meet for a great occasion. The strains have not been as tuneful as one might have hoped; but they still form a body of verse which will probably outlast more perishable, if, for the present, more imposing, memorials, and a remoter age may scan them with the same curious interest we feel for Latin effusions to Augustus, or for the verses in which the charm and merit of the Virgin Queen are magnified. The passage of the centuries will, perhaps, supply our own Jubilee songs with a mellowness for which they will be none the worse.

It is but appropriate that in this poetic roll the Laureate should first be mentioned. He is not only our greatest poet, but the official poet, by virtue of the post he fills. The Jubilee Ode of Lord Tennyson consists of sixty-five lines in trochaic and dactylic metres. It was given to the world in *Macmillan's Magazine* for April. The poet announces the Jubilee thus:—

> Fifty times the rose has flower'd and faded,
> Fifty times the golden harvest fallen,
> Since our Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre.

A few lines are then devoted to praises of a Sovereign "Crowned so long with a diadem Never worn by a worthier," after which Lord Tennyson proceeds to call upon all sorts and conditions of men to celebrate the occasion, and with "one full voice of allegiance" to "hail the great Ceremonial;"

> You, the Mighty, the Fortunate,
> You, the Lord-territorial,
> You, the Lord-manufacturer,
> You, the hardy, laborious:
> Patient children of Albion,
> You, Canadian, Indian,
> Australasian, African,
> All your hearts be in harmony,
> All your voices in unison.

Finally he concludes his Ode thus:—

> Are there thunders roaring in the distance?
> Are there spectres moving in the darkness?
> Trust the Lord of Light to guide her people
> Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,
> And the Light is Victor, and the darkness
> Dawns into the Jubilee of the ages.

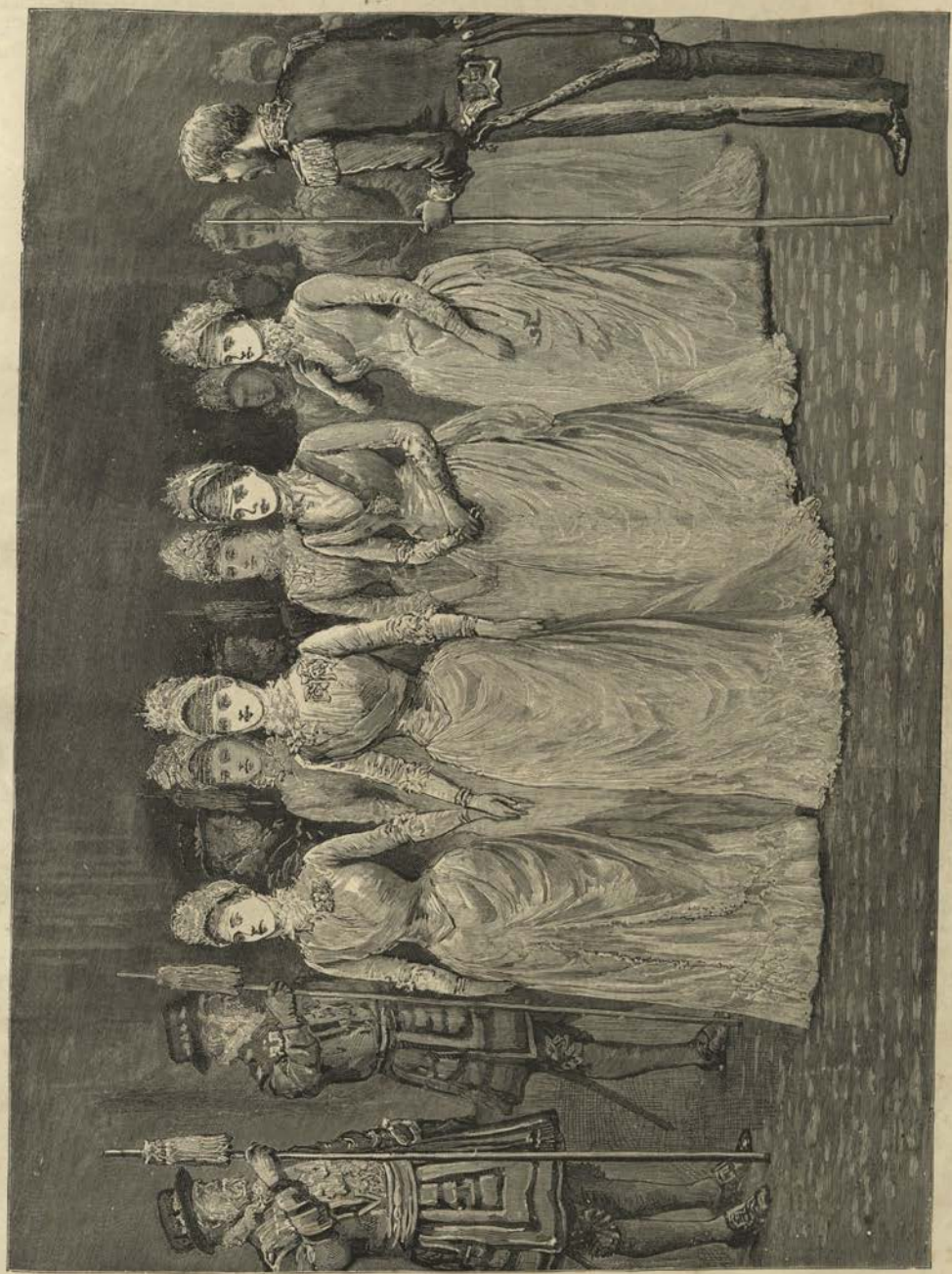
Another singer of the Jubilee is Mr. Lewis Morris, destined one day, it is supposed, to be Lord Tennyson's successor in the Poet Laureateship. As the Poet Laureate is indisposed, and obliged therefore to attempt the recruital of his health by a yachting cruise, Mr. Morris, in his place, has been selected to write the Inauguration Ode to be sung under the direction of Sir Arthur Sullivan at the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute. His Jubilee Poem appeared in the pages of the April number of *Murray's Magazine*, and is entitled "A Song of Empire, June 20, 1887." It opens thus:—

> First Lady of our English race,
> In Royal dignity and grace
> Higher than all in old ancestral blood,
> But higher still in love of good,
> In care for ordered Freedom, grown
> To a great tree, whose'er
> In either hemisphere
> Its vital seeds are blown,
> Wherever with every day begun
> The English people greet the rising sun!

1. Ressaldar Major Zafar Ali Khan, Sirdar Bahadur, 3rd Punjaub Cavalry, Mahomedan
2. Ressaldar Jalil Singh, 14th Bengal Lancers, Hindoo
3. Ressaldar Major Nadir Ali Khan, 18th Bengal Lancers, Mahomedan
4. Wordie Major Lena Singh, 2nd Central India Horse, Hindoo
5. Subadar Ibrahim Khan 4th Prince of Wales' Own Light Cavalry, Mahomedan
6. Ressaldar Major Nasul Hussun, 6th Prince of Wales' Bengal Cavalry, Mahomedan
7. Ressaldar Major Moorsuffer Khan, Bahadoor, 4th Cavalry, Mahomedan
8. Ressaldar Isher Singh, Sirdar Bahadoor, and Punjaub Cavalry, Hindoo
9. Ressaldar Hafiz Muhammad Nawaz Khan, 15th Bengal Cavalry Mahomedan
10. Ressaldar Major Isr[illegible] Singh, 19th Bengal Lancers, Hindoo
11. Subadar Sheik Imdad Ali, Viceroy's Body Guard, Mahomedan
12. Jemadar Kundun Singh, 2nd Bengal Lancers, Hindoo
13. Ressaldar Muhammad Bakish, 3rd Bombay Cavalry, Mahomedan

INDIAN OFFICERS WAITING FOR THE ROYAL PROCESSION IN THE COURTYARD OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, JUNE 21

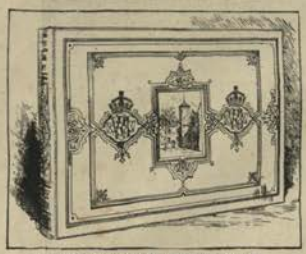
REGENT STREET AS PICTURED BY AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. FRITH, JUNE 21



THE PROCESSION OF ROYAL PRINCESSES IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 21

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

The life is Regal all. All these fifty years
Thou from thy lonely Queenly place
Hast watched the clouds and sunshine on her face;
Hast marked her changing hopes and fears;
Her joys and sorrows trace been always thine
Always thy quick and royal sympathy
Has gone out swiftly to the humblest home,
Wherever grief and pain and suffering come.



JUBILEE ALBUM OF THE CAMBRIAN ACADEMY
Presented to the Queen by the Royal Cambrian Academy.

Therefore it is that we
Take thee for head and symbol of our name.
For fifty years of reign thou wert the same,
Therefore to-day we make our jubilee.
Deep based on ancient right, as on thy people's will.
Thy rule endures unshattered still.
Not as choice is thy throne
Who, through their hapless subjects groan,
Sit selfish, caring not at all,
Until the fierce mob surges and they fall,
Or the tempest sets the down-trod free.
Not such thy fate on this thy jubilee.
But love and reverence in the hearts of all.

The following are the closing lines of this poem, which is couched throughout in a triumphant and jubilant tone :—

Flash, festal fires, high on the joyous air!
Clash, joy-bells! joy-guns, roar! and, jubilant trumpets, blare!
Let the great voice of our rejoicing rise!
Gleam, long-illumined cities, to the skies
Round all the earth, in every clime,
So for your duration half endless time!
As in the old Judean history,
Fling wide the doors and set the prisoners free!
Wherever England is o'er the world,
Fly, banner of Regal England, storm unfurled!
The proudest Empire that has been, to-day
Rejoices and makes solemn Jubilee.
For England! England! we our voices raise!
Our England! England! England! in our Queen we praise!
We love not war; but only peace,
Yet never shall our England's power decrease!
Whoever guides our helm of State,
Let all men know it, England shall be great!
We hold a vaster Empire than has been!
Nigh half the race of man is subject to our Queen!
Nigh half the wide, wide earth is ours to see!
And where her rule comes, all are free.
And therefore Ye, oh Queen! that we,
Knit fast in bonds of temperate liberty,
Rejoice to-day, and make our solemn Jubilee!!

Mr. Algernon Swinburne also treats of the event which makes this year memorable in melodious measure. His poem appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for June, and is entitled "The Jubilee, 1887." It consists of fifty five-lined stanzas, the number evidently suggested by the fifty years of reign of Her Majesty.

We select, as a sample of the poet's method and manner, stanzas four to eight inclusive. Looking back to the great Charter of Runnymede, won from the tyrant John, Mr. Swinburne sings :—

IV.

Nor since hath England ever borne
The burden laid on subject hands,
The rule that curbs and binds all hands
Save one, and marks for servile scorn
The head it bows and brands.

V.

A commonweal, arrayed and crowned
With gold and purple, girt with steel
At need, that fears must fear or feel,
We find her, as our fathers found,
Earth's lordliest commonweal.

VII.

Hope, wide of eye and wild of wing,
Rose with the rainbows of a reign
Whose grace should make the rough wars plain,
And fill the worn old world with spring.
As heal its heart of pain.

Mr. Robert Buchanan, who has before now crossed swords with Mr. Swinburne in somewhat violent controversy, competes here

JUBILEE BROOCH
Presented to the Queen during her Recent Visit to Aix-les-Bains by the English Residents in Geneva.

with him peacefully. He makes, too, his offering of the Muses at the foot of the throne, and entitles it "Annus Aureolus: A Jubilee Ode." Mr. Buchanan's poem is as much a lament as a jubilation. It is only when the Irish Question is settled to his liking, capital punishment abolished, and the mutual relations of the sexes all that they should be, that he will consent to rejoice. So his final version of his fairly-spirited refrain, thus conditioned, runs :—

O then shall all sorrow be, over,
And then indeed winter be done,
Mid exclaims of the people who love her
Our Lady shall walk in the sun!

TO THE QUEEN'S
MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.
We the ACTORS and MANAGERS of the UNITED KINGDOM tender to Your Majesty our truest congratulations on the Attainment of the FIFTIETH YEAR of your Reign. We your faithful Servants, rejoice that the Period of your Illustrious Government has been so prolonged, and we pray that it may long continue. The Manifold Blessings of Peace have been showered on the Land through your Righteous Dealing with your People and with other Peoples, and under your Gracious Protection all the Arts have Flourished. For us who follow the Stage as a Calling a New Era has come. With the remainder of your Subjects, we rejoice at the Blessings which have followed in your Footsteps, and as Actors we are proud to be "the Abstract and Brief Chronicles of your Time."

The Address from the Actors

A Page of Autographs of the Lyceum Company

The poet proceeds to show how small were other earth Empires compared with ours. He describes in eloquent lines, rhymed rather than rhythmical, the regions in various climes and Continents over which our flag floats. He alludes also to the moral development of our race, and to its achievements in the path of progress and reform. He does not forget the "Three Sovereigns of our English line," who "Have reached thy length of rule, each of his name the Third," and also happily describes the character of the sway of the two Queens, Elizabeth and Anne, and concludes this passage with fresh praise of the Victorian Age, beginning—

And now again once more,
A Queen reigns o'er us as before,

VI.

And now that fifty years are flown
Since to a maiden's hand the sign
Of Empire that no seas confine,
First as a star to westward shone,
We see their record shine.

VII.

A troubled record, foul and fair,
A simple record, and serene,
Inscribes for praise a blameless Queen,
For praise and blame an age of care,
And change and ends unseen.

The grave each beneath and the blue sky above her,
Her ample shall shall peace on the millions who cover
The realms she hath welded to one.
'Tis Jubilee here, and 'tis Jubilee yonder,
As far as the sun round her Empire doth wander,
But Jubilee brighter shall come with to-morrow,
With the end of all strife and sorrowse of all sorrow
When the night-tide of evil is done!

Upon this follows the epode, which brings the poem to a close. It is not wanting in melody, so here it is in full :

Lady, God lends a torch to light
Thy path to peace transcending dreams.
Uphold it See from height to height,
Across the day, across the night,

Its splendour streams!
God gave the realm, God gives the light—
How sweet, how bright
In beams!

That torch is Love, whose burnt ray
Slays all things cruel and useless,
No shadow clouds it night or day,
While sun and moon keep equal sway,
Calm and serene.
God gives thy torch with heaven-fed ray
To light thy way,
O Queen!

MEDALLIONS OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY
Presented by Their Majesties to the Queen

Let this thy guide and sceptre be,
And power and peace may still be thine,
All mortal men shall bend the knee,
All men revere in thine and thee,
The law divine.
Blest shall thy mighty Empire be,
While o'er the world from sea to sea,
The sunlight of thy Jubilee
Shall shine!

A poem of great merit, by the Earl of Rosslyn, was printed by special command of Her Majesty, and appeared in *Blackwood* for March. The superscription is "Love that Lasts for Ever." As it received the Royal *imprimatur*, an extract from it of considerable length is given :—

Love bathed in Tears,
To Love cemented, ever brings
And ever bears
A chastened spirit, that in Kings
Is noblest among earthly things.
. . . . .
O Queen! this day
Thy people, generous as I just,
As well they may,
Confirm anew their sacred trust
Enshrined in half a century's dust.
For fifty years
Thy People's love has been content
(In spite of tears,
And bitter sorrows sadly blent)
To raise to Thee Love's monument.
A Trophy, based
On duty done, on faction quelled,
On dear defaced
By broken word, or faith withheld,
No foe by stratagem compelled
. . . . .
Thy Jubilee
Is marked by Love; 'tis all Thine own.
And given to Thee
By all—a sweet flower fully blown,
The grace and grandeur of Thy Throne.
'Tis Thy just meed
For fifty years of righteous reign:
No heart doth bleed
In all Thy kingdom, but the pain
Throbs in Thine own, and not in vain I
I pray Thee take,
In some exchange for all the good
That Thou dost make,
The troubles Thy brave heart withstood,
Thy temperate yet undaunted mood,
These grateful lines:
As the sweet myrtle wreathes the bay
And, interwines
The classic leaf, e'en so I may
Entwine my chaplet with this Day.
'Tis a poor song
By one whose heart has ever been
Loyal and strong,
And who, like Simeon, now has seen
His hope fulfilled:—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

The Bishop of Ripon, in view of the Jubilee, composed a sacred poem, which was sung in St. Margaret's Church, on May 22nd, at the House of Commons Jubilee Service. The text of this hymn is here subjoined in full :

FOR THE PRICELESS GIFTS

For the spineless gifts of knowledge which by genius now are ours,
For the ever patient science which extended human powers,
For the godlike which has gifted each quick sympathy the earth,
For the intercourse of nations which shocks the steps of death,
For the deepening sense of brotherhood which makes all nations one,
For the dawning love by which, O God, Thy Will may yet be done,
We praise Thee, O God.
O God of Knowledge, in Thy Light,
May we the world behold,
And see the law of brotherhood
In love and not in gold.

For the art that pastes knowledge, and exalts o'er the defiled,
For the broadening life of culture which has lifted and refined,
For the voices of the singers who have purified our thought,
For the painters who from Nature new revelation taught,
For the tellers of sweet stories who have made our childhood live their taught,
For the great desire which daily grows to live the life we ought,
We praise Thee, O God.
Great God of gifts, be ever near,
That when Fair Art we see,
Through beauty so divinely sweet,
Our souls may rise to Thee.

For the bond of love which strengthens in the fire of constant trouble,
For the quick response to cry ng need that bringeth blessing double,
For the sorrow that consecrated, for the good Prince still lamented,
For the tenderness excited, over hopes so early blighted,
For the queenly heart which, broken, made sympathy her throne,
For the greatness born of justice, not of policy alone,
We praise Thee, O God.

O God of comfort, Whose abode
Is not alone in Light,
Unfold to us the higher law
Of Charity and Right.

For the word which, heard in many tones, One love is yet proclaiming,
For the glorious devotion which our indolence is shaming,
For Thy Kingdom, wide extending, for the evil that is ending,
For the good which we have seen, for the greater good unseen,
For the wisdom all-inspiring to uplift our power of knowing,
For the Love which stooped to raise us, who in Thy Love are growing,
We praise Thee, O God.
O God, make all earth's varied notes
To blend in one sweet tone,
And fashion all our broken lights
The Rainbow round Thy Throne.
Amen.

OFFERINGS IN PROSE

THE literary celebration of the Jubilee has not been alone confined to what we have ventured to style "The Bardic Tribute." A host of writers of eminence have discussed and described the Victorian Era with special reference to the year of Jubilee. One of them well observes in *Blackwood* :—"For all so great as Queen Victoria is, and for all so splendid as is her Kingdom, did there happen to fall in her realm one little implement called a pen, the glory and the greatness would be dim to future ages, and our grandsons who come after us would lost guess faintly at our strength and power, and of our familiar features and our human ways, and how we succeeded to our fathers, as they to us, would know nothing. The character of the great, the meaning of the humble, the vesture and costume of humanity, and all its records of the heart, depend upon that little implement. In the past ages the man who stands up like a mountain, or shines like a light across the plains of oblivion, is the man who has had an historian worthy of him. The annalists, the minstrels, the story-tellers, are to the past what the sovereign is to the present—the fountain. Without these there is no memorial. Without their successors in the modern world, there would, beyond the limit of a generation, and often not even that, be like mental appreciation and no fame."

THE ROYAL JUBILEE CAKE
Presented to the Queen by Messrs. Gunter and Co.

One of the most important of the Jubilee Books is "The Reign o Queen Victoria : a Survey of Fifty Years of Progress" (Sampson Low). It is edited by Mr. Humphry Ward, who has secured for his contributors to the consideration of every branch of National advancement men who hold foremost rank as authorities in their special subjects of study. We give the complete list of essays in this volume, each being followed by the name of its author :—The Army (Lord Wolseley), The Navy (Lord Brassey), The Administration of the Law (Lord Justice Bowen), The Development of the Constitution (Sir William Anson), Finance (Mr. Leonard Courtney), India (Sir H. S. Maine), Ireland (Sir R. Blennerhassett), The Growth and Distribution of Wealth (Mr. Giffen), Industrial Organisation (Mr. Mundella), Agriculture (Sir J. Caird), The Iron Trade (Sir Lowthian Bell), The Cotton Trade (Mr. J. Slagg), Schools (Mr. Matthew Arnold), Science (Professor Huxley), Literature (Dr. R. Garnett), Medicine and Surgery (Mr. Brudenell Carter), Religion and the Churches (The Rev. Dr. Hatch), The Universities (Mr. C. A. Fyffe), Music (Mr. Walter Parratt), The Theatre (Mr. W. Archer).

Captain Lionel N. Trapper has written "A History of India under Victoria, from 1836 to 1880," published by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co.—The Religious Tract Society issue "Victoria R., Her Life and Reign," by Dr. Macaulay. This book professes to give a complete sketch of the leading personal and public events in the life of the Queen, besides careful sketches of the religious, educational, social, and political progress during the last half century.—The same Society provided for the public "Our Gracious Queen : Jubilee Pictures and Stories from Her Majesty's Life." The book is richly illustrated.—From the same source we also have a Penny Life of the Queen : "Queen Victoria," by Emma Leslie. Another Jubilee volume is "The First Year of a Silken Reign" (Field and Tuer), by Messrs. Andrew A. Tuer and Charles E. Fagan. Here are described the Accession, the early days of the Sovereign with their festivities and public appearances, enlivened by reminiscences. However, space is devoted to the London of the period, to its society, coaching and so on, as well as to the dawn of the Railway Era.—A very popular book for the occasion has been "The Queen's Resolve," by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D., Editor of *Home Words*. It is published by *Home Words*, and in a brief space attained a circulation of over a hundred thousand copies. —Messrs. J. S. Virtue and Co. publish a Jubilee Edition of the "Life of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen," by Miss Sarah Tytler. It forms two royal quarto volumes, has thirty steel engravings, and is edited by Lord Ronald Gower, F.S.A., who writes an introduction.—The Rev. M. W. Tulloch, B.D., writes tales for boys and girls in "The Story of the Queen's Life" (Nisbet). This volume has been honoured with Her Majesty's personal revision, and young people may consequently feel themselves flattered by this interest shown in their good opinion by their Queen. Messrs. Partridge's Jubilee publications are "Queen Victoria," by Mr. T. F. Hall ; a penny pamphlet, "The Queen : a Jubilee Narrative of Personal Incidents and Scenes in the Life of Queen Victoria ;" and "Victoria, Queen and Empress," a Jubilee memoir, by Mr. G. Holden Pike. In the *Fortnightly Review* for June a series of papers by competent writers formed a valuable addition to the literature of the Jubilee. Professor Dowden dealt with "Victorian Literature ;" while Mr. Grant Allen described "The Progress of Science from 1836 to 1886." Mr. J. Addington Symonds discussed "The Progress of Thought in our Time," and "English Music During the Queen's Reign" was considered by Dr. Francis Hueffer. On "The Material Growth of the United Kingdom from 1837 to 1886" Professor Leone Levi wrote a valuable statistical paper. Pride of race will not suffer either from a perusal of "Fifty Years of Colonial Development," from the pen of Mr. G. Baden Powell, M.P. Nor would any notice of the writings on this celebration be complete without allusion to the admirable article in "The Old Saloon," *Blackwood* for June, on "The Literature of the Past Fifty Years," presumed to be from the pen of Mrs. Oliphant, and from it a quotation has been taken and given above. Let us make use of her thought and language again to close these passages on Jubilee books and essays. Without such aid as literary work supplies, without the power to give records which cannot perish, while there is civilisation in the world, "how strangely would loom through the distance the great figures, growing dim and shadowy among the mists, indistinct, as of that woman clothed with the sun in the Revelations stretching out maternal arms, the sceptre of mercy, the orb of justice over half a world ; or of that dim-eyed old magician, who is the favourite of all folklore, whose spells go so far to wreck the nations. And all this for want of the literary person whose office is but lightly thought of by the generations, though it is he only who has made them known and comprehensible to each other from the beginning of time."

CASE CONTAINING THE ADDRESS
Presented to the Queen by the English Residents in Austria-Hungary

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, THE COLONIES, AND INDIA.

Perhaps no more striking or imposing memorial of this Jubilee will be raised than the Imperial Institute, of which the foundation-stone will be laid on July 4th. It owes its inception to the initiative of the Prince of Wales, who, on November 24th, 1884 addressed a letter to each of the Colonial Governments, asking

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN—ROYAL PRINCES OF HER MAJESTY'S ESCORT, JUNE 21

them to guarantee and contribute towards the success of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886. He observed, in the course of this communication: "As it is possible that the various Colonial Governments may desire as its outcome that a permanent colonial museum should be formed in London, there are strong reasons for showing the adaptability of your colony in as practical a manner as possible." It will, therefore, be seen that the idea of something akin to an Imperial Institute has had three years during which to grow in the minds of our Colonial fellow-subjects, though at first they may have looked to nothing beyond a Colonial Museum

THE ALBERT MEDAL OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS
Accepted this Year by the Queen in Commemoration of the Jubilee

situate in the metropolis of the Empire. The Prince of Wales returned to his original suggestion on June 22nd, 1886, when he sent a message to the Executive Commissioners of the different courts in the Exhibition, reminding them of his proposal, and asking for their assistance and advice. Not long afterwards he suggested that a Colonial Exhibition might be established permanently on the South Kensington site.

The Colonies gave to this proposal a very favourable consideration. At last the Prince of Wales, on September 13th, 1886, wrote to the Lord Mayor a letter, in which he sketched the outline of a Jubilee Imperial Institute, and invited the Lord Mayor as Chief Magistrate of the Capital of the Empire to co-operate in the undertaking. Still it had not occurred to the Prince at that time that the Institute should be made large enough to embrace the United Kingdom. His Royal Highness in his letter to the Lord Mayor declared that the most fitting manner in which to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee would be by "the establishment of an Institute that will represent the Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce of Her Majesty's Colonial and Indian Empire." He indicated the aims of the Institute by averring that it "would be at once a Museum, an Exhibition, and the proper locality for the discussion of Colonial and Indian subjects." Lord Cadogan was at this time Chairman of a Committee formed to collect funds in the Colonies for a testimonial to His Royal Highness. With him the Prince communicated, asking him to transfer such funds as he collected to the purposes of the "Imperial Institute for the Colonies and India." From this it will be understood how intense is the interest taken by the eldest son of the Queen in the magnificent memorial of which Her Majesty will in a few days lay the foundation stone. The Prince's idea was cordially approved by every one whose opinion was worth anything, whether at home or in our dominions over the sea. The Colonies came forward with conspicuous liberality. Canada and Australia heading the list in a fashion becoming those rich Colonies. Moreover, several of the Colonies were willing to leave their exhibits in the Indian and Colonial Exhibition where they were, making a free gift of them to the Imperial Institute. It was about this time that the Organising Committee was formed to assist "in framing a scheme upon which to found the proposed Imperial Institute for the Colonies and India." Its members were Lords Carnarvon and Rothschild, Mr. Goschen, the Lord Mayor, the Governor of the Bank of England, the President of the Royal Academy, the President of the London Chamber of Commerce, besides many other gentlemen prominent in the active life of the English world. Some controversy arose over the selection of a site; but the South Kensington one was persistently adhered to in despite of all objectors. The following is the Committee's description of the Institute:—"The Institute is to find its home in buildings of such a character as worthily to commemorate Her Majesty's Jubilee, and will comprise—1st, Conference Rooms and a Grand Hall common to all Sections; 2ndly, the Colonial and Indian Section, which will serve to illustrate the great commercial and industrial resources of the Colonies and India, and to spread a knowledge of their progress and social condition; and, 3dly, the United Kingdom Section, the design of which will be "to exhibit the development during Her Majesty's reign, and the present condition of the natural and manufactured products of the United Kingdom, and to afford such stimulus and knowledge as will lead to still further development, and thus increase the industrial prosperity of the country." The arrangements of the Colonial Section of the Imperial Institute have for their objects:—1. The display in an adequate manner of the best natural and manufactured products of the Colonies and India, and in connection with this the circulation of typical collections throughout the United Kingdom; 2. A Hall for the discussion of Colonial and Indian subjects, and for receptions connected with the Colonies and India; 3. The formation of Colonial and Indian Libraries, and establishing in connection therewith reading, news, and intelligence rooms; 4. The incorporation in some form into the proposed Institute of the Royal Colonial Institute and Royal Asiatic Society, if, as is hoped it may be possible, such a union can be brought about; 5. The collection and diffusion of the fullest information in regard to the industrial and material condition of the Colonies, so as to enable intending emigrants to acquire all requisite knowledge. Such information might be advantageously supplemented by simple and practical instruction. Facilities might be afforded for the exhibition of works of Colonial and Indian art. It is also considered desirable that means should be provided, not for a general exhibition, but for occasional special exhibitions of Colonial and Indian produce and manufactures. At one time a particular colony or portion of the Empire may desire to show its progress, at another time a general comparison of particular industries may be useful. "The United Kingdom Section is to contain: 1. Comprehensive collections of the natural products of the United Kingdom, and of such products of other nations as are employed in its industries, with full scientific, practical, and commercial information relating thereto. 2. Illustrations of manufactured products, typical of their development and present condition, of trades and handicrafts, and their progress during the Queen's reign, including illustrations of foreign work, when necessary, for comparison; together with models illustrating naval architecture, engineering, mining, and architectural works. 3. A library for industrial, commercial, and economic study, which should contain standard works and reports on all subjects of trade and commerce. It will be desirable also to include a library of inventions of the Empire, and as far as possible of the United States and other countries. 4. Reading and Conference Rooms supplied with English, Colonial, and foreign commercial and technical periodicals, and a fully equipped map room for geographical and geological conference. The conference rooms would be of value for meetings of Chambers of Commerce, and other bodies of a kindred nature. 5. The promotion of affiliation with the Imperial Institute of Commercial Museums in the City of London, and in the commercial centres of the provinces. To these the Institute would contribute specimens, samples, and exhibits of the commercial products likely to be specially valuable in particular localities. 6. The building will also advantageously afford accommodation (α) comparing and examining samples by the resources of modern science, and (β) the examination of artisans, under the various schemes already existing for the promotion of technical education."

The Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute had under consideration for a lengthened period the constitution of the governing body. Their desire was to make it fully representative of the industrial and commercial interests of all parts of Her Majesty's dominions. Although the complete provisions of the scheme have not been matured, the subjoined outline was prepared by the Committee, and received the sanction of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Further consideration may alter some details, but we can form from it a tolerably clear and close approximation to the idea of the nature of the body in whom it is proposed to vest the Government of the Institute:—

I.

GENERAL COUNCIL.

The governing body to be a General Council appointed as hereinafter mentioned, the management of the Institute being vested in an Executive Council chosen by the members of the General Council from among their number in the prescribed manner. Provision to be made for securing a fair representation upon the Executive Council of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and India respectively.

II.

The General Council to consist of 100 members; such number to be increased to an extent not exceeding fifty, according to requirements which may arise out of contemplated arrangements with the Royal Colonial Institute and the Royal Asiatic Society, and with respect to the creation of Fellows of the Institute.

Ten members to be nominated by the Queen.

Forty-five members to represent the United Kingdom and the Isles in the British seas.

Thirty to represent the Colonies.

Fifteen to represent the Indian Empire.

IIIa.

SECTION OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL TO REPRESENT THE UNITED KINGDOM, &c.

1. Ex-officio Members:—
The Speaker of the House of Commons.
The Governor of the Bank of England.
The Lord Mayor of London.
The Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
The Lord Mayor of Dublin.

2. Representatives of the commerce and industries of the different parts of the United Kingdom, &c.

For the purpose of electing such representatives the country to be divided into districts (estimated at seventeen), and one such representative to be chosen in each district by the mayors of the municipal corporations in such district at a meeting held for that purpose.

3. Three members to be nominated by the Associated Chambers of Commerce, and one by the London Chamber of Commerce.

4. Four representatives of agriculture to be nominated by the Royal Agricultural Society, the Central Chamber of Agriculture, the Highland Society, and the Royal Dublin Agricultural Society.

5. One member to be nominated by each of the following societies, institutions, and associations:—
The Royal Society.
The Royal Society of Edinburgh.
The Royal Irish Academy.
The Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.
The Institution of Civil Engineers.
The Institution of Mechanical Engineers.
The Iron and Steel Institute.
The Chemical Societies.
The Society of Telegraph Engineers and Electricians.
The City and Guilds Institute of Technical Education.
The Royal United Service Institution.
The Royal Academy.
The Mining Association of Great Britain.
The Trade Union Congress.
The National Miners' Union.

IIIb.

COLONIAL SECTION OF THE COUNCIL.

To be nominated as follows:—

Canada, Dominion and Provinces, and Newfoundland,		10
Australian Colonies, viz.:—		
New South Wales,	2	
Victoria,	2	
South Australia,	2	10
Queensland,	2	
Tasmania,	2	
New Zealand		2
Cape Colony		2
Crown Colonies		6

The mode of nomination of the representatives of the several Colonies to be hereafter determined.

IIIc.

INDIAN SECTION OF THE COUNCIL.

The mode of nominating the fifteen representatives to be hereafter determined.

IV.

A temporary committee nominated by the Prince of Wales to take the necessary steps for calling into existence as soon as practicable the permanent governing body, and to do such other acts as are in the mean time necessary. The duties of this committee to cease as soon as the Executive Council comes into existence.

Mr. Thomas P. Collcutt has been selected by the judges of the designs as the architect for the building of the Imperial Institute.

THE INDIAN JUBILEE

CONSIDERATIONS based largely on a regard to the variations of the seasons in our great Asiatic Dependency induced the Indian Government to fix the date for the celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee earlier than the one chosen at home and in other portions of the Queen's dominions. Nevertheless, the 21st of June was kept as a public holiday in Hindostan, and Royal salutes were fired at all the military stations. In fact, the universal rejoicings with which the conclusion of a half-century of prosperous rule had been heralded cover many months of the year. In India, February 16 was chosen as the day for the more special manifestation of its loyalty.

CALCUTTA

IN Calcutta the thundering of an Imperial salute of one hundred and one guns from that historic stronghold, Fort William, informed the city that the morning of the Jubilee Day had dawned. At nine o'clock the troops in garrison paraded. When his Excellency the Viceroy, the Right Hon. the Earl of Dufferin, took up his place in front of the military array, a salute of a hundred and one guns was again fired, and also a *feu de joie*. This was followed by three hearty cheers for the Queen-Empress. Then the troops marched past before the high official personages. The Viceroy and Lady

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJAH HOLKAR OF INDORE
The Queen's Guest at the Jubilee Celebrations

Dufferin went, immediately afterwards, to the Cathedral, where a special service was held. Indeed, all denominations held Thanksgiving Services, and in India the term "all denominations" covers a much wider area of religious variety than any we have here at home.

In the afternoon a treat was given to children, the little ones being no more forgotten at Calcutta than in England. At the same time a presentation of addresses took place. The Viceroy took up his position on a *dais* facing the huge gathering. Each body, consisting of five members, presented an address, bowed to the Viceroy, and passed on. None of the addresses were read. At the conclusion of the ceremony Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy, rose, and made a long and eloquent speech, while all present stood up. That part of his address which treats of the character of the Queen, of her rule, and of the attitude of the Indian populations towards the event of the Jubilee is quoted here.

"With equal pride and pleasure," said his lordship, "I now come

forward to thank the representatives of the various cities, associations, and communities who are present to-day, for the purpose of presenting to Her Majesty their congratulations on her having entered the fiftieth year of her reign. A more prosperous, a more blameless ruler, or more beloved Sovereign will never be seen. Wisdom, justice, piety, and duty have been the guardians of her throne and the companions of her daily life, and though it has been impossible, for a monarch ruling dominions which comprise within their limits a third of the human race, to escape from those vicissitudes which the responsibilities of empire entail, it may be said with truth that under her fortunate auspices the people have issued triumphant from every trial, and that with each revolving year the foundations of her realm have become more firmly established, and the loyalty and devotion of her subjects to her throne and person have grown more tender and intense. At this moment two hundred millions of her subjects are giving expression to the feelings and sentiments I have described with unanimity and spontaneity, which I believe it would be impossible to parallel in any other country in the world. Of set purpose the Government have left the initiative of the organisation of these public rejoicings which are taking place in every capital, city, town, and village in India, to the unprompted impulses of the people. In a land where official action is generally the prime mover, officialism has for once stood upon one side, and left the nation face to face with its Empress. In simple language which is natural to their affectionate disposition, there has gone up to-day from every shrine, from every place of worship, from the tabernacle of every heart, prayers for her happiness, blessings on her goodness, and the incense of an honest, trustful devotion."

A dinner and a reception at Government House closed the official proceedings. On the Maidan, however, countless throngs viewed with delight a magnificent display of fireworks.

BOMBAY

THE Jubilee Festival at Bombay was well worthy the citizens of the Premier City of India. As regards wealth, commerce, activity, and the variety of race elements in its teeming population Bombay is second to no town of the Orient, and far outvies the splendour of fabled Ormuz. As at Calcutta the proceedings opened with a parade and inspection of the troops by Brigadier-General Heathcote, C.B. The military force was made up of the 2nd Battalion of the East Yorkshire Regiment, of native soldiery, and of volunteers. The principal State event of the day was the reception of addresses at the Town Hall by Lord Reay, Governor of the Presidency. The pageant was rendered none the less effective by the presence in the harbour of the Eastern Squadron under the command of Admiral Sir Frederick Richards. The Town Hall stands in the Elphinstone Garden, the approach through which was lined by sailors from H.M.S. *Bacchante*, and the gallant fellows in their white costumes looked, according to one enthusiastic observer, fit for any service. Lord and Lady Brassey,

JUBILEE CASKET OF IVORY
...ented with an Address from the People of Bombay

who had come to Bombay in the *Sunbeam*, occupied in company with Lady Reay prominent places in the ceremonial. In addition to the addresses presented at the Town Hall, a large number was recorded at the Secretariat of Bombay for submission to Her Majesty, who in the course of the day wired the following message from Osborne, Isle of Wight, to Malabar Point:—I thank you all, the Native Princes and my loyal Indian subjects, for kind congratulations." The Governor, Lord Reay, after receiving the deputation, delivered a long address appropriate to the occasion. At its termination, four trumpeters blew a long blast; the guard of honour presented arms, the bands played, and the Royal Standard was hoisted on a temporary flagstaff placed over the Town Hall by several men-of-war's men, who, squirrel-fashion, had been perched aloft the whole morning. This ceremony was attended with great cheering and a salute of 101 guns. Then followed the Thanksgiving Service at St. Thomas's Cathedral, attended by the Governor and his party. The anthem sung here was the one composed by Sir John Goss, the late organist of St. Paul's, especially for the Jubilee Year.

But not only Christians offered thanksgivings, other religious communities equally expressed gratitude to the Deity for the blessings given to the Empire during the reign of which this Jubilee celebrates the half-century's duration. The space at disposal is not great enough to contain more than one of these expressions of devout feeling. Probably, however, Britons will be interested in a prayer selected from among the orisons recited at the Parsee Thanksgiving Ceremony at the Hormusjee Bomanjee Fire Temple at Chundun-wady. Composed in the Avesta, or sacred language of the Parsees, it was recited by Dustoor Jamaspjee Minocherjee before a representative assembly, and runs thus:

"O Holiest and Heavenly Ahura Mazda! I, Thy humble servant, pray unto Thee, with uplifted hands, that Thou may'st preserve for ever on her Imperial throne our Most Gracious and Virtuous Empress Victoria, who has this day completed the fiftieth year of her auspicious reign. Grant, O Mazda! perfect health, long life, and prosperity to that exalted Sovereign, whom we love as our dear mother, and who is the well-wisher of all her subjects; who is as virtuous as Pouruchisti, the holiest and worthiest among the daughters of Zoroaster, as virtuous and renowned as King Jamshed, the father of a happy people, as victorious as Faridun; who is conqueror of kingdoms, like the blessed and immortal Kaikhosro; who is as equitable in justice as King Naushirwan the Just; who defends the Masdeyacnian faith like King Gushtasp; who has been so fortunate as to have made new additions to her dominions since her accession to the throne; and who now rules over nearly three-quarters of the habitable globe, to the great joy of her loyal subjects.

"O Merciful Lord of the Corporeal and Spiritual World! perpetuate the reign of such a virtuous, mighty, and renowned Empress over us. Vanquish the enemies of her kingdom, and order Thy ever-victorious Behram to deprive them of their power. Drive away wrath, drive away hatred, and spread peace, contentment, and happiness throughout the length and breadth of her wide dominions.

"And do Thou, who art Ahura Mazda, bestow health of body, purity of soul, and worldly prosperity on all her sons, daughters, and descendants.

"Listen, I pray Thee, to this humble supplication of Thy servant and the Zoroastrian community, and grant us our wishes. Amen.

"O, Empress Victoria! May God extend your days, and continue to shower his choicest blessings on you and your family! So may it happen as I wish.

"Long live the Empress."

The illuminations of the City of Bombay were of an elaborate description. An observer of the scene on the night of the 16th of February, whose style also is enriched with a good deal of picturesque epithet and imagery, said:—"An excellent birdseye view could be obtained of the fiery decorations from the summit of the University Tower, and the effect was charming. The turret-ships and H.M.S. *Bacchante* had their shapes outlined in fire, and the latter looked like some fairy vessel designed only for the accommodation of an elfin pleasure-party. Away on the uplands of Malabar Hill the letters 'Victoria' glistened like immense crystals, while underneath the tower stood the Public Buildings, Post Office, and Cathedral School, seeming fragile fabrics, which the slightest touch would demolish. Away to the northwards, the electric light threw its powerful illumination in all directions." Conspicuous was the Cathedral Tower, and the Queen's Statue showed out in a blaze of brilliance. It may be worth mentioning in connection with the Duke of Westminster's suggestion of the candle in every pane of glass in London, that the office of Mr. Byramjee Jeejeeboy in Bombay was dazzling to beholders, by reason of chandeliers being suspended at every window of the building. Indeed, all the members of the community of Bombay seem to have joined in an amiable rivalry with each other as to who should do most to make the night as memorable as the day had been. Neither were the poor nor the children forgotten in Bombay. To the former was given a joyous interlude amid the trials of existence, to the latter a memory of pleasure to be recalled in many a long year to come.

MADRAS

IN Madras the Jubilee rejoicings took much the same shape as in Calcutta and in Bombay. There also were the parade of troops, the reception of addresses by the Governor, Sir Robert Bourke, the Thanksgiving Service in the Cathedral, and the State Banquet. Among the many treats given to children and the

JUBILEE CASKET
Presented to the Queen by the People of Madras

poor, the feeding of the poor on the parade ground at Vepery may be more particularly described. By permission of Mr. G. V. Cenpilal Chettiyar, this old parade ground was used for the purpose. From an early hour thousands of people assembled at the place. Every precaution was taken to ensure order and safety. By eleven A.M. five thousand and thirty-two Hindus were fed in a spacious shed attached to a long building formerly used as an armoury. Mr. C. V. Cunniah Chettiyar sent six thousand laddoos—laddoos are native sweetmeats—for the people; Mr. Sooboo Pillai gave five thousand plantains, and the Sheriff, Sir T. Ramaswamy Mudaliyar, distributed two hundred cloths to the most deserving objects of charity. On another part of the same ground Mr. B. Lovery, ex-Sheriff of Madras, had charge of the arrangements for feeding one thousand Europeans and Eurasians.

As regards illuminations at Madras, the city, the shore, and the sea were festooned with fire. Although the hour for the commencement of the pyrotechnic display was fixed for nine P.M., the crowds assembled from an early hour in the evening, and in order to keep their attention occupied several large fire-balloons were sent up from eight o'clock. Precisely at 8.45 P.M., an Imperial salute of one hundred detonating shells was fired. Thirty-four shells were first exploded, then a *feu de joie* of crackers. After that again thirty-four detonating shells were seen and heard, and so on as before. The set pieces were divided into sixteen sections, and the firing of each division was simultaneous with the discharge of twelve maroons. When the set pieces were concluded there was a grand burst of twenty maroons altogether; immediately followed by four hundred Roman candles. The words "Good Night" were then suddenly displayed in letters of fire from the top of an arch, and the signal for breaking up was thus given. A novel feature in the evening's illuminations was the lighting up of the Coum River by a fleet of catamarans, which burnt lights of various colours while paddling round the island, while the countless lamps which bordered the river were reflected in the water. Very beautiful too were the effects of the various coloured lights on the rolling breakers that sweep in on the Madras Coast.

It would be impossible to attempt to treat of the Jubilee Celebrations in every town and city in India. There are some few, however, which may be mentioned, and from these an estimate of the rejoicings elsewhere must be formed.

KOHLAPUR

AT Kohlapur there was a parade of troops before the Maharajah and the Political Agent. Prisoners were liberated, speeches made, and congratulatory telegrams were sent by the Maharajah and the Southern Mahratta chiefs through the Indian Government to Her Majesty. The Ranees, moreover, received European ladies. In the afternoon there were sports, a fair in the park, and in the evening fireworks and illuminations throughout the city.

BANGALORE

THE Jubilee celebration was commenced at Bangalore by the parade of all the troops in the garrison to the number of four thousand at seven o'clock in the morning. The British Resident, Mr. Lyall, and the Maharajah rode down the line with General Rowlands. A salute of 101 guns and a *feu de joie* were fired, and three ringing cheers were given for the Empress. Then followed a march past. During the day the poor of all classes were fed with abundant and wholesome fare.

KURRACHEE

AT Kurrachee, among the addresses presented, one from the Mahomedan Association was most prominent, being contained in a most beautiful silver casket. A large and noteworthy gathering of Mahomedans assembled in the spacious square of the Madressa Lal Islam boarding-house, which is capable of accommodating several thousands of people. Here a remarkable prayer of thanksgiving in honour of Her Majesty's Jubilee was led by Moulvi Abu Abdallar Mahomed Gazaufar Fazil-i-lim, who, when comparing the toleration of religions by the late Emperor Akbar and the liberality of the present rule, eulogised Her Majesty in flattering terms for the innumerable virtues he ascribed to her, and for the protection, which under her benign rule is afforded to Islam. Much enthusiasm was displayed, and at night all the Muslim religious edifices were illuminated. Such facts as these—and we have no right to suspect nor ground for doubting the sincerity of this manifestation of loyalty—prove how strong is the attachment of our Mahomedan fellow-subjects to the British name.

CASHMERE

AT Srinagur, the capital of Cashmere, the Jubilee festivities began with a salute of 101 guns, fired at seven o'clock from the Palace, followed by another salute of 101 guns from the fort overlooking the city. In the evening a dinner was given by the Maharajah at the Lal Mandi Palace to sixteen Europeans resident at Srinagar. Dr. Surajlal, the Chief Justice of Cashmere, presided. The health of the Queen Empress was proposed and heartily drunk with all honours, followed by a toast of His Highness the Maharajah. The Medical Mission gave a dinner to five hundred poor persons. Some prisoners were released by order of the Maharajah.

BARODA

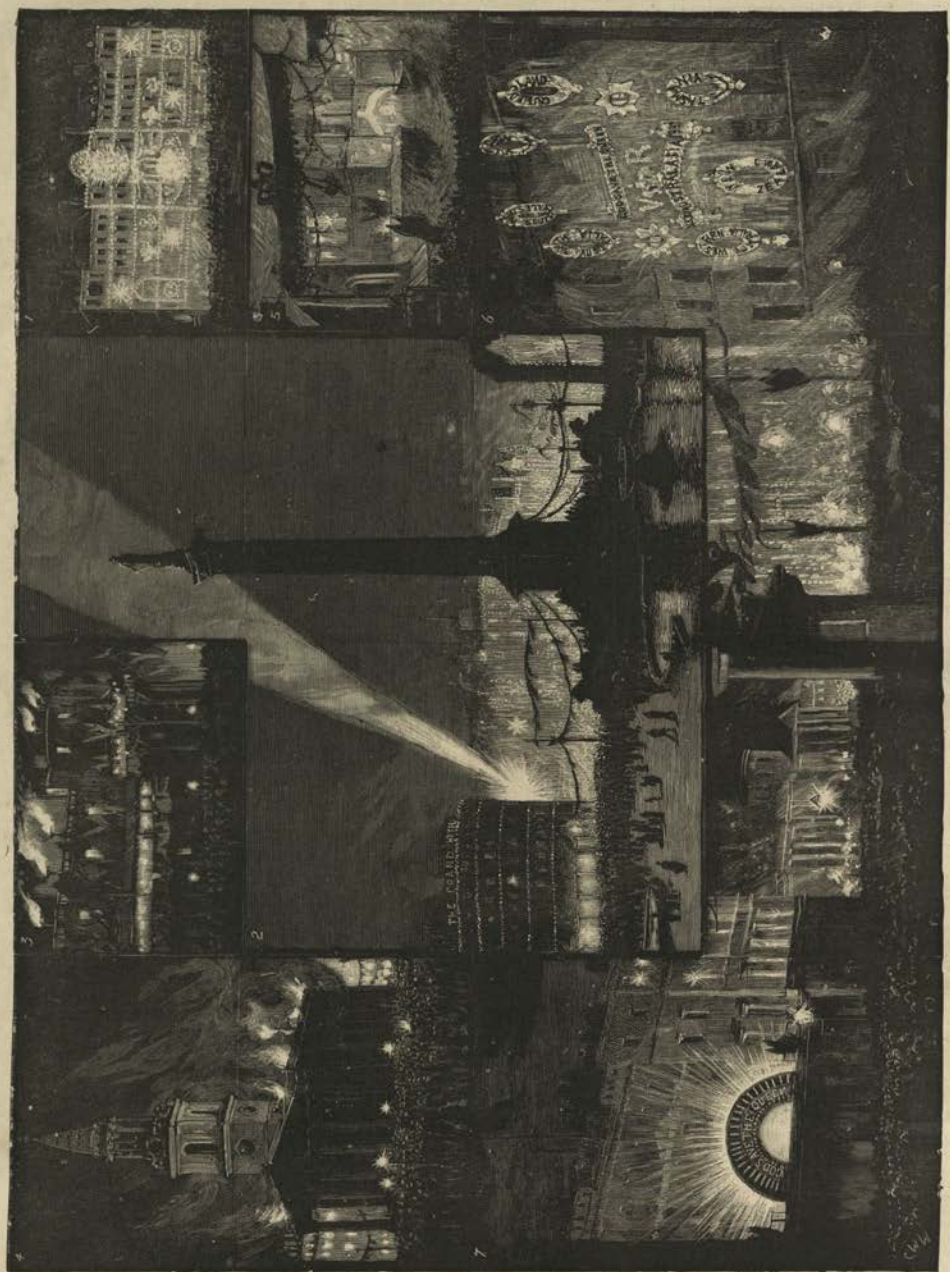
IN this city of the Maharajah Gackwar, the Jubilee of the Queen-Empress was celebrated in a manner suitable to the occasion, and to the wealth and loyalty of the Prince. There was the usual daybreak salute of 101 guns, parade of troops, and durbar, which was held at the Nazarbagh Palace, in the presence of all the English officials and of the other durbaries. The illuminations were very fine, the plan

THE NAWAB AMIR-I-AKBAR ASMAN JAH, BAHADUR
Prithi Minister of the Nizam of Hyderabad
Representative of the Nizam at the Queen's Jubilee.

of concentrating them on special points being adopted. A banquet and ball were given to the European officials and visitors. On the day following, the 17th of February, a great feast was given to the school children in the grounds of the Baroda College, and about 4,000 children received sweetmeats.

POONA

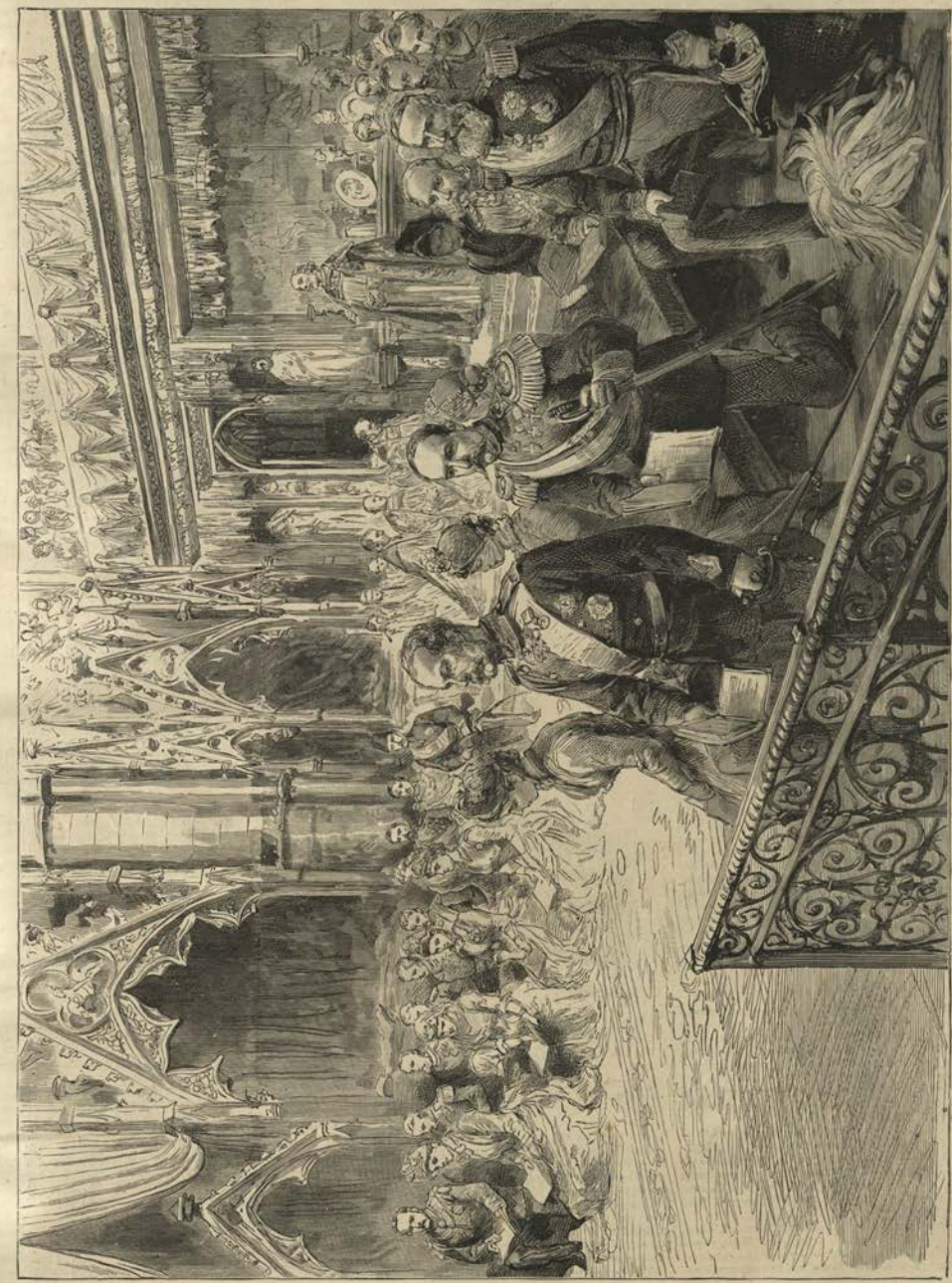
AT this military centre the third son of the Queen Empress, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army.



1. Grosvenor Place
2. Trafalgar Square
3. Baroness Burdett-Coutts' House
4. St. Martin's Church
5. Oxford and Cambridge Club
6. United Australian Colonies
7. Messrs. Hampton and Son's Illumination, Pall Mall East

THE ILLUMINATIONS

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN



THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY PRONOUNCING THE BENEDICTION AT THE CLOSE OF THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 21

was the central figure in the military and other displays. There was a grand parade before him of the garrison at Poona and Kirkee, and of the Poona Volunteers. There were thanksgiving services too at the various churches, chapels, temples, masjids, and other denominational places of worship, which were tastefully decorated, the non-Christian ones being illuminated after dark. At 6.30 P.M. the Agent for the Sirdars of the Deccan held a durbar, attended by the Chief of Jath, the Sirdars, Fadnis, Dahadhes, Purandhare, Patnis, Powars, Warkar, and several other gentlemen of note. In the evening Poona was brilliantly lighted.

AHMEDNAGAR

THE Brahmins of Ahmednagar held a special thanksgiving service in cerebration of the Jubilee at the house of Babajee Ganesh, Government Pleader.

RANGOON

AT the flourishing and rapidly-developing port by the mouth of the Irrawaddy, the State ceremonial was much the same as in other Government towns. Great excitement was created among the people by a special feature of the Jubilee rejoicings here. This was a race between the girls of Pantanaw and the Thoogrees of Rangoon, which ended in a foul when the women saw themselves being distanced. What this meant may be readily imagined. There were also Burmese Poonys and an Indian Nautch, which were immensely popular.

MANDALAY

THE capital of our most lately acquired Indian province was *en fête* too on February the 16th. The town was decorated with triumphal arches, and there were brilliant illuminations at night. A large stand, erected on the site proposed for the railway station, was filled with Burmese. Among persons of local note who had places on it were two sisters of Thecbaw, the four Mindones Queens, and many Princesses, richly arrayed and adorned with jewels.

These accounts of the celebrations in various towns illustrate what was done all over India to make the 16th of February a day memorable in the annals of Hindostan.

Many institutions, moreover, were permanently founded in honour and memory of the Jubilee. For instance, His Highness Takhtsingjee, of Bhownugger, funded 50,000 rupees for the support of twenty-five widows, to be known as the Victoria Jubilee Pensioners, and completed a service of water to the town to be called the Victoria Jubilee Water Works. At Indore a Victoria Library was founded, and three scholarships to be called after Queen Victoria were established; at Mhow a Victoria Jubilee Vernacular School was started; the Rao of Cutch commemorated the Jubilee by erecting a handsome building for a hospital at Bhuj, and by providing waterworks for the supply of pure drinking water at Mandvi; at Dharangadhra the foundation stone of a new school was laid, to be called the Victoria Jubilee Girls' School; two Victoria Jubilee Parks at Daman and Bhimpore, on the sea-coast, have been laid out for public use in honour of the occasion; the Rajah of Sukker has founded a Victoria Jubilee Garden; at Rustumpoora, near Surat, a Parsee Jubilee Gymnasium has been opened; His Highness the Thakore Saheb of Palitana shows his devotion to Her Imperial Majesty by establishing a public park and erecting two new schools for girls and boys; His Highness the Nawab Saheb of Junagadh founded the Victoria Jubilee Junagadh Scholarship of three thousand rupees a year to provide a liberal education in England, and he also instituted the Victoria Orphan Asylum in Junagadh. The Maharana of Oodeypore commissioned Mr. C. B. Birch, R.H.A., to execute a large marble statue of the Queen, to be placed in the public gardens of Oodeypore. These are some few of the substantial and lasting memorials which Indian loyalty devised to perpetuate the memory of the Jubilee.

What is very striking about this Oriental celebration is the kindly spirit that prevailed, and the general unanimity of sentiment. The liberation of many thousands of prisoners was in keeping with the feasting of myriads of poor folk and of children. Perhaps none of the incidents of the Jubilee were more significant of conciliatory resolve than the decision of the Mahomedan community of Bombay, out of respect for their Hindoo fellow-citizens, to forbid the slaughter of a single cow. So it was, however; and thus we have the gratifying spectacle of Jews and Christians, Parsees and Hindoos and Mussulmans assembled with one accord in their synagogues, churches, fire temples, shrines, and mosques to give thanks according to their distinctive customs for the anniversary, and to petition for the continuance of Her Majesty's beneficent rule, then to issue forth to common enjoyment of fairs, sports, games, feasting, dancing, of military and pyrotechnic displays.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS JUBILEE SERVICE

THERE was no lack of solemnity and and stately circumstance in the manner in which the House of Commons, in pursuance of the resolution of Tuesday, the 17th of May, attended the Special Service on Sunday, the 22nd of that month, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of Her Majesty.

Never before had the House of Commons, as representing the Commons of the country, assembled to offer its thanksgivings on the occasion of the Jubilee of the Sovereign.

The church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, was chosen for this imposing parliamentary and religious ceremony, because it is the special church of the House of Commons, and is so described in the journals of the House, and in it are held all religious ceremonies in which the House resolves to take part in its official character, the church of the House of Lords for similar purposes being Westminster Abbey.

A handsome commemorative card, which bore, in an artistic form, the emblems of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, accompanied the invitations to this thanksgiving service, which were issued by the Speaker to members of the House, and to representatives of its officers and of those whose duties are connected with the House.

At ten A.M. in the morning the chamber in which the House sits was opened, and shortly afterwards a number of members who had accepted the invitation to take part in the Jubilee Service were there ready to take their places in the procession. At a quarter to eleven the Speaker, who wore his robes of State of black and gold, took his seat in the chair occupied on ordinary occasions by the Clerk at the table. After the lapse of a few minutes, during which members continued to arrive, the Speaker rose, and, preceded by the mace-bearer, walked down the House and entered the central lobby, where the procession was to be formed.

The procession, on being formed, was preceded by Chief Inspector Denning, the Inspector of the Houses of Parliament, and by Chief Inspector Horsley, the Inspector of the House of Commons. They were followed by two doorkeepers of the chamber and by two messengers of the House.

The procession itself was headed by the mace-bearer, carrying the mace, the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms (Mr. F. R. Gosset), and the Sergeant-at-Arms (Mr. H. D. Erskine), the latter wearing the silver collar of the ancient order of S.S., the origin of which is lost in antiquity, but which is known to be older than that of the Garter,

GOLD CASKET
Presented to the Queen with an Address from the Mayor and Corporation of Kensington

and the insignia of which are worn down to the present day by the Lord Chief Justice of England and by one other Judge. They were followed by two messengers, who walked one on either side of the procession. Next came the Speaker, whose train was carried by his train-bearer. The Chaplain of the House of Commons (the Hon and Rev. Francis Byng) and the Secretary to the Speaker (Mr. Edward Ponsonby) followed, being preceded by two messengers. They were followed by the Clerk of the House of Commons (Mr. Reginald Palgrave) on the right, and on the left by the Clerk-Assistant (Mr. Archibald Milman), and the Second Clerk-Assistant (Mr. F. B. G. Jenkinson).

Preceding the members of the House went Ministers and ex-Ministers, there being in the first rank Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Courtney, and Lord Hartington. The other members followed in a line of four abreast. The procession began to march in slow time at about five minutes to eleven o'clock,

CHAIR OF STATE

and proceeded from the lobby by way of St. Stephen's Hall to Westminster Hall. Westminster Hall was lined on both sides by the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, behind whose ranks stood a number of regular and volunteer officers in uniform. At a quarter to eleven o'clock the procession of the clergy and choirs of the Abbey and of St. Margaret's, marching two by two, entered the hall by the great door, and, having reached the bottom of St. Stephen's steps at the upper end of the hall, the two lines separated, and, countermarching down the hall, formed two lines in front of the volunteers.

On the Speaker reaching the top of St. Stephen's steps at the upper end of the hall, the Commons procession halted, and was saluted by a flourish played by the twenty-four buglers of the Queen's Westminsters. The clergy procession was then reformed, and marched at the head of the Commons procession.

The line of march outside the great door of Westminster Hall lay through New Palace Yard, across the road to Parliament Square, straight between the two enclosures, and then diagonally across the road to the west door of St. Margaret's Church. The line was kept by the remaining companies of the Queen's Westminsters, who had assembled nearly a thousand strong. The Queen's Westminsters are the successors of the eight local Volunteer corps which were originally raised between the years 1795 and 1798 from the parishes of St. James, St. Martin, St. George, St. Clement Danes, and Pimlico. The respective companies presented arms as the Speaker passed them.

The large concourse of people who had been attracted by the event were most orderly in their behaviour. There was not much cheering, as the members of the House passed along the route. At ten o'clock the doors of St. Margaret's Church were thrown open for the admission of those who had received invitations, and in a short time all the seats which had not been appropriated for the accommodation of members were filled, while numbers of ladies had to stand in the passages throughout the service. Within the rails of the altar were placed two fine pink azaleas, and there were a few flowers above the altar, but with these exceptions there was no decoration of the church.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York entered the church shortly before eleven o'clock, and took their seats, the former on the right and the latter on the left of the altar. About the same time Viscount Eversley, who was for so many years the Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lord Hampden, the late Speaker of the House, entered the Speaker's pew, and took their seats.

The two lines of pews in the nave, which are separated by a central passage, were reserved for members, while those in the aisles were appropriated to the ladies who had received invitations. The Speaker's pew was in front of the right line of pews in the nave, facing the altar, and it was distinguished by having in its front a wide ledge covered with crimson cloth for the reception of the mace.

Eleven had just struck when the west door was thrown open and the procession entered the church. With stately step it advanced down the nave, while the slow march from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* was played on the organ by Dr. Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey. The clergy and choristers having taken their places in the choir, the Speaker entered his pew, shaking hands with Lord Eversley and Lord Hampden, who rose to receive him. Those who occupied the Speaker's pew sat in the following order:—The Speaker, Lord Eversley, Lord Hampden, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Courtney, Lord Hartington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Goschen), Mr. E. Stanhope, and Mr. H. H. Fowler. In the pew immediately behind that of the Speaker were the Serjeant-at-Arms (Mr. H. D. Erskine), the Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms (Mr. F. R. Gosset), and the Secretary to the Speaker (Mr. Edward Ponsonby).

The special service, which was intoned throughout by Canon Troutbeck, was opened by the united choirs of Westminster Abbey and of St. Margaret's singing the National Anthem, in which the congregation heartily joined. The following appropriate alternative verses were sung, the first being written by Mr. S. Baring-Gould and the second by "C. N. S.":—

Lift we both heart and voice,
With one accord rejoice
On this glad day.
On our Queen's Jubilee.
Bend we to God the knee,
Singing right heartily,
God save the Queen.

God, hear our nation's prayer,
Safe in Thy loving care,
Guard Thou our Queen.
Ruler of earth and sea,
Through all eternity,
In one blest Jubilee,
Keep Thou our Queen.

The canticle from the Accession Service was substituted for the "Venite."

The first lesson, which was read by the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, the Chaplain to the Speaker, was taken from 1 Kings iii., 5—14. The second lesson, which was taken from Romans xiii., was read by Archdeacon Farrar. The Proper psalms for the day were the 20th, the 21st, and the 150th.

After the third collect, Handel's joyous "Coronation Anthem" was given with fine effect. Just before the sermon the hymn, composed expressly for Her Majesty's Jubilee by the Bishop of Ripon and set to music by Dr. Bridge, who has introduced into the tune the Prince Consort's well-known melody of "God bless," was sung. This hymn will be found printed in full among the extracts from the other principal Jubilee poems in the columns we have devoted to the Bardic Tribute to Her Majesty.

The sermon, which was then delivered by the Bishop of Ripon, has been much praised for its power, its brilliancy, and its sustained eloquence. In the course of it Dr. Boyd Carpenter spoke of the true duty of a statesman, repudiated with scorn the imputation that the present age was a prostic one, and concluded a discourse which held his audience enthralled for nearly an hour, by delicate, sympathetic, and touching allusion to the history of that youthful Queen, that loving wife, that happy mother, and that sorrowing widow, whose fiftieth year of blameless reign they were celebrating at that moment of time.

During the course of the service the Archbishop of Canterbury read two of the Collects from the Accession Service, and the Archbishop of York the Absolution. The service was brought to a close by the "Hallelujah Chorus," the Benediction being pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The offertory, the proceeds of which will be given in aid of the funds of Westminster Hospital, was collected by Sir J. Mowbray, M.P., Colonel Walrond, M.P., Mr. H. H. Fowler, M.P., Mr. Paleston, M.P., Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., Mr. Craig Sellar, M.P., Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P., Mr. C. R. Spencer, M.P., Mr. G. Curzon, M.P., Mr. Woodall, M.P., Mr. Gosset (the Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms), and Mr. Edward Ponsonby (the Speaker's Secretary).

At the conclusion of the service the Speaker and the officers of the House left the church by the west door, where they were received by a special Guard of Honour of the Queen's Westminsters, consisting of forty-nine non-commissioned officers and men, under the command of Captain Clifford Probyn, assisted by Lieutenant Bradshaw and Lieutenant Shaw.

THE ADDRESS OF THE CITY OF LONDON

MANY loyal addresses were presented to the Queen long before Jubilee day. Among those who hastened to lay their congratulations at the foot of the throne was the Corporation of London. On the afternoon of the 9th of May the Queen received a large deputa-

tion from that body at Buckingham Palace. The ancient privilege of being received in person by the Sovereign is enjoyed by the Corporations of London and Dublin, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and Her Majesty's Lieutenants for the City of London; and though on some recent occasions, when the addresses to the Queen have been of condolence in family bereavement rather than of congratulation, the reception of the Corporation has been waived, yet the observance of the time-honoured custom has never been otherwise than graciously accorded on the part of Her Majesty.

THE JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS IN EDINBURGH
Review in Queen's Park

The Corporation, headed by the Lord Mayor, assembled at the Guildhall shortly after one o'clock, the Aldermen and the Sheriffs wearing black velvet Court suits and scarlet gowns, and the members of the Common Council either Court suits or evening dress, with their mazarine gowns. The high officers of the Corporation were in Court dress, with official robes. In all, sixteen members of the Court of Aldermen took part in the ceremony:—Sir Robert Carden, Mr. Alderman Lawrence, Sir Thomas Gabriel, Mr. Alderman Cotton, Sir Francis Truscott, Sir W. M'Arthur, K.C.M.G., Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, M.P., Sir John Staples, K.C.M.G., and Aldermen De Keyser, Whitehead, Savory, Gray, Evans, Cowan, Knill, and Tyler. The Sheriffs, Mr. Alderman Isaacs and Colonel Kirby, were also present, as were the Recorder, the Town Clerk, the Common Serjeant, the Comptroller, the Remembrancer, the Solicitor, the Secondary, and the Under-Sheriffs. About 170 members of the Common Council formed the deputation. The civic authorities went in procession to Buckingham Palace in carriages, headed by the City Marshal. The Lord Mayor (Sir Reginald Hanson), who was attended by the Sword and Mace Bearers, wore his black and gold robe of State over a velvet Court suit. On arriving at Buckingham Palace the Corporation were shown into the picture gallery, where they waited until the Queen was ready to receive them. The corridors were lined by the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms and the Yeomen of the Guard. The Sheriff and the Remembrancer having had an audience of the Queen, Her Majesty received the deputation in the Throne Room. The Queen, who looked remarkably well, wore a black silk dress, trimmed with lace, and over it the ribbon of the Order of the Garter, and several decorations. Her Majesty stood in front of the throne on a raised dais, and was attended by Viscount Cross, G.C.B. (in the absence of the Home Secretary) and the Lords and Ladies in Waiting. The Corporation thereupon approached the Queen with the usual reverences, the Lord Mayor being in the centre, and the Sword and Mace being reversed in the Royal presence.

Sir Thomas Chambers, Q.C., Recorder of London, read the following address:—

"To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

"The humble, loyal, and dutiful address of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London in Common Council assembled.

"Most Gracious Sovereign,—We, your Majesty's most loyal and dutiful subjects, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common Council assembled, respectfully approach your Majesty with the sincerest sentiments of loyalty and attachment.

"We hail with rejoicing the forthcoming completion of the fiftieth year of your Majesty's beneficent and enlightened reign, and we gratefully remember and humbly acknowledge the countless national advantages which, under Divine Providence, have during the past half-century been vouchsafed to our beloved country.

"We look forward, with renewed hope and confidence, to the still further development of the arts and influences of peace and civilisation, fostered and encouraged, as they have ever been, by the wisdom and virtues of which your Majesty is so bright an example.

"We humbly pray that the Giver of all good may continue to your Majesty, to your Royal Family, and to the vast Empire beneath your sway, those blessings which have hitherto been so mercifully and so abundantly bestowed.

"Signed, by order of the Court,

"John B. Monckton, Town Clerk."

The Lord Mayor, kneeling, delivered the address to the Queen. Her Majesty read the following reply with distinct utterance and clear voice:—

"My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen,—I thank you sincerely for your renewed assurances of loyalty and attachment to my throne and person. It gives me great satisfaction, in looking back on the past history of my reign, to recall how much its prosperity is owing, under God, to the sound sense and good feeling of my subjects and to the sympathy which has united the Throne and the people. I trust that, by the Divine blessing, this cordial sympathy may continue unbroken, and that I shall always find, as heretofore, your ancient and illustrious Corporation, in common with all my other faithful subjects, zealous in every public and private effort to promote the happiness and welfare of the realm."

The Queen then handed her reply to the Lord Mayor, who, having kissed hands, presented the mover (Mr. Henry Hicks) and the seconder (Mr. Alderman Lawrence) of the address, with two of the senior Aldermen—Sir Robert Carden and Sir Thomas Gabriel—who also kissed hands.

The deputation then withdrew, and returned to Guildhall.

After the Corporation had retired, Her Majesty received a small deputation representing Her Majesty's Lieutenants of the City of London, who presented, through the Lord Mayor, a similar address, to which her Majesty returned the following reply:—

"I receive with pleasure your renewed assurances of loyalty and devotion to my person and Government. It is a source of great satisfaction to me to receive these and similar warm congratulations from all parts of my Empire on the completion of the fiftieth year of my reign. I rejoice in the evidence it affords that my subjects, though scattered in various parts of the world, continue closely bound together in their hearts by ties of mutual sympathy and by that steadfast loyalty to my throne for which the City of London and its Lieutenants have always been conspicuous."

THE JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS IN EDINBURGH

THE ADDRESS OF THE ENGLISH FREEMASONS

On Monday, the 13th of June, the Prince of Wales, for the second time, after an interval of twelve years, presided over a great assemblage of Freemasons in the Royal Albert Hall. The first occasion, twelve years ago, was when he was installed by the rulers in the craft, by which he had been elected. Once again he occupied the Grand Master's Throne, when, with the Duke of Connaught on his right, and his son, Prince Albert Victor, on his left, and surrounded by those eminent in the state and the craft, he presided over the vote of an address to Her Majesty, who has been associated with the craft from early life, and who is the chief patroness of the Order and of the Masonic charities for the aid of the young and the relief of the aged. The assemblage was in every respect a great one. All the Brethren were in full Masonic costume—the Grand Officers in purple and gold, the Grand Stewards in scarlet, the Provincial Grand Officers in dark blue and gold, and the mass of the Brethren in sky blue and silver, the whole presenting a brilliant spectacle.

The Grand Master and the Princes were received at the entrance to the Albert Hall by Brothers Sir Albert Woods (Garter), Colonel Shadwell Clerke, Thomas Fenn, J. C. Parkinson, R. G. Glover, and Colonel Harding, the officers appointed. A fanfare on silver trumpets announced their arrival. In the hall they were received by the great assemblage standing. The number present was about 7,000, composed of representative Brethren chosen by lodges in different parts of the Empire. The procession included His Highness the Maharajah of Kuch-Behar, Lord Carnarvon (Provincial Grand Master), Lord Lathom (Deputy Grand Master), Lord Rosslyn (Past Grand Master of Scotland), Lord Wakeley (Grand Warden), Lord Leigh, Lord Methuen, Lord Jersey, Lord Cremorne, Lord Charles Beresford, the Earl of Milltown, Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P., General Brownrigg, and a large number of Past Grand officers and the officers of districts and provinces.

The assemblage, though "tyled," was not held as a lodge, and when the cordial cheers which greeted the Grand Master and his distinguished officers had subsided, the business of the meeting was opened.

His Royal Highness the Grand Master said,—"Brethren,—This is, I think, one of the greatest gatherings of Freemasons I have ever seen, with the exception of the occasion when, after election by the craft, I received the honour of installation as your Grand Master. It is most gratifying to me, as I feel sure it will be to the Queen, that so large a gathering has assembled here to-day to do her honour on the fiftieth anniversary of her reign—the jubilee of her accession. This gathering will be a proof to her, as it is also to me, of the great devotion and loyalty of the craft to the Throne—a devotion and loyalty which have ever animated the Free and Accepted Masons of England. We are here, brethren, as you are aware, for the purpose of moving an Address to the Queen, congratulating her upon having attained the fiftieth anniversary of her reign. You are well aware that my ancestors—some of them former Sovereigns of this nation—did much in support of Freemasonry; and, though they well knew it to be a secret society, they were well assured that it was in no wise a dangerous one. Among our tenets of motives 'loyalty' and 'philanthropy' stand out prominently, and we are proud of the fact. I assure you, brethren, that it is most gratifying to me to receive so large, important, and influential a gathering as this to-day; and I am rejoiced that, in the many events which are to be the signs of the people's rejoicing at the Jubilee of the Queen, this meeting at the Royal Albert Hall of the Free and Accepted Masons of England will be the first on the list. I will now call upon Grand Secretary to read the proposed Address, and then our worshipful brother the Earl of Carnarvon will move its adoption."

Colonel Shadwell H. Clerke, Grand Secretary, read the Address, as follows:—

"We, your Majesty's loyal and dutiful subjects, the Free and Accepted Masons under the United Grand Lodge of England, most respectfully desire to approach the Throne on the auspicious occasion of your Majesty having completed the fiftieth year of your reign over the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to assure your Majesty of our fervent and unabated attachment to your Majesty's Throne and Royal person.

"Founded, as our ancient institution is, on principles of unswerving loyalty to our Sovereign and fidelity to our country, we rejoice to think that the great increase of our Order in all parts of your Majesty's dominions is in unison with the welfare of the nation and the maintenance of the established institutions of the land, which it will ever be our earnest desire to preserve inviolate.

"We would humbly express our gratitude to the Great Architect of the Universe for having spared your Majesty to reign over these realms for so extended a period, and we pray that He may continue to preserve your Majesty to rule, with that full sovereignty which affection can alone insure, the hearts of your faithful subjects, and more especially of the fraternity which we to-day represent.

"May the Almighty vouchsafe to your Majesty a long and happy continuance of your reign over a loyal and devoted people."

The adoption of this Address was proposed by the Earl of Carnarvon and seconded by the Earl of Lathom. After this the grand assemblage chanted the National Anthem.

The ceremony of giving Jubilee honours was next performed in bestowing Grand Office rank on distinguished brethren. The chief among those so distinguished in London were:—

Brothers his Highness the Maharajah of Kuch-Behar, the Lord Mayor of London, the Hon. Mr. Justice Field, Lieut.-Colonel Hon. Henry J. Byng, Sir Francis Knollys, Sir John Staples, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Colonel Stanley d'A. Clarke, Thomas Trollope, M.D., Sir George Prescott, Thomas Weller Poley, Sir Charles Warren, George B. Brodie, M.D., Rev. Philip H. Ernest Brette, William E. Stewart, Deputy Inspector-General Thomas Parchas, M.D., R.N., John A. Farnfield, Charles Martin, Lieut.-Colonel George Haldane, Colonel William Bristow, Frederick Binckes, James Terry, Francis R. W. Hedges (the last three the Secretaries of the Institutions), and others.

Brethren in the provinces and the foreign districts were honoured in like manner.

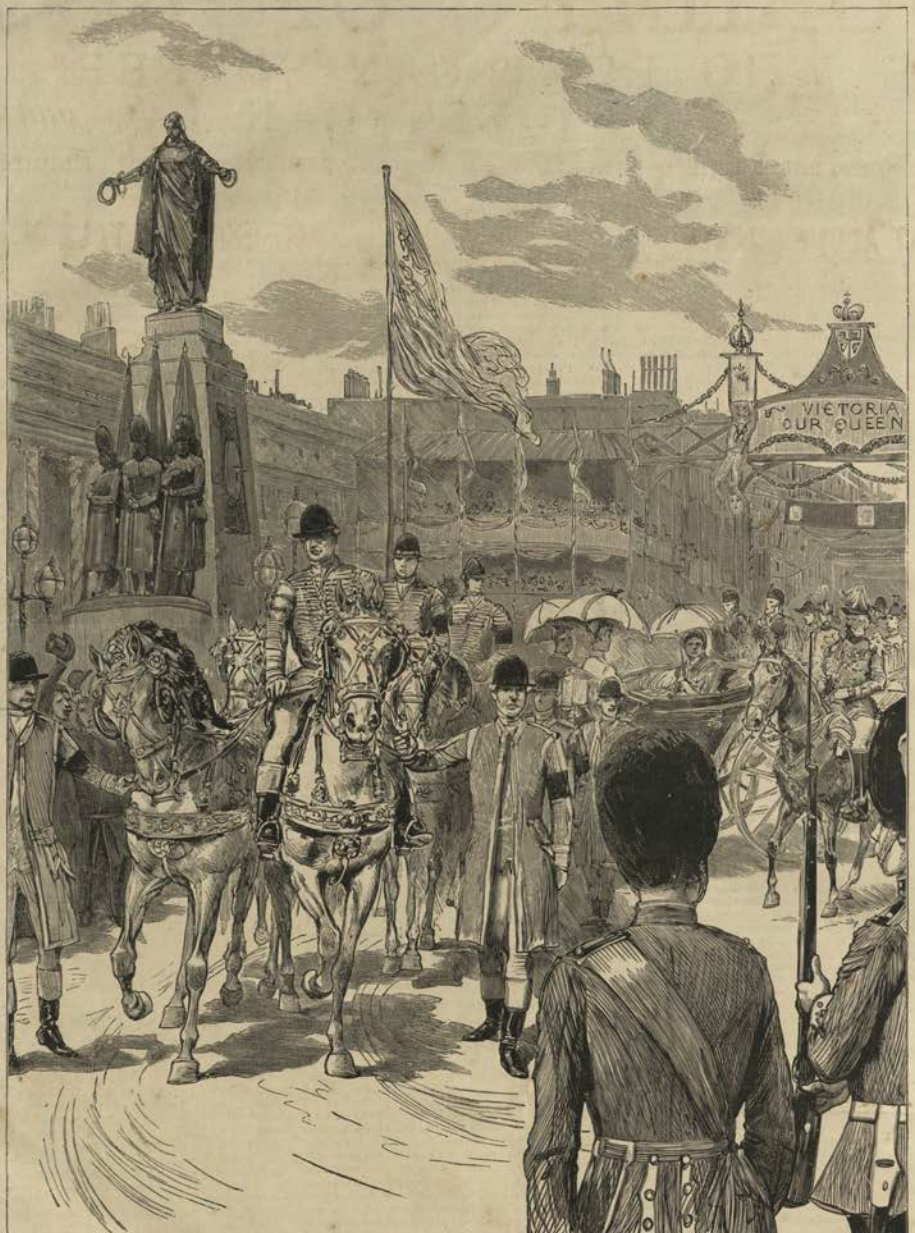
The casket in which the Address was presented to Her Majesty is of Royal blue velvet, and is lined with white satin. There are two large medallions in gold, one representing Her Majesty wearing the Imperial Crown and the Order of the Garter, and on the other are the arms of the craft, and the statement that Her Majesty is the chief patroness of the three Royal Masonic Benevolent Institutions. In the centre is a monogram with the letters V. R. I. entwined. The corners are ornamented with gold. The whole is a very handsome piece of work, which has been designed and carried out by Mr George Kenning.

ADDRESS FROM THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE

The following address was read and presented to the Queen on May the 4th at Windsor Castle, by Sir Robert Thornton, K.C.M.G., Premier of Newfoundland, on behalf of the Colonial Conference, all the representatives being present, except Sir Graham Berry, K.C.M.G., and Sir Cecil K. Smith, K.C.M.G., unavoidably absent:—

"May it please your Majesty,

"Your Majesty's subjects from distant provinces of your Empire, assembled in London upon the summons of your Secretary of State for the Colonies, to confer on questions affecting your Imperial possessions throughout the world, desire to avail themselves of the opportunity which their meeting affords, to approach your Majesty with their humble, united, and earnest congratulations on the approaching completion of the fiftieth year of your reign.



THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE PASSING THE GUARD'S MEMORIAL, WATERLOO PLACE, ON THE WAY TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 21

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

THE STATE TRUMPETERS WAITING TO GIVE THE FANFARE ON THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL AT THE ABBEY, JUNE 21

BOYS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH, CHEERING THE QUEEN IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, JUNE 21

"Your Majesty has witnessed the number of your colonial subjects of European descent increase from under two millions to nine millions, and of Asiatic race in your Indian Empire from ninety-six millions to 254 millions, and of other peoples in your Colonies and Dependencies from two millions to seven millions.

"The area now governed by your Majesty in India is 1,380,000 square miles, and in your Colonies 7,000,000 square miles. The increase of trade, of shipping, and of revenue has been in proportion to that of population; and no one in your wide dominions is subject to any other sway than that of even and impartial law.

"Your Majesty's reign has under Divine Providence endured for half a century; and amidst revolutions and changes of dynasty, and of systems of Government in other countries, the principles of the laws of your predecessors for a thousand years still afford your subjects that safety and prosperity, and the Empire that stability which claim the admiration of the world.

"We beg to assure your Majesty of the continued loyalty and devotion of your Colonial subjects; and we humbly pray that your happy reign may still be prolonged, and that your Majesty's throne may remain established in the land, in justice and righteousness for generations to come.

"We remain, with the profoundest veneration, your Majesty's most faithful subjects and dutiful servants."

To which Her Majesty made the following gracious reply:—

"I accept with much satisfaction the loyal and dutiful address which you have presented to me on behalf of my Colonial subjects, and it has given me great pleasure to receive in person here to-day the representatives of so many portions of my Dominions.

"I have observed with the liveliest interest the steady advance of my Colonies in wealth, population, and good Government. This has been a constant and increasing source of gratification to me during the fifty years on the completion of which you now offer congratulations; and nothing can give me greater pride and pleasure than to know that the loyalty and affection of my subjects in distant lands have developed along with their prosperity and success."

ADDRESS FROM THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF COMMONS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA

THE voting of the Canadian Address to the Queen was the occasion for a remarkable demonstration of loyalty in the Dominion House of Commons. It was on June 6th, in the Dominion House of Commons, that Sir John Macdonald, the Premier, moved that

THE JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS IN EDINBURGH
Dinner to Working People in Waverley Market

the House should associate itself in the congratulatory Address to the Queen previously voted by the Senate. The Address ran as follows:—

"May it please your Majesty,

"We your Majesty's loyal and dutiful subjects, the Senate and Commons of Canada in Parliament assembled, beg to offer our sincere congratulations on the happy completion of the fiftieth year of your auspicious reign. The supreme Disposer of events has made your Majesty the ruler of the fifth part of the habitable globe. Hundreds of millions of every race and tongue are proud to own your sway, but among them all there is no community that cherishes a more heartfelt attachment to your Majesty's person and throne than the people of the Canadian Dominion. Once a colony of France, won in a struggle not less honourable to the vanquished than the victors, it was not long till its fidelity to the Crown was severely tried. How it stood the test was known to your Majesty's illustrious father when he honoured with his friendship the hero of Shattarugua, the brave Deanlaberry; and, when the daughter of the Duke of Kent ascended the throne, the event was hailed as the dawn of an era which should bring to British and French Canada not only prosperity and progress, but the spirit of unity and goodwill. Under the influence of the great gift of Constitutional self-government, conferred upon Canada in the early years of your Majesty's reign, the country has made rapid progress.

"It has shared in the general advancement of the last half-century, in the wonderful discoveries and application of science—the railway, the steamship, the telegraph, and their conquests of time and space, the multiplication of manufactures, the expansion of commerce, the blessings of legal reform, the diffusion of education, and in the wearing away of prejudices through increased intercourse between man and man. If the Empire's progress compares favourably during the last fifty years with that of the world at large, so does the progress of Canada compare favourably with that of the Empire. From a few scattered provinces it has become a great federation, stretching from ocean to ocean, and linking by its iron path the European to the Asiatic portions of your Majesty's domain. It has been the good fortune of the people of Canada to enjoy from time to time the honour of the presence and countenance of several members of the Royal Family, and this relation not only deepened their loyal devotion to the head of the British Empire, but enhanced their regard for the wife and mother, and their veneration for the memory of the husband and father. Our earnest prayer is that He who is the Ruler of all nations and the King of all kings may uphold, direct, and preserve your Majesty for many long years to reign over a prosperous and contented people."

Sir John referred to the fact that the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, had enthusiastically and unanimously resolved to express in an appropriate way its gratitude for the blessing of so good a Queen, and spoke of the virtues of the Queen as a mother, wife, and woman.

Mr. Laurier said he was pleased that it devolved on him, as one of Her Majesty's subjects of French origin, to second the motion. After describing the glories of her reign, he said no class ought to be so grateful as her subjects of French origin for the benefits received during her reign.

The motion being put, was carried unanimously.

Thereupon the members rose, together with all in the galleries, and sang, "God Save the Queen" with great enthusiasm.

ADDRESS FROM THE MOHAWKS AND BIG SUN, THEIR CHIEF

NEITHER did the Canadian Indians forget their Sovereign. Big Sun, chief of the Mohawks, visited the Premier at Ottawa and presented an address to be forwarded to the Queen, offering the congratulations of the tribe upon the occasion of her Jubilee, and conveying assurances of attachment, acknowledgment of the Imperial protection, and prayers for Her Majesty's welfare.

ADDRESSES FROM UNIVERSITIES, EDINBURGH MUNICIPALITY, AND ENGLISH NONCONFORMIST BODIES

THE QUEEN received on Monday afternoon, the 16th of May, at Windsor Castle, deputations from the London and Edinburgh Universities, the Municipality of Edinburgh, the English Presbyterians, and the Society of Friends and various Nonconforming bodies, whose representatives went to the Palace for the purpose of presenting addresses to Her Majesty. Earl Granville, Mr. John Bright, and the others invited arrived at Windsor shortly before two o'clock, the majority of the visitors being conveyed in eleven Royal carriages to the Castle, where luncheon was served upon their arrival. Her Majesty received the deputations at three o'clock, and made gracious replies to the addresses presented to her. Mr. John Bright, in introducing the representatives of the Society of Friends to Her Majesty, said that, although they were numerically but a small body in the country, there was no class who would more fervently hope and pray that her reign might prove happy and prosperous. Mr. Martineau, a gentleman who was present at the audience, had presented addresses to Her Majesty upon the occasions of her Accession and Coronation. A guard of honour of the 1st Coldstream Guards, with the regimental band, was mounted at the Palace during the ceremony.

On the evening of Saturday, the 11th of June, the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh dined together in the Hall of the Parliament House in honour of the Queen's Jubilee. This was the third banquet that has been held in this historical building. The first occasion was in 1633, when Charles I. was entertained to a dinner on Sunday. The second banquet was in August, 1822, when George IV. was entertained. This banquet was presided over by the Dean of Faculty. Among others present were the Lord Justice General Inglis, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Earl of Stair, and several of the Lords of Session. A letter from Sir Francis Knollys, on behalf of the Prince of Wales, was read, in which it was said:—"I am now desired by his Royal Highness to convey to the Faculty of Advocates the expression of his best thanks for the invitation which they had been so good as to give him, and to say how sincerely he regrets being unable to take advantage of it." The toast of "The Queen" was proposed by the Dean of Faculty, and received with great enthusiasm. The Dean afterwards said that he had sent the following telegram to Sir Henry Ponsonby:—"The Faculty of Advocates under the Presidency of their Dean are now assembled at a banquet within the ancient Hall of the Parliament House, Edinburgh, with their guests in honour of Her Majesty's Jubilee. They would respectfully beg Her Majesty to receive the expression of the loyal and heartfelt congratulations of the Scottish Bar, and their earnest desire for every blessing to attend her." In reply the Dean received a telegram from Balmoral conveying Her Majesty's thanks for their good wishes. The proceedings were throughout of a very enthusiastic character.

RAILWAY EMPLOYÉS

THE members of the Railway Benevolent Institution, numbering nearly one hundred thousand men, employed on various railways in Great Britain and Ireland, through their representatives assembled at a special meeting held at Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. Henry Oakley, General Manager of the Great Northern Railway, in the chair, recorded by resolution their congratulations to the Queen on the happy occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of her reign, "a reign in which this great railway industry has been created and perfected, to the inestimable advantage of her people."

THANKSGIVING SERVICES

SUNDAY the 19th of June was almost universally throughout the country regarded as Thanksgiving Day, *par excellence*, in true celebration. It may doubted if throughout Great Britain there was a single place of worship in which appropriate allusion was not made to the Jubilee, and in which thanks were not solemnly rendered to the Deity for the completion of fifty years of prosperous and beneficent rule. As the 19th of June was also Hospital Sunday in London, the duties of society to its sick and poor was much emphasised. A few of the more notable services are here described.

As might be expected, the Dean of Lanlaff had a crowded congregation to hear him preach in the Temple Church. Among the audience were the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Cross, Lord Cairns, and the Recorder of London. Dr. Vaughan chose as his text, Leviticus xiv., 12, "It is the Jubilee; it shall be holy unto you," and explained eloquently the grounds we have for celebrating at this moment a Jubilee of joy and a Jubilee of praise. The *Te Deum* was sung to music composed by the late Prince Consort and the Special Anthem, composed by Dr. Hopkins organist of the Temple Church, was well rendered by Messrs. Henry Piercy, Forington, and Coward.

Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, was the scene of perhaps the most attractive of all Sunday's services. There the Rev. Teignmouth Shore, gave, in accordance with previous announcement, his special Jubilee Service for children. The little ones, who came in large numbers, under the care of their natural guardians, filled the body of the church, and many of them had to be accommodated in the galleries. Their ranks were joined by no less than ten of the Queen's grandchildren. The following young Princes and Princesses took part in this Thanksgiving Service with the other girls and boys:—

Their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales; Their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, the children of the Crown Prince and Princess; His Royal Highness Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, and Their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Marie, Melita, and Alexandra of Edinburgh.

The service began at half-past three, and was prettily musical. Both prayers and lessons were special to the occasion. To each of the young people, moreover, on entering Berkeley Chapel a little service-book was given, intended to serve as a memorial of the Jubilee, and therefore bound very prettily and in good taste. The text on which Mr. Shore based his address, which was delivered from the lectern, was the one in Leviticus so generally adopted for Jubilee sermons. He interspersed his discourse with anecdotes. For instance, the preacher said that a long time ago, when he was a boy, he saw Her Majesty coming out of a house where she had been to visit a sick person, and then he heard one workman say to another, "I like the Queen, Bill; I like to have somebody to look up to," and his companion replied, "Yes, and she's so good." The moral of Mr. Shore's pleasant and powerful address came as the peroration:—"Never be ashamed, boys and girls, to be proud of your country." A trained choir of young voices, aided right lustily by the visitors, rendered the musical portion of the service.

In view of the presence in the chapel of the ten young Princes and Princesses a verse of a special hymn, written for the occasion by Mr. Shore, was particulary appropriate. It ran:—

Bless, Good Lord, through years to come,
Our loved Sovereign and her home;
Keep her in Thy love and fear;
Bless her children's children dear.

The children also sang a special Jubilee hymn, written by Mr. George Weinberley, and the beauty of which was enhanced by the admirable musical setting. We subjoin two verses:—

For the sorrows she has known,
Bravely bearing them alone,
Ready, aye, God's will to own;
Pitying, bless our Queen.

For the comfort she has brought
To the sad and sorrow-wrought,
For each loving word and thought;
Bless our Gracious Queen.

The service lasted only three-quarters of an hour. Before it commenced and after it closed, Berkeley Square presented for a few minutes a more cheerful aspect than it ordinarily wears, thronged as it was with brightly-dressed children, who filled the air with murmuring prattle of many voices.

In Canterbury Cathedral there also was a special Jubilee commemoration on Hospital Sunday. Three thousand children were present, who came from Nonconformist as well as Church schools to listen to an address by Dean Payne Smith. The singing of the National Anthem closed the solemnity.

Mr. Spurgeon, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, preaching on behalf of the Hospital Sunday Fund, alluded to the Jubilee in characteristic style. He said that he hoped people would give to this Fund in a princely way, and that all present would celebrate the Jubilee by giving larger sums than usual. His text was (Psalm cxlix. 2): "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King," and in the course of his observations Mr. Spurgeon said the true splendour of Kings was not in what the people did for them, but in what they did for the people. A King did honour to himself by his generosity, and he could wish that the Jubilee were being signalised by giving to the poor and needy. David celebrated his feast by giving to his subjects a piece of flesh and a flagon of wine. The way to imitate the King of Zion would be to show their generosity that morning on behalf of the poor and needy on whose behalf the collection would be taken. The collections amounted to 253*l.* 14*s.*

Thanksgiving services, too, were held in Dublin on the 19th of June, in all the Protestant churches of the Irish capital. At Christ Church Cathedral in the morning, and at St. Patrick's Cathedral in the afternoon sermons were preached by Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin. He developed three thoughts as bearing on Her Majesty's reign—thanksgiving, liberty, mercy—emphasising the existence of unparalleled civil liberty, contrasted with the time of penal laws followed by merciless retaliation, and he quoted the recent utterance of a Roman Catholic prelate that Roman Catholics had reason to rejoice.

The sum obtained from the collections in all the Protestant churches of Ireland was devoted to the Jubilee Fund for the educa-

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SAXONY
The Queen's Guest at the Jubilee Celebrations

tion of the children of the poor clergy. On Sunday, June 19th, a magnificent service was held in the parish church of Holy Trinity, in the presence of the Royal Horse Guards and a large general congregation. The *Te Deum* and the hymns, including the National Anthem and the Old Hundredth, which were given with telling effect, were accompanied by the full band of the Blues, in conjunction with the organ, besides which the band of the regiment, under the direction of Mr. Charles Godfrey, played the "Hallelujah Chorus" and selections from the "Hymn of Praise." Part of the service was a Jubilee hymn given together by the full band and the organ, entitled "Ten Lustres of Light," which had been written by the Rev. Arthur Robins, and dedicated by special permission to the Princess Christian. The sermon, which was upon the words "The Lord is my strength; and He is the wholesome defence of His anointed," was preached by the rector, the Rev. Arthur Robins, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, and Chaplain to the Prince of Wales and the Household Troops, who summed up the chief events and lessons of the past fifty years.

A solemn Thanksgiving Service, consisting of High Mass on Jubilee Day, "Te Deum," and a Benediction was held at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, at ten o'clock. Monsignor Rosso Scilla, the Papal Envoy, officiated, and Cardinal Manning gave the Benediction. In response to the feeling of many excellent persons this act of piety and loyalty took place on the same day as the Royal Thanksgiving, and Her Majesty specially notified her approval of the arrangements. Services to the above were held in all the Roman Catholic Churches in London, but in most cases at an early hour.

Our Jewish fellow subjects did honour to the Jubilee by holding a general service of thanksgiving in the Central Synagogue, which stands in Charlotte Street, Portland Place, on Sunday, June 19th. Festoons and baskets of flowers gave brilliancy to the frontage of the buildings. A crown of immortelles of imposing size, resting on a base of Marguerite daisies and double geraniums, was the gift of Mr. Leopold Rothschild, and was placed prominently in the central aisle. There was a full choral service, conducted by Mr. Oppenheim. The opening and concluding voluntaries were the chorale, "Gotha," by His Royal Highness the late Prince Consort, and revised by Dr. Bridge, and Mendelssohn's march from *Athalie*; indeed, the voluntaries were the two chosen by Her Majesty for inclusion in the great State Service in Westminster Abbey.

We give an abstract of the sermon preached on the occasion by the Rev. Dr. Fay. His text was: "His glory is great in thy salvation; honour and majesty dost Thou lay upon him. For Thou makest him most blessed for ever; Thou makest him glad with joy in Thy presence. For the king trusteth in the Lord, and through the lovingkindness of the Most High he shall not be moved" (Psalm xxi. 5—7). For twelve months past and more, he said, the air had been vocal with sounds of a coming event, an event which cast not a shadow but a halo of glory, gladness and beneficence before. A word hitherto unknown to the crowd, and which had no place in the daily vocabulary of the vulgar had suddenly sprung into prominence, had been bandied from lip to lip, making itself heard as well in the cottage as in the palace, in the House of God, in the forum, at the banquet, in the mart; uttered joyfully by princes, lisped by the infant, in fact, achieving an universal and almost unheard of popularity, and becoming the synonym of all that was happy and pleasant and good—the word "Jubilee." It was a word which came to Jews with irreproachable and undeniable credentials, because its birthplace was the Hebrew Scriptures. For fifty years a beloved and virtuous Queen had sat upon the throne of these realms. Fifty years ago, with but two unimportant exceptions, there was no synagogue beyond the precincts of the City. That meant, not so much that the Jewish population was insignificant in point of numbers, but that the circle of activity in which Jews could engage was but narrow—that it was bounded by commerce, beyond which they could not soar even if they would. With the advent of Victoria a change came over their condition. She reigned one year, and on June 21, 1838, their civil disabilities were removed; they were free and happy citizens. Honours, won by men of probity and integrity, at length fell to the share of upright and worthy subjects. When the Bill for the admission of Jews to Parliament was passing the Commons one hon. member feared that "a national chastisement" would overtake the country for this impious permission, while another thanked God that there was a House of Lords to throw out the Bill. But, now, in that very gilded chamber, sat the first Jewish Peer, an ornament to his people and no disgrace to his nation.

In 1858 the present Prime Minister publicly expressed fear of permitting a sincere Jew to take his seat in the Commons; but now, to his credit and honesty be it spoken, he had called a member of that faith to sit him in the administration of the affairs of the realm, while he had invited others to sit upon Royal Commissions. Jewish Lord Mayors had occupied the Civic chair. Jewish members of the legal profession (although fifty years ago no Jew could practise at the Chancery Bar) had been represented on the Bench by one of its greatest lights and acutest thinkers. With respect to Universities, where learning should have made brothers of all students and merit only rule the day, it was not until a Jewish Senior Wrangler attained the honour which his abilities won for him, that the University Test Act was passed in 1872, by which Jews were placed upon an equality in the ancient seats of learning. Since the date of their dispersion, now nineteen centuries ago, Jews had never enjoyed in any clime, or under any ruler, the happiness, the freedom, and the perfect equality which made up their condition to-day. It was a Jubilee Year for the Jews as well as for the Queen. If they would arrive at the source of the love with which the Queen had inspired all around her, they would find it in the extraordinary sympathy of her nature. From her exalted position she could, and did, enter into the joys and sorrows of the lowliest of her subjects. She was happy in their happiness, and mourned with them in their griefs.

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUKE SERGE OF RUSSIA
The Queen's Guest at the Jubilee Celebrations

Among those present at this service were the Countess of Rosebery, Mrs. and Mrs. Leopold Rothschild, and Mr. Alfred Rothschild. After Mr. Fay's discourse was concluded, a scroll of the Law was taken from the Ark, and the Rev. Mr. Spero read a prayer for the Queen and Royal Family.

Special Jubilee Services were held on Sunday, the 19th of June in the churches and chapels of every portion of our Canadian Dominion.

ROYAL GUESTS AND SPECIAL ENVOYS

NEVER perhaps has the Court of St. James seen so many Royal and princely guests as have assembled at the Jubilee Celebration to do honour to our Sovereign.

The following are the principal Royal and distinguished personages who were invited by the Queen to the Jubilee Celebration, with the members of the Households of Her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh, who were commanded to attend the illustrious guests during their stay in this country:—The King and Queen of the Belgians, attended by Lieutenant-General Lord de Ros, Lord in Waiting, the Dowager Countess of Mayo, Lady in Waiting, and General H. Lyndoch Gardiner, Equerry in Waiting to the Queen; the King of Denmark, attended by the Earl of Gosford, Lord in Waiting, and Colonel Arthur Ellis, Equerry to the Prince of Wales; the King of Saxony, attended by the Earl of Hopetoun, Lord in Waiting, and Colonel the Hon. H. W. J. Byng, Equerry to the Queen; the King of Greece, attended by Major-General Teesdale, Equerry, and the Hon. A. Fitzmaurice, Groom in Waiting to the Prince of Wales; the Crown Prince of Austria, attended by Colonel Sir H. P. Ewart, Equerry to the Queen; the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, attended by Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, Groom in Waiting, and Major-General Sir John M'Neill; the Crown Prince of Sweden, attended by the Hon. A. G. Yorke, Groom in Waiting to the Queen; Prince Antoine of Orleans and the Infanta Eulalia of Spain, attended by Admiral Lord Frederic Kerr, Groom in Waiting to the Queen; the Crown Prince and Princess of Portugal, attended by Major A. J. Bigge, Equerry to the Queen; the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princesses Irene and Alix of Hesse, attended by General Sir Michael A. Shrapnel Biddulph, Groom in Waiting to Her Majesty; the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar; the Grand Duke Serge of Russia and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, attended by Captain the Hon. Débonnaire J. Monson, Equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh; the Duke of Aosta, attended by Lord Elphinstone, Lord in Waiting to Her Majesty; the Duke of Coburg, attended by Captain Walter D. S. Campbell, Groom in Waiting to the Queen; the Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Prince Herman of Saxe-Weimar, attended by Colonel the Hon. C. Lindsay, Groom in Waiting to Her Majesty, and Mr. Anson; Prince and Princess William of Prussia, attended by Major Muller; Prince Henry of Prussia, attended by Captain C. G. Nelson, Gentleman Usher to the Queen; the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, attended by Mr. Frederick Campbell, Assistant Gentleman Usher to Her Majesty; Prince Louis of Baden, attended by Mr. Raglan G. Somerset, Gentleman Usher to the Queen; the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and the Prince and Princess of Leiningen.

A word or two on the relationships existing between Her Majesty and some few of the guests will make their domestic position at St. James's plainer. The ties of affinity which connect our Queen with others are too well known to need touching on here; we add also a word of explanation where no relationship exists.

Thus the King and Queen of the Belgians are cousins of the Queen. The Grand Duke Serge of Russia is a brother of the Duchess of Edinburgh, and his wife, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, was Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, the eldest daughter of the late Princess Alice. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz is a sister of the Duke of Cambridge. The King of Saxony was a great friend of the late Prince Consort. He is fifty-nine years of age.

The Crown Prince of Austria, has paid us several visits. He is not yet twenty-nine, is a votary of natural science, and was married at the age of twenty-three to Stephanie, daughter of the King of the Belgians. The Crown Prince of Portugal's family is a branch of the Saxe-Coburg house. The King's father was Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, and an uncle of the Prince Consort. The Crown Princess of Portugal is a daughter of the Comte de Paris. Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar is a brother of Prince Edward, our Commander-in-Chief in Ireland; the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar is a brother of the Empress Augusta of Germany; while Prince Louis of Baden is a brother-in-law of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, himself a brother of the late Prince Consort. The Duke of Aosta is brother of the King of Italy, and better known as having been for a brief space (1870-73) King Amadeus I. of Spain; Prince Antoine of Orleans is a son of the Duc de Montpensier; and the Infanta Eulalia of Spain is a sister of the late King Alphonso.

Something, too, may well be said about the Royal Guest Houses, where so many great personages have been entertained. For capacious as is Buckingham Palace it was not large enough to accommodate the guests of Her Majesty during the Jubilee week. The houses of the members of the Royal Family had to be requisitioned, and then the mansions of several noblemen were placed at the disposal of those upon whom the duty has devolved of housing Her Majesty's guests. But even this accommodation was not sufficient, and as arrangements had to be made with several of the hotels which enjoy the Royal patronage for the accommodation of the remainder. For the time being these houses were practically annexes of Buckingham Palace, and bearing regard to their exterior grandeur, the magnificence of their rooms, and the luxuriousness of their appointments, neither German Prince nor Eastern Prince had cause to be otherwise than pleased with his surroundings as a guest of the Queen.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF THE HELLENES
The Queen's Guest at the Jubilee Celebrations

At Buckingham Palace Her Majesty entertained the King and Queen of the Belgians, the King of Saxony, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, the Crown Prince of Austria, the Crown Prince and Princess of Portugal, the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princesses Irene and Alix of Hesse, the Duke of Aosta, the Duke of Coburg, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Duchess of Albany.

Naturally enough, the Danish Princes went to Marlborough House, and the Russians to Clarence House, so the King of

HIS MAJESTY CHRISTIAN IX., KING OF DENMARK

HER MAJESTY MARIE HENRIETTE, QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

HIS MAJESTY LEOPOLD II., KING OF THE BELGIANS

SOME OF THE ROYAL GUESTS

DR. BRIDGE, ORGANIST OF THE ABBEY, AND THE CHORISTERS IN THE ORGAN LOFT OF THE ABBEY DURING THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE, JUNE 21

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

"THE QUEEN COMES"—A FAIR RECEPTION, JUNE 21
Sketch of a Stand on the Line of Route

HOW THE POOR ILLUMINATED IN HONOUR OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE, JUNE 21

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Denmark, the King of Greece, as well as the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse had the Prince and Princess of Wales for host and hostess, while the Grand Duke Serge of Russia and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the Duke and Duchess of Teck were entertained by the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace; the Princess Leiningen was with Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, at Kensington Palace; the Crown Prince of Sweden at Harcourt House; and Prince and Princess William of Prussia, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen were at Spencer House.

At the Buckingham Palace Hotel were Prince Antoine of Orleans and the Infanta Eulalia of Spain, Prince and Princess Philip of

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE DEVAWONGSE OF SIAM
The Representative of Siam at the Queen's Jubilee

Saxe-Coburg, Prince Herman of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Louis of Baden, and Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

Queen Kapiolani of Hawaii, Princess Liliuokalani, and their suite resided at the Alexandra. Her Majesty occupied magnificent rooms on the first floor, from which she had a splendid view of Hyde Park, and of the ordinary afternoon Society stir and bustle in the Row. Rooms were engaged by the Foreign Office for the Prince Devawongse Varopraka, brother of the King of Siam, and for Persian and Japanese royalties. His Imperial Highness, Prince Komatsu, the uncle of the Mikado, His Highness Abu'n Nasr Mirza Hissam us Sultaneh of Persia were among the number. The Nawab Zaffer Jung Shums and suite and the Sirdar Diler ul Moolk, C.I.E., and suite, from Hyderabad were also in the same hotel.

The Maharajah of Kuch Behar and a numerous suite were among the visitors at the Grosvenor.

It may be observed here that it was upon the officials of the Lord Chamberlain's department that devolved the duty of arranging for the reception of the Royal Guests, and that this duty was satisfactorily performed. The Royal Mews, however, had their resources fully put to the test, as the Royal Carriages not only met the visitors on their arrival and conveyed them to their temporary places of residence, but were at their disposal during the whole of their stay.

The Special Envoy from the Sultan was the former Grand Vizier, Edhem Pacha and Monsignor Ruffo Scilla, the newly appointed Nuncio at Munich, was the Pope's representative.

OUR INDIAN VISITORS

AMONG the semi-Royal personages present in London for the Jubilee ceremonial not the least interesting, by general consent, are our Indian visitors, many of whose portraits we are able to place before our readers in this number. We have received visits on former occasions from several distinguished Indian statesmen, such as the late Jung Bahadur of Nepaul and Salar Jung of Hyderabad, and some of our present guests are not new to English society. But this is absolutely the first occasion on which a Prince of the highest rank, such as Maharajah Holkar is, has come to our shores, and men like the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, the Rao of Kutch, and Sir Pertab Sing represent different phases of Indian life with which home-staying Britons are too little familiar. Individually interesting, they serve collectively to bring before our eyes one of the most picturesque and by no means the least important sections of the great and varied community of Hindostan. The native Princes and nobility were at different times the cherished allies and the suspected colleagues of the East India Company. The progress of events has been to create for them a natural position as the trusted counsellors and assured supporters of the new Empire of India. We all believe that these illustrious personages have come to our shores because they have realised their duties under the fresh political conditions now in force. Their presence here is a spontaneous proof of loyalty, and also a pronounced expression of political intention, and as such it is doubly welcome. The following biographical and historical details will, no doubt, be of use in enabling the reader to take a more personal and intelligent interest in our Indian visitors.

Maharajah Holkar of Indore is entitled to the first place by right of political power and historical association, as his predecessors were in the eighteenth century not unworthy competitors among the many rivals for supremacy in India. The State of Indore is one of the three principalities, Gwalior and Baroda being the other two, left to represent the powerful Mahratta confederacy which almost secured the heritage of Delhi, and which was only broken up after three keenly-contested wars with ourselves. In its present form it possesses an area of 8,000 square miles, with a population of three quarters of a million and a revenue of between 750,000*l.* and one million sterling. The revenue was greatly increased by the late Maharajah, who died twelve months ago, and who was a very capable man of business; but in all probability it will receive a large augmentation, as it deserves to, from the more enlightened policy of the present Maharajah, who, within six months of his accession to power, abolished the transit duties. But the Indore state of the last century was a very much larger and more important territory than the present disjointed districts between the Chumbal and the Nerbudda. In the days of Mulhar Rao and Ahalya Bai it may be said to have extended as far as the Mahratta Horse could ride, and was only limited in that respect by the rival pretensions of the family of Scindiah. The three chief Mahratta families of our time trace their origin to almost identical circumstances, and to the same class in the Hindoo community, which retained and exhibited its vigour during the decadence of the Moguls. The first Holkar was the son of a shepherd of the village of Hol, the first Scindiah was the Peishwa's slipper bearer, and the first Guicowar was a member of a cowherd's family. The lordly Rajput tracing back his ancestry to the sun, and even our own Burke or the German Perthes may look with disdain on so short a pedigree, but we recognise in these Mahratta Princes the representatives of a virile race, and one of the principal elements in modern Indian history. The first Mulhar Rao was only

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS PRINCE KOMATSU OF JAPAN
The Japanese Representative at the Queen's Jubilee

surpassed—if he was surpassed—as a ruler of men among the Mahrattas by Madaji Scindiah, while Ahalya Bai is absolutely the most conspicuous female figure in all Indian history. A family which, in the short space of a hundred and fifty years, has produced these and other conspicuous representatives is not to be ignored on any genealogical plea, and may be said to have fairly earned its niche in history. The interval is too short to allow of a true historical perspective as to the late Maharajah Tuckaji Rao, who ruled his State for nearly forty years in his own person during the trying ordeal of the Mutiny, and under other critical circumstances. When he died in June, 1886, his elder son, Prince Sivaji, became ruler, and assumed the family style of Holkar. He is still new to the exercise of authority, but everything he has yet done reveals the possession of character and independence. Maharajah Holkar is accompanied by Captain Norman Franks, from whom he learnt English, General Balmokand, and other officials. The Viceroy, recognising the importance of his tour, sanctioned his being accompanied by the Governor-General's Agent in Central India, Sir Lepel Griffin, and that special *éclat* is given to Holkar's visit by his having as companion and adviser the most brilliant Anglo-Indian of the day.

The Guicowar of Baroda, who is generally allowed to be one of the most intelligent and best educated of the younger Indian princes, has reached Europe, but too late to take part in the Jubilee Celebrations, and as his health is not very good it is doubtful if he will come to England on this occasion. This potentate, as already explained, is the ruler of Baroda, one of the three remaining Mahratta States, and as he is only twenty-four years of age there will be ample opportunity in the future of his gaining distinction, and exhibiting the capacity with which he is credited.

The Rao of Kutch is the second chief of importance among our visitors. His territory, situated north of Bombay and west of Baroda, is estimated at 6,500 square miles, with a population of half a million, and a revenue of about 150,000*l.* The family of the Rao belongs to the Jarija Rajputs, who established themselves in this part of India in the early half of the sixteenth century. The present Rao was born in 1866, and his name is Sri Khengarji the Third. As he was only ten years old when he succeeded his father as Rao, the affairs of Kutch were administered by a Council of Regency, with the Prime Minister, Manibhai Jashbha, at its head. The Rao is accompanied on his present tour by his younger brother, Kumar Shri Kahoba, and Colonel Goodfellow escorts him as Political Officer.

The Maharajah of Kuch Behar, who politically speaking is of very little importance, is personally one of the most interesting and intelligent of our guests, and the history of our relations with his little State may be surveyed with unmixed satisfaction. In 1772 the Hillmen from Bhutan overran Kuch Behar and imprisoned its Rajah. His minister entreated our support, which was given, and the Bhutias were driven back into their old fastnesses by order of Warren Hastings. A treaty was then concluded with us by which "the Rajah agreed to acknowledge subjection to the British Government, to allow Kuch Behar to be annexed to Bengal, to defray the expenses of the operations against the Bhutias, and to make over half of his annual revenues." The present Maharajah, which title was conferred on him in 1883, was born in 1862, and is named Nripendra Narain. He was educated at Patna College, and under the care of an English tutor. He is a first-rate sportsman, and more European in his views and habits than any other Indian. The most important and characteristic event in his life was his marriage in 1878 to the eldest daughter of the famous Babu Keshub Chunder Sen, the founder of the Brahmo Somaj. By this act the young Maharajah made a voluntary declaration of his intention to be a monogamist, and his subsequent career has shown that he remains steadfast in this conviction. He is accompanied on his European visit by the Maharani, who has charmed the most fastidious and gained golden opinions from all brought into contact with her.

The Thakore sahibs of Morvi and Limri are the rulers of two States in Katthiawar or Guzerat. The former is the descendant of a Rao of Kutch, and the latter a Jhala Rajput. Both rulers are about the same age, one having been born in 1858 and the other in 1859, and they are of almost identical status among the minor princes of Western India. In revenue and population Morvi is the larger and more important of the two, and these naturally carry with them the higher salute which virtually decides precedence among our Indian feudatories. Colonel Wodehouse is attached as Political Officer to both these Thakores. In the same rank and coming from the same part of India is the Thakore of Gondal. He is a member of the same race as the Rao of Kutch and the Thakore of Morvi. Although he is only twenty-two years of age he has spent some time in this country, studying medicine at Edinburgh, and publishing his impressions in the form of a diary. He was one of the first native chiefs selected for the new honour of a Knight Commandership of the Order of the Indian Empire.

We now come to those of our Indian visitors who are deputed to represent at the Jubilee some of the other native Courts. Maharaj Sir Pertab Sing, K.C.S.I., has come as the deputy of his brother, the Maharajah of Jodhpore, the largest of the Rajput States. He is accompanied by Thakore Hurji Sing and Captain Bruce Hamilton. The ever loyal Sikh State of Kapurthalla sends Kunwar Hurnam Singh, Ahluwalia and C.I.E., and also Kanwarani Hurnam Singh as its delegates; while the great territory of the Nizam is represented by a deputation composed of two of the leading nobles of Hyderabad, one of whom is the present Prime Minister of that principality. The Premier is named Nawab Asman Jah, but he is more generally known as the Amir-i-Akbar, and his family represents unfloubtedly the oldest aristocracy of the Deccan. The Nawab

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG
The Queen's Guest at the Jubilee Celebrations

Zaffer Jung, or Shams ul-Dowlah, is another representative of the same family. They are accompanied by Colonel Cockburn and Mr. Blathwayt. On the Hyderabad delegation is also Sirdar Diler ul Moolk, C.I.E., an official known for former services in the police, and in connection with railway enterprise in the Nizam's territory. Finally, the Jat State of Bhurtpore sends as its representative Colonel Ganga Baksh, who is accompanied by Dr. Tyler, C.I.E. The whole of the provinces of India are therefore represented, in one form or another, in the capital of the Empire, and no race or religion is absolutely without a spokesman testifying to the loyalty of British and feudatory India.

PROCLAIMING THE BANK HOLIDAY

MORE than a month previously, Jubilee Day had been ordained a Bank Holiday by Her Majesty in a proclamation couched in the following terms:—

"BY THE QUEEN.

"A PROCLAMATION FOR A BANK HOLIDAY.

"WE, considering that it is desirable that Tuesday, the 21st day of June next, should be observed as a Bank Holiday throughout the United Kingdom, do hereby, by and with the advice of Our Privy Council, and in pursuance of the provisions of the Bank Holidays Act, 1871, appoint Tuesday, the 21st day of June next, as a special day to be observed as a Bank Holiday throughout the United Kingdom, and every part thereof. And We do, by this Our Royal Proclamation, command the said day to be so observed, and all Our loving subjects to order themselves accordingly.

"Given at Our Court at Windsor this 13th day of May, in the year of Our Lord, 1887, and in the fiftieth year of Our reign.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

THE QUEEN'S PARDONS

A SUPPLEMENT to the *London Gazette*, published on Saturday, the 18th of June (Waterloo Day), published the following proclamation by Her Majesty for extending pardons to soldiers who may have deserted from the land forces:

"Whereas we are desirous to mark the completion of the fiftieth year of our reign by extending our pardon to soldiers who may have deserted from our land forces previously to issuing this our Royal proclamation, we have thought fit, by and with the advice of our

DECORATION OF THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS' HOUSE in Piccadilly

Privy Council, to publish this our royal proclamation, and do hereby accordingly grant our most gracious pardon to all men who having, before the date of this proclamation, deserted or absented themselves without leave from our regular forces, militia, or reserve forces, or having fraudulently enlisted within the meaning of section 13 of the Army Act, or having while in the Army Reserve irregularly enlisted in our regular forces or militia, shall report themselves within two months from the date of this proclamation if residing in the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, or the Isle of Man, or within four months therefrom, if residing elsewhere; and we do hereby declare that such men shall, on so reporting themselves, be released and discharged from all prosecutions, imprisonments, and penalties other than loss of service, pay, deferred pay, or pension, commenced or incurred by reason of such offences, and we do further declare that all such men who enlisted before the 21st June, 1877, or who have been in a state of desertion or absence without leave for a period exceeding five years, or who may be physically unfit for military service, will not be called upon to rejoin for service, but will be granted protecting certificates on their so reporting themselves.

"The men to whom this our proclamation applies are not to report themselves in person, but are to do so by letter, giving full particulars by which they can be identified, and if they are suffering from physical disability rendering them unable to rejoin the service they are to state the same clearly.

"And we do hereby make further declaration that every offender herein referred to who shall not avail himself of the pardon we now graciously offer, shall be held amenable to all pains and penalties provided under the Army Act, the Militia Act, or Reserve Forces Act, as the case may be."

The same *Gazette* also contained a proclamation appointing the 21st of June to be a public holiday as well as a Bank holiday.

VOTING THE MONEY FOR THE JUBILEE SERVICE

At twenty minutes to one in the morning of the 13th of May, the House of Commons went into Committee of Supply on the Vote of 17,000*l.* in connection with the celebration of the Jubilee of Her Majesty's reign. Mr. Plunket explained how the money was to be applied.

Every member of the House must sympathise, he said, with the desire of Her Majesty to signalise the Jubilee year of her reign by a solemn and public thanksgiving for the prosperity with which Providence had blessed her and her people for fifty years, and he was also confident that every one would agree that this National Thanksgiving should take place in Westminster Abbey, where Her Majesty and all her predecessors for well-nigh six hundred years had been crowned as Sovereigns of this country. A good deal of misapprehension existed with regard to this Vote, which he hoped to dispel. The object of it was for the preparation of Westminster Abbey for the service, and it would be readily understood that it cost some money to make the alterations in the structure so as to accommodate some ten thousand people. It was felt that this was a solemn and historical occasion, and that all classes and interests of the country should be represented as far as possible, and should not be confined merely to this country, but should extend to the Colonies and Dependencies of Great Britain. The principal item of the sum was 9,000*l.* for putting up galleries to accommodate a large number of people in the aisles of the Abbey. That amount corresponded with the sum of 8,700*l.* expended on the occasion of the public thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. Of the 9,000*l.* the sum of 5,600*l.* was for the fitting up of seats in Westminster Abbey, 1,300*l.* for insurance against injury to the historical building, 250*l.* for musical services, and 1,100*l.* for stationery and clerical expenses. Accommodation would be afforded to members of both Houses of Parliament and their wives, and he had received a letter from the Lord Chamberlain stating the arrangements which had been made for the accommodation of visitors, and adding that the applications daily received testified to the extraordinary interest felt by all classes of Her Majesty's subjects in the ceremonial. In self-defence he might, however, be allowed to state that he himself had nothing whatever to do with the giving away of seats. The letter of the Lord Chamberlain showed that, as far as possible, provision had been made for the representation of all classes of Her Majesty's subjects, especially the working-classes, and in accordance with their express desire for representatives of various Nonconforming bodies.

Mr. Labouchere moved the reduction of the Vote by 3,000*l.*, but this was rejected by 208 votes to 84, when the Vote of 17,000*l.* was agreed to.

The contractors busied themselves energetically with their work of seating and upholstering the Abbey. When this was nearly complete, the following disposition of seats was officially made:—

South Transept.—Ground floor, Lord Chancellor in State Robes, 510 Peer and Peeresses, Lord-Lieutenants of Counties, and Diplomatic Corps, 132 seats. First floor gallery, Diplomatic Corps, 174 seats; Judges and Law, 321 seats. Queen's gallery, specially invited persons, 140 seats; Queen's Household, 145 seats. Second floor gallery, 253 seats.

North Transept.—Ground floor, the Speaker in his robes, with Mace, and 600 Members of Parliament and wives. Floor, members of the House of Commons and Nonconformists, 329 seats; miscellaneous, 282 seats. Second floor, 753 seats. Sacrarium galleries (2), clergy, 263 seats; ditto 260 seats.

The Nave.—South side.—Ground floor, Army, Navy, and Civil Service, 457 seats; Metropolitan Board of Works, 25 seats; Lord Provost of Edinburgh, 12 seats; burgesses of Westminster, 20 seats. Mezzanine south gallery, 300 seats. First floor, 620 seats; Chorus, 145 seats; India, 177 seats. North side.—Ground floor, Army, Navy, and Civil Service, 368 seats; High Sheriffs, 70 seats; City of London, 100 seats. Mezzanine north gallery, 300 seats. First floor, 620 seats; Chorus, 145 seats; Colonies, 160 seats; miscellaneous, 100 seats.

West Galleries (over entrance-doors).—Ground floor, 303 seats; first floor, 290 seats; second floor, 353 seats. The triforium seats, above all, to accommodate over 1,000 persons.

The cards of invitation issued through the Lord Chamberlain to those who were seated in the Abbey were of large size, thickly covered with colour, and with a bevelled edge of gold. In the centre were the Queen's Arms, deeply embossed, and beneath was a description of the occasion upon which they were to be used, together with the number of the seat and the position of the gallery for which they were issued. On the back was a full plan of the Abbey, with instructions to holders of tickets as to where to enter the building, and which way to proceed to find their seats.

THE OFFICIAL PROGRAMME

THE following is the official ceremonial in the terms in which it was announced for Tuesday the 21st of June. This programme was rigidly adhered to:—

The Queen will leave the grand entrance of Buckingham Palace at 11.15 o'clock.

The following Junior members of the Royal Family will drive privately to the west door of the Abbey, arriving at 10.20 o'clock,

THE STANDARD ON VICTORIA TOWER, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT
Sketched from the Fore-Court of Buckingham Palace

and be conducted with their attendants to the seats reserved for them in the choir:—

Her Highness Princess Feodore of Saxe-Meiningen.

Their Highnesses the Prince Albert and the Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein.

Her Grand Ducal Highness the Princess Alix of Hesse.

Their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Marie, Victoria, and Alexandra of Edinburgh.

The following Royal personages will also arrive privately at 10.30 o'clock at the west door of the Abbey, and be conducted to seats prepared for them in the choir:—

Her Royal Highness the Princess Frederica, Baroness von Pawel Rammingen, and the Baron von Pawel Rammingen, K.C.B., attended by the Hon. Evelyn Paget.

Their Serene Highnesses the Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, K.C.B., and the Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar.

His Serene Highness the Prince of Leiningen, G.C.B., and her Grand Ducal Highness the Princess of Leiningen.

Their Serene Highnesses the Princess Victor of Hohenlohe Langenburg and the Princess Victor of Hohenlohe Langenburg, with the Countesses Feodora and Victoria Gleichen and Count Edward Gleichen.

AT 10 A.M. the following distinguished Indian chiefs and deputations of Indian native States, having assembled inside the Park, will leave Hyde Park corner, accompanied by their respective suites, and attended by a captain's escort, for the west entrance of the Abbey.

FIRST CARRIAGE

Deputation from his Highness the Raja of Kapurthalla, Kunwar Harnam Singh Ahluwalia, C.I.E., and Kanwarani Harnam Singh.

SECOND CARRIAGE

Deputation from his Highness the Maharaja of Bhurtpore, G.C.S.I., Colonel Ganga Baksh, Dr. Tayler, C.I.E.

THIRD CARRIAGE

Deputation from his Highness the Maharaja of Jodhpore, G.C.S.I., Maharaj Sir Pertab Singh, K.C.S.I., Captain Bruce Hamilton.

FOURTH AND FIFTH CARRIAGES

Deputation from his Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad, G.C.S.I., Sirdar Diler ul Mulk, C.I.E., G. Bhathwayt, Esq., Nawab Amir-i-Akbar Asman Jah Bahadur, Nawab Zaffer Jung Shamsul Dowlah Shamsul, Colonel Cockburn.

SIXTH CARRIAGE

The Thakir Sahib of Gondal, K.C.I.E., Major Talbot, C.I.E.

DECORATIONS AT NO. 103, PICCADILLY

SEVENTH CARRIAGE

The Thakir Sahib of Limri, Colonel Nutt.

EIGHTH CARRIAGE

His Highness the Thakir Sahib of Morvi, Colonel Wodehouse.

NINTH CARRIAGE

His Highness the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, her Highness the Maharani of Kuch Behar, I.E., Mr. R. Bignell.

TENTH CARRIAGE

His Highness the Rao of Kutch, Colonel Goodfellow.

ELEVENTH CARRIAGE

His Highness the Maharaja Holkar of Indore, Sir Lepel Griffin K.C.S.I.

At ten o'clock her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck and his Serene Highness the Duke of Teck will leave 45, Grosvenor Place, for Buckingham Place, where they will be joined by his Highness the Hereditary Prince Frederick of Anhalt and his Highness Prince Ernest of Saxe Meiningen. The Royal party will then proceed, attended by a captain's escort, to the west entrance of Westminster Abbey, and be conducted to the seats prepared for them.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge will be represented by the Lady Geraldine Somerset, Lady-in-Waiting, and Major-General H. S. Fulke Greville, Comptroller to her Royal Highness.

FIRST CARRIAGE

Captain Edgar Sebright, Equerry to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck; the Lady-in-Waiting of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck; the Lady Geraldine Somerset, Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge; Major-General H. S. Fulke Greville, Comptroller to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge.

SECOND CARRIAGE

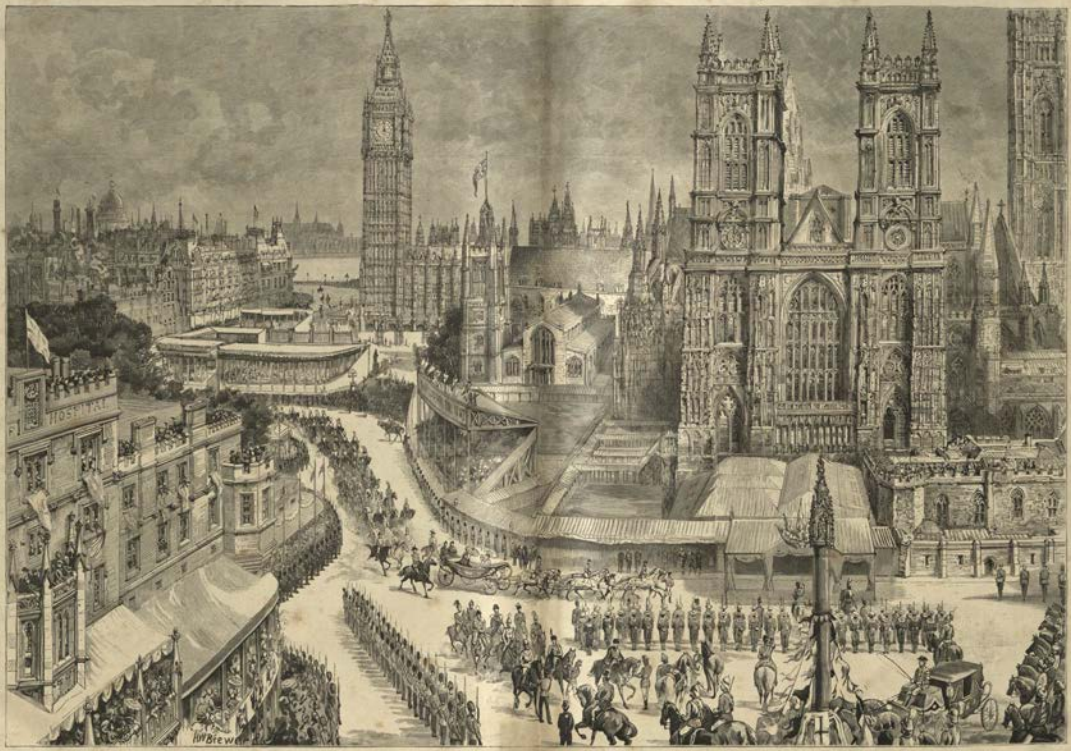
Her Serene Highness the Princess Victoria of Teck, His Serene Highness the Prince Adolphus of Teck, His Serene Highness the Prince Francis of Teck, His Serene Highness the Prince Alexander of Teck.

THIRD CARRIAGE

His Highness the Hereditary Prince Frederick of Anhalt, His Highness the Prince Ernest of Saxe-Meiningen, His Serene Highness the Duke of Teck, G.C.B., Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck.

PROCESSIONS OF HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL GUESTS

At 10.30 o'clock the following Royal and distinguished guests will leave the Alexandra Hotel, accompanied by their respective suites, and attended by a captain's escort of the 2nd Life Guards, for the west entrance of the Abbey.



THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN—ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 21

SEEN FROM THE WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL

FIRST CARRIAGE

His Highness Abu'n Nasr Mirza Hisam us Sultaneh of Persia, Mr. H. L. Churchill, Nawab Mirza Hassan Ali Khan, C.I.E. Mirza Ali Khan.

SECOND CARRIAGE

His Royal Highness the Prince Devawongse Varoprakar, of Siam, Mr. Edward H. French, Phra Darun Rakun.

THIRD CARRIAGE

His Imperial Highness the Prince Komatsu of Japan, Mr. Russell B. Robertson, Yoshinane Sonnomiya.

FOURTH CARRIAGE

Her Majesty the Queen Kapiolani of Hawaii and the Princess Liliuokalani, Mr. R. F. Synge, his Excellency General Curtis Jankes.

On arrival at the Abbey at 11 o'clock they will be received by the Vice-Chamberlain and conducted by the gentlemen in attendance to the Sacrarium, where they will be shown by the Treasurer and the Comptroller of the Household to the seats prepared for for them. The ladies and gentlemen of the suites of the Royal guests not mentioned in the carriage procession following who are to take part in the procession in the Abbey will assemble at the Pimlico entrance of Buckingham Palace at 10.15 o'clock, from whence they will be conveyed to the west door of the Abbey to await the Royal personages.

Sir H. P. Ewart, K.C.B., and Major A. J. Biggs, C.B., will have charge of the arrangements.

All other ladies and gentlemen of the suites of the Royal guests will have seats provided for them in the Abbey.

At 10.15 o'clock the following Royal and distinguished guests will arrive at the garden entrance, Buckingham Palace, and be received by the Lord-in-Waiting, and will be conducted to the Bow-room.

CHAIR
Presented to the Queen by the Children of High Wycombe

At 10.45 they will leave Buckingham Palace in the Queen's carriages, with their respective suites, for the west entrance of the Abbey, attended by a field officer's escort of the 1st Life Guards, in the following order.

General H. Lyndoch Gardiner and Colonel the Hon. H. Byng will have charge of the arrangements :—

FIRST CARRIAGE

Admiral* Lord Frederick Kerr, Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, in attendance on the Infante Don Antonio of Spain; Count von Andlawo, in attendance on Prince Ludwig of Baden; Countess Marie Thun, in attendance on the Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; Baron d'Ablaing, in attendance on Prince Philip of Saxe Coburg and Gotha.

SECOND CARRIAGE

Baron Hadeln, in attendance on the Hereditary Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar; Major-General Baron de Molsberg, in attendance on the Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar; Baron von Nargaarn, in attendance on the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

THIRD CARRIAGE.

Count von Hohenstein, in attendance on Prince Ludwig of Bavaria; Baron Campbell von Laurente, in attendance on the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; the Earl of Hopetoun, Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, in attendance on the King of Saxony; Lieutenant-General Lord de Ros, Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, in attendance on the King of the Belgians.

FOURTH CARRIAGE.

The Marquis de Valduerza, in attendance on the Infante Don Antonio of Spain; the Marquise de Valduerza, in attendance on the Infanta Donna Eulalia of Spain; Cavaliere C. Balbo, in attendance on the Duc d'Aosta; M. de Lillichook, in attendance on the Crown Prince of Sweden.

FIFTH CARRIAGE

Count of San Miguel, in attendance on the Crown Prince of Portugal; Countess of San Miguel, in attendance on the Crown Princess of Portugal; Vice-Admiral Count de Bombelles, in attendance on the Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary; Prince F. Auersperg, in attendance on the Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary.

SIXTH CARRIAGE

Baron Beth, in attendance on the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; Lady Caroline Cust, in attendance on the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; Major Sapoumakis, in attendance on the Crown Prince of Greece; Colonel E. Hadjipetros, in attendance on the King of the Hellenes.

SEVENTH CARRIAGE

Lieutenant-General von Carlowitz, in attendance on the King of Saxony; Lieutenant-Colonel Müller von Bernieck, in attendance on the King of Saxony; Le Comte J. d'Oultremont, in attendance on the King of the Belgians; La Baronne d'Hoogvorst, in attendance on the Queen of the Belgians.

EIGHTH CARRIAGE

Dowager Countess of Mayo, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, in attendance on the King and Queen of the Belgians; La Comtesse de Henricourt de Geanne, in attendance on the Queen of the Belgians; His Excellency M. Losenskiold, in attendance on the King of Denmark; Chamberlain and Colonel von der Maase, in attendance on the King of Denmark.

NINTH CARRIAGE.

His Serene Highness the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, G.C.B., his Grand Ducal Highness the Prince Ludwig of Baden, his Royal Highness the Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, G.C.B., Her Royal Highness the Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

TENTH CARRIAGE

His Royal Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, his Royal Highness the Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar, his Royal Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, G.C.B., Her Royal Highness the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

ELEVENTH CARRIAGE

His Royal Highness Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, K.G., His Royal Highness the Infante Don Antonio of Spain, her Royal Highness the Infanta Donna Eulalia of Spain.

TWELFTH CARRIAGE

His Royal Highness the Duc d'Aosta, His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Sweden, His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Portugal, Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Portugal.

THIRTEENTH CARRIAGE

His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary, His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, K.G., Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

FOURTEENTH CARRIAGE

His Majesty the King of Saxony, K.G., Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians, His Majesty the King of the Belgians, K.G.

FIFTEENTH CARRIAGE

His Royal Highness Prince George of Greece, His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Greece, His Majesty the King of the Hellenes, K.G., His Majesty the King of Denmark, K.G.

The Equerries in attendance on their Majesties the King of Denmark, K.G., the King of the Belgians, K.G., the King of Saxony, K.G., the King of the Hellenes, K.G., his Imperial Highness the Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary, and on his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Portugal will accompany the procession on horseback.

On arrival at the west door of the Abbey they will be received by the Vice-Chamberlain, and conducted by the Queen's Gentlemen-in-Waiting to the Sacrarium, where they will be shown to the seats prepared for them by the Treasurer and Comptroller of the Household, a march being meanwhile played on the organ.

The ladies and gentlemen in attendance will be shown to seats in the Choir.

At 10.45 o'clock their Royal Highnesses the Princes and Princesses who are to take part in Her Majesty's procession will assemble in the Bow Room at Buckingham Palace.

The carriages of their Royal Highnesses non-resident in the Palace will set down at the garden entrance at 10.30, where their Royal Highnesses will be received by the Lord-in-Waiting.

THE PROCESSION OF THE QUEEN AND HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL FAMILY

THE Master of the Horse (the Duke of Portland), the Clerk Marshal (General Lord Alfred Paget), the Equerries-in-Waiting (Major-General C. T. Du Plat, C.B., and Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. W. Carrington), and the Crown Equerry (Colonel G. A. Maude, C.B.), will arrange the procession, which will leave Buckingham Palace at 11.15 o'clock.

FIRST CARRIAGE

Lady-in-Waiting to her Royal Highness the Princess William of Prussia, Lady-in-Waiting to her Royal Highness the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, Lady-in-Waiting to her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh, Second Lady-in-Waiting to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

SECOND CARRIAGE

Lady-in-Waiting to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught and Strathearn, Lady-in-Waiting to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany, Lady-in-Waiting to her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Serge, Lady-in-Waiting to her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg).

THIRD CARRIAGE

Chamberlain to her Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Germany, Lady-in-Waiting to her Royal Highness the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Lady-in-Waiting to her Royal Highness the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Lady-in-Waiting to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

FOURTH CARRIAGE

Lady-in-Waiting to her Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Germany, Chamberlain to her Royal Highness the Princes of Wales, Lord-in-Waiting, Gold-Stick-in-Waiting.

FIFTH CARRIAGE

Lord Chamberlain, Lord Steward, Lady of the Bedchamber, Lady-in-Waiting to her Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Germany.

SIXTH CARRIAGE

Mistress of the Robes, Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, her Royal Highness Princess Margaret of Prussia, his Royal Highness Prince Alfred of Edinburgh.

SEVENTH CARRIAGE

Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria of Prussia, her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia of Prussia, her Grand Ducal Highness the Princess Louis of Battenberg, her Grand Ducal Highness the Princess Irene of Hesse.

EIGHTH CARRIAGE

Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia, her Royal Highness the Princess Maud of Wales, her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria of Wales, her Royal Highness the Princess Louise of Wales.

NINTH CARRIAGE

Her Royal Highness the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, her Royal Highness the Princess William of Prussia, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught and Strathearn.

TENTH CARRIAGE

Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh, her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg), her Royal Highness the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), her Royal Highness the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

ELEVENTH CARRIAGE

Her Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Germany, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales,

THE QUEEN.

Her Majesty will be accompanied on horseback by the following Princes, placed in the order of their relationship to Her Majesty :—

GRANDSONS AND GRANDSONS-IN-LAW OF HER MAJESTY

H.I.H. the Grand Duke Serge of Russia.	H.R.H. the Prince Albert Victor of Wales, K.G.	H.R.H. the Prince William of Prussia, K.G.
H.R.H. the Prince Henry of Prussia, G.C.B.	H.R.H. the Prince George of Wales, K.G.	H.R.H. the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse.
His Highness the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen.	His Highness the Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein.	His Serene Highness the Prince Louis of Battenberg, K.C.B.

SONS-IN-LAW OF HER MAJESTY

H.R.H. the Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, K.G.	His Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Germany, K.G.	H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Hesse, K.G.

His Royal Highness the Prince Henry of Battenberg, K.G. The Marquis of Lorne, K.T.

SONS OF HER MAJESTY

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, K.G.	H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G.	H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G.

The Master of the Horse, the Master of the Buckhounds, the Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse, the Clerk Marshal, the Aides-de-Camp to the Queen-in-Waiting, the Equerries-in-Waiting, the Field Officer-in-Brigade-Waiting, the Silver Stick-in-Waiting, and the Equerries to their Royal Highness above mentioned, will also be on horseback.

The Field Officer's Escort of the 1st Life Guards and a body of Indian Cavalry will accompany the procession.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, will also accompany Her Majesty on horseback. On arriving at the Abbey his Royal Highness will be conducted, after the Queen's procession has passed to the door, to the stall reserved for him in the Choir.

His Royal Highness's Head-quarter Staff will precede Her Majesty's procession, and will await his Royal Highness's return at the west entrance.

The order of the procession will be as follows :—

Advanced party of the 1st Life Guards.
Aides-de-Camp and Equerries (in threes).
Head-quarter Staff of His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief.
Carriages conveying the Suite.
Party of the 1st Life Guards.
Carriages conveying the Royal Family.
The Master of the Horse.
Princes riding in threes.
THE QUEEN.
Escorted by 1st Life Guards, and attended by Two Equerries.
The Field Officer-in-Brigade-Waiting and the Silver Stick in Waiting.
His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., as Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, riding near the Queen.

Party of 1st Life Guards.
The Indian Escort.
Rear-Guard of 1st Life Guards.

The route of the procession will be by Constitution Hill, Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, Regent Street, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, Cockspur Street, Northumberland Avenue, Embankment, and Bridge Street to the west door of Westminster Abbey.

The following ladies and officers of the Queen's Household will await Her Majesty's arrival at the west door of the Abbey, and join Her Majesty's procession to the *dais*:—

The Women of the Bedchamber.
The Maids of Honour (2).
The Treasurer of the Household.
The Comptroller of the Household.
The Vice-Chamberlain.
The Master of the Household.
The Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms.
The Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.
The Groom of the Robes.
Garter King-at-Arms.
The Comptroller in the Lord Chamberlain's Department.
The Gentlemen Ushers.
Heralds.

The Queen will be met at the west door of the Abbey by the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Westminster, the Lord Archbishop of York, and the Lord Bishop of London.

From the west door the Queen will proceed up the Nave to the *dais*, preceded by the clergy of the Abbey in the following order:—

THE QUEEN'S PROCESSION

Three Canons, Residentiary — Three Canons, Residentiary
Three Minor Canons — Three Minor Canons
The Lord Bishop of London
The Lord Archbishop of York
The Dean of Westminster
The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury
Lancaster Herald — Windsor Herald
Gentleman Usher — Gentleman Usher
Comptroller in the Lord Chamberlain's Department
Groom of the Robes — Lord in Waiting — Groom in Waiting
Groom of the Stole to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales

The Vice-Chamberlain.

His Highness the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen. — His Highness the Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein. — His Serene Highness the Prince Louis of Battenberg, K.C.B.
His Royal Highness the Prince Henry of Prussia, K.C.B. — His Royal Highness the Prince George of Wales, K.G. — His Royal Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse
His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Serge of Russia. — His Royal Highness the Prince Albert Victor of Wales — His Royal Highness the Prince William of Prussia, K.G.
His Royal Highness the Prince Henry of Battenberg, K.G. — The Marquis of Lorne, K.T.
His Royal Highness the Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, K.G. — His Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Germany, K.G. — His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Hesse, K.G.
His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, K.G. — His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G. — His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G.

Garter.

The Lord Steward — The Lord Chamberlain

THE QUEEN.

The Master of the Horse — The Mistress of the Robes
Chamberlain to the Crown Princess of Germany — Chamberlain to the Princess of Wales
Her Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Germany — Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales
Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein — Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne
Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg. — Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh.
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught and Strathearn. — Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany.
Her Royal Highness the Princess William of Prussia. — Her Royal Highness the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen.
Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise of Wales. — Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia.
Her Royal Highness the Princess Maud of Wales. — Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria of Wales.
Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia of Prussia. — Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria of Prussia. — Her Royal Highness the Princess Margaret of Prussia.
Her Grand Ducal Highness the Princess Irene of Hesse. — Her Grand Ducal Highness the Princess Louise of Battenberg.
Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. — His Royal Highness the Prince Alfred of Edinburgh.
The Woman of the Bedchamber-in-Waiting. — The Lady of the Bedchamber-in-Waiting.
Maid of Honour. — Maid of Honour.

Ladies-in-Waiting on the Royal Princesses.

Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard — Gold Stick — Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms

Clerk-Marshal — Master of the Buckhounds
Master of the Household — Privy Purse
Equerry-in-Waiting — Equerry-in-Waiting
Field Officer in Brigade Waiting. — Silver Stick.

Gentleman-in-Waiting on the Royal Princes.

As the Queen advances up the nave a march by Handel will be played on the organ until Her Majesty has taken her seat on the *dais*.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family will occupy seats near Her Majesty on the *dais*.

The Lord Steward and the Lord Chamberlain will stand in front of the *dais*. The Master of the Horse and the Mistress of the Robes will take the places assigned to them there.

The other officers of the Household will remain in the choir.

JUBILEE DAY

The 21st of June, 1887, will be a day ever memorable in the history of England. All things combined to make the ceremonial so long and anxiously waited and prepared for. The weather seemed thoroughly sympathetic, and the heavens draped themselves in their glorious mantle of blue, from whose central expanse the god of day beamed down warmly upon the warm-hearted millions. The throngs—such throngs have rarely been seen in any city of the world before—were as orderly as they were loyally attuned in word and mind to the spirit of the festival. The canopy of nature above, and the great English multitudes around and about and everywhere, formed a fitting frame-work for a pageant of rare magnificence, and for a most richly and gorgeously-decorated line of route. Harmony reigned supreme, and our people never before appeared more like one great family, whose central point of radiance and goodness and greatness is the widowed Queen and mother. On ordinary occasions, it is not plainly palpable how really one we are; but on Jubilee Day the life-work of the Queen in welding our race into unity of heart and sentiment was clearly apparent to the most careless observer.

So eager and strong was the desire to see the Queen that as soon as the sun rose the crowd began to take a beginning on the route along which the Queen would come, and when the time arrived for Her Majesty to proceed to Westminster the streets were crowded with people in a fashion unexampled in the previous annals of London. Not only were the roads filled, but from basement to roof every house was covered with gaily-dressed humanity. Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Waterloo Place, Cockspur Street, and Northumberland Avenue were all ablaze with brightly-draped stands and balconies. The air was alive with flags and banners, and just above

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE BOUQUET OF ORCHIDS

the Guards' Crimean Memorial the street decorations were on an exceedingly imposing scale. Perhaps nowhere was the spectacle grander than in Parliament Square, for there the effect of a grand open space is heightened by the architectural beauty of the Houses of Parliament and of the great Abbey itself, close to which St. Margaret's lies nestling. Splendid as this part of London is under any circumstances, the magnificence was immensely added to now by the bright colours and the waving banners, the glittering array of troops, and the countless thousands of the imposing multitude, which stretched far away over Westminster Bridge. On the Thames Embankment, from Palace Yard to Charing Cross, the people were also densely packed, that broad boulevard proving all too narrow for the thronging lieges of Her Majesty. Northumberland Avenue and Parliament Street stretched two living arms from Trafalgar Square to the Embankment and St. Stephen's Green respectively. Parliament Street was sombre-hued comparatively, as it is largely lined with stately Government offices, and it was the rule not to adorn these. Northumberland Avenue presented a fine appearance. It is already lined with grandiose structures of towering height, which were literally alive in every part with spectators, while their ornamentation was tasteful and elaborate. As many as two thousand persons looked out from the Grand Hotel alone. But Trafalgar Square presented an aspect to which the epithet "overwhelming" applies as well as any other. It was literally packed with human beings. The lions, every point about the friezes, bristled with heads; while hanging to the summits of the lamp-posts were adventurous men and boys, with precarious tenure, looking like folk clinging to some shipwrecked mast in momentary danger of being swallowed up by the ocean of life below. A writer in the *Times* thus describes the picture offered here to the observer:—

"Venetian masts covered with crimson cloth, adorned with heraldic shields and surmounted by a crown, lined the road at either side. Streamers and garlands linked them together at a few yards' interval. Spanning the road just opposite the Nelson Column were two large crimson banners trimmed with gold, and bearing the Scriptural aspiration, 'The Lord bless and keep thee,' 'The Lord make His face to shine upon thee.' Along this part of the route, however, mottoes and devices were decidedly scarce. One house hung out a 'Welcome to our Queen and Empress' upon a light blue and white scroll; and on another, 'God Save the Queen' appeared in large white letters upon a crimson cloth. The most ambitious effort, however, in this direction was a device with the following Tennysonian quotation after the letters and figures 'V.R. 1837-1887?'—

"'Thou' all this tract of yours,
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life
In that fierce light that beats upon a throne.'

THE PROCESSION TO THE ABBEY

THE decorations from Waterloo Place to Piccadilly Circus consisted of two triumphal arches, one at the Piccadilly Circus end, and the other at Waterloo Place. Between these, and at intervals of about 60 to 70 feet, were suspended, 40 feet in the air, a series of panels, the inscriptions on which, as well as on the two triumphal arches, were intended to be connected one with the other.

The following gives the several inscriptions, in their order, on arches and panels on the arch:—

1st arch — VICTORIA, all nations salute you.
1st panel — 1837—Jubilee—1887.
2nd " — The British Isles,
3rd " — The Indian Empire,
4th " — Your Colonies
5th " — and Dependencies
6th " — in Europe,
7th " — in Asia,
8th " — in America,
9th " — in Africa,
10th " — Australasia,
11th " — and Oceana,
12th " — honour you, and
13th " — and give you good greeting.
2nd arch — VICTORIA, OUR QUEEN.

Some idea of the immense size of the arches may be gathered when we note that they span the street, which is 85 feet wide. The standards on right and left were 80 feet high, and the central panel, with the inscription, was 32 feet wide, with letters 3 feet high. Above this panel was a bas-relief of the Queen in bronze, framed in cartouche, the whole surmounted by the Royal Coat of Arms and the Crown, the latter rising 80 feet from the road level.

The panels of the inscriptions, fourteen in number, were 42 feet wide, and under these, as well as in connection with the arches, were suspended garlands and wreaths. The main scheme was due to the fertile invention of Mr. Thomas Verity (whose experience of theatre decorations was of much value), assisted by Mr. R. Phené Spiers.

Piccadilly was gorgeously brilliant. Its mansions were elaborately dressed, so as to make them more pleasant to the eye than they are wont to look. The colours of the ladies' costumes in the stands, windows, and galleries were no small feature of the scene. The foliage of the trees in the Green Park afforded here a pleasant relief to the abundant display of colour which was almost oppressively dazzling in the vivid sunlight. Scarlet was the colour *par excellence*. One mansion was especially remarkable for its daring innovation on the prevailing tone. A platform in front was laid out with tastefully arranged plants, amongst which fuchsias were conspicuous, while several enormous Japanese umbrellas sheltered the happy spectators. A marble bust of the Queen embowered in flowers was attached to the pillars of the doorway. Festoons and bouquets of red and white roses were arranged all over the façade of this abode of taste and originality. We have from the *Times* a further description of the aspect of the Naval and Military Club, of Devonshire House, and of the residence of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Says the writer, referring to the first-mentioned building:—"Pall Mall and St. James's Street were gay with brightly upholstered stands, from which thousands of children and ladies in attire of every hue looked down upon the densely thronged thousands who filled the pavement and street to where the shimmering line of bayonets showed the military array guarding the gravelled pathway set apart for the procession."

The interest in the procession centered in that in which the Queen was the central figure. The State equipages, in which were the Kings and foreign Crown Princes were unfortunately closed, so that only a very fleeting glance could be obtained of them. The order and time of their going to the Abbey is stated in the Official Programme which is printed elsewhere. The Indian Princes, especially the majestic Holkar, made a great impression upon the myriad beholders. The colouring of their robes and turbans was striking enough, but the innumerable jewels with which they were bedecked made them moving masses of light, and they were the objects of delighted appreciation to hundreds of thousands of approving and applauding spectators. But, after all, though these preliminary proceedings were interesting and attractive enough, what the hearts of the multitudes were yearning after was the accord of cordial and heart greeting to the central figure of all, the great Queen-Empress. Therefore we will take our stand with the dense crowds who filled the Mall outside Buckingham Palace, where young Princes and Princesses, and it is even said the Queen herself, had come out on the balcony to look at it. Until the *arrêt* of their Queen appeared they were strangely silent, as if reserving all their store of vocal enthusiasm for one tremendous outburst. At length the time came when the longed-for spectacle presented itself. The great gates of Buckingham Palace turned upon their hinges for the exit of Her Majesty. Quick, loud voices of command are heard, the trumpets blare, the soldiery spring into rigid attitude of attention, and there issue forth scarlet outriders, then a band of officials of the Household, followed by the Headquarters Staff of the Army, among whom Lord Wolseley is prominent with shoulder-knots of white ribbon. These, and the

PICTURE BY MR. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., FROM THE ALBUM OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY THE ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY

THE PROCESSION OF INDIAN PRINCES PASSING IN FRONT OF THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, JUNE 21

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

HOME FROM THE PARK—THE JUBILEE MUG, JUNE 22

HARD WORK FOR THE AMBULANCE CORPS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE—A REFUGE FROM THE SUN, JUNE 21

carriages containing the suite, receive but slight notice. "Soon, however, to quote from a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, "interest intensifies and works up to the climax of the day. The young Princesses of the Royal Family are numerous enough to fill three carriages, which, being open, allow an uninterrupted view to thousands of curious and admiring eyes. Sooth to say, they are pleasant groups, and at sight of them men instinctively cheer. Loyal spring wakes louder as their cheers come into view—above all, as the bodyguard of Princes, seventeen strong, defile in all the splendour of rich uniforms and many decorations. 'The Prince,' looking hale and hearty, receives the homage that never fails him, but for once popular regard gives him a place after his Imperial brother-in-law, the German Crown Prince—a figure of extraordinary impressiveness, clad in the white and silver of Bismarck's Cuirassiers, carrying his Field Marshal's *bâton*, and, with his full beard and gallant bearing, suggesting the presence of some old-time hero. All eyes turn to the husband of our Princess Royal, and follow him as he passes on, looking every inch a man. The Queen! She comes next, after her illustrious bodyguard, in a carriage drawn by the historic cream-coloured horses—which are rarely used except on unusual circumstances—and having with her the German Crown Princess and the Princess of Wales. Her Majesty bows in a marked manner at the first shout of welcome reaches her, and passes slowly on in the full pomp and splendour of her Royalty, the impressiveness of which is but faintly shadowed by the detachment of swarthy Indian warriors riding in advance. This first meeting of Sovereign and people on Jubilee Day has an interest of its own, and appeals strongly to the imagination of those who witness it. All too soon, the historic procession disappears from view, but its progress can be marked by a roar of cheers sustained like the noise of Niagara. Once there is a momentary check at the gate where Princes ride by the Marquis of Lorne unseated him. Happily no harm results; the Marquis, escaping unhurt, quietly returns to the Palace, obtains a fresh steed, and makes for the Abbey down Birdcage Walk."

The escort of the Princes, of the sons and sons-in-law, the grandsons and grandsons-in-law, was singularly impressive, and warmly appreciated by the spectators all along the line of route. There was something that appealed at once to the heart of every man and woman worthy of the name, in the sight of the mother surrounded by her children and by their children, by the husbands of her children and of her grandchildren, all so highly placed. There was something grandly patriarchal about it. Right was many such an epithet in connection with a mother and Queen. Three abreast they came—seventeen in number—and in all the splendour of various military array. First came the grandsons of Her Majesty, amid whom Prince Albert Victor, in the uniform of the 10th Hussars was conspicuous; then Her Majesty's sons-in-law, the Crown Prince of Germany, Prince Christian, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and Prince Henry of Battenberg; and lastly, the Prince of Wales, wearing a Field-Marshal's uniform, and riding a splendid chestnut charger, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught. It was when the Marquis of Lorne fell from his horse that the Prince of Wales showed himself the kindly good-hearted English gentleman he is. His Royal Highness turned, and, as the husband of the Princess Louise rose from the ground, shook him warmly by the hand.

A writer in the *Times* thus describes the appearance of the Queen at the moment when her equipage turned to mount the slope of Constitution Hill:—

"Her Majesty's face, not altogether free from an expression of anxiety easily to be understood in a Sovereign so thoroughly capable of appreciating the momentous significance of the ceremonial in which she was to take the principal part, loosened the voice of the assembly. Her white bonnet, a tribute to the exultant joy of her subjects, was regarded as a sign of especial goodwill; and she began her magnificent progress in the midst of a burst of loyal cheers, which became the continuous accompaniment of her route through the principal streets of the capital to the venerable Abbey which is the historic scene of Royal ceremonies. With her Majesty were the ever-popular Princess and the Crown Princess of Germany, both of whom were enthusiastically cheered; but it was manifest that the main interest of the assemblage was centred on the Sovereign herself, seated in State, receiving the Orders appertaining to her Royal and Imperial position, and engaged in celebrating with worthy pomp and majesty her righteous reign of half-a-century."

The thunder of the people's voice rolled slowly up Constitution Hill to swell on even into greater volume and force as the majestic *cortège* passed along Piccadilly. Everybody seemed to vie with everybody else as to who should acclaim the loudest. Handkerchiefs waved, faces beamed, and the air was rent with shoutings, repeated again and again. So the procession passed on through Piccadilly Circus, under those panels and arches described above and depicted in our illustration.

The scene in Waterloo Place when the Queen, with her cavalcade of Princes, passed that handsomely decorated open space is thus described by a descriptive reporter of the *Standard*:—

"The men shouted and waved their hats, the ladies their handkerchiefs, and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, some of the latter even attempted to encroach upon Englishmanhood's prerogative to cheer." Trafalgar Square sent up a mighty volume of greeting from the roof of the National Gallery and St. Martin's Church on the one side, away to the entrance to Northumberland Avenue and Parliament Street on the other. Here Her Majesty and her Royal relatives paid much attention as they passed to the five hundred boys of the Royal Naval School, who were drawn up near the base of Nelson's Column. The youngsters had come up at half-past ten. They had on straw hats, duck frocks, and blue trousers. Headed by their band they had marched up in columns of fours, and it was with no small difficulty that a way was made for them by the police through the densely packed masses. So the Royal Procession passed down to the Embankment, through the lofty piles which flank Northumberland Avenue, meeting ever the same enthusiastic reception, which was continued by the long-waiting folk who filled the vast spaces of the roadway by the Thames and of Parliament Square. In the vicinity of the Abbey some of the largest stands were erected, and here, too, the Queen received cordial greeting. At the great western entrance the *cortège* drew up, and Her Majesty was received by the Lord Chamberlain (the Earl of Lathom), and the Lord Steward, the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, and conducted to the Retiring Room, where she remained a short time before the procession was formed to walk up the Abbey.

IN THE ABBEY

MEANWHILE within the sacred edifice such an assemblage was gathered as has rarely met before under one roof. The arrangements for admitting the privileged to their seats were admirable, so that the filling of the vast edifice was carried through without a hitch.

Full directions on each card were given to each holder as to where he should find his place, and the nine thousand Kings, Princes, Envoys Ambassadors, and chosen representatives of all that is great and distinguished in a world-wide Empire, had no need to push or bustle to arrive at the places assigned to them.

"Look now straight before you from the rood-screen, through the choir into the chancel," says the *Daily Telegraph's* representative at the Abbey, "and to the sacrarium, and this is the sight unfolded to the view in the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster, on the morning of the Jubilee of the good Queen Victoria. Above the altar rise, one surmounting the other, two great galleries, which, from the shimmering brilliance of the ladies' summer toilletter, look like two great parterres of flowers; and above them the great east window is effulgent with dim religious light. It must be granted that these superposed galleries crowded with beholders somewhat dwarf and mar the reverent beauteousness of the altar, with its rich reredos of Venetian mosaic, a triumph of Salviati's cunning. It has been necessary, however, to utilise every inch of available space in the Abbey, and the apse, facing as it does the Throne, is manifestly a most convenient point of espial. On the altar itself shines the costly Communion plate, flanked by the 'dry lights' of the candlesticks with unlighted candles; and between the salvers, and flagons, and chalices are four splendid bouquets of lilies—a rare, if not unprecedented, detail of decoration in Westminster Abbey. To the right of the altar are the seats for the Kings and Sovereign Princes who are to be present at this great function. To the left are the places for the Primate of all England, the Northern Primate, the Bishop of London, the Dean of Westminster, and the Capitular Body. Directly under the lantern is the throne on which the Empress-Queen is to sit, her face to the Holy Table. On the seat of this chair of estate, and trailing to the ground, are placed the Royal robes which Her Majesty wore at the Coronation, and which, until the death of the wise and good Prince Consort, she always assumed when she opened the Session of Parliament, but which will deck her shoulders no more. A whisper travels that the ermine trimming of the sumptuous velvet mantle has grown very yellow."

The Peers and Commons of England are there in the seats. The bevy of Ambassadors and Foreign Special Envoys make a splendid show, all of them more or less gorgeously attired, with the exception of the Minister of the United States, who is in plain evening dress. To the right of the Throne sit the Kings and Queens, while the seats on the left are for the great dignitaries of the English Church. The Indian Princes are a very striking feature in the congregation. Many, perhaps none of them, had ever been in a Christian Church before, certainly never in one like this, and so splendidly fitted. The writer from whom we have quoted, thus describes the spectacle presented by the Eastern potentates:—

"The Maharajar Holkar of Indore, tall, dark, and determined-looking, superbly but quietly dressed, with a small ivory-coloured turban and white kid gloves, sits in his stall contemplating the scene, not with stolid apathy, but with calm and attentive serenity. The other Indian Princes show more animation, and enter into lively converse with the Europeans officers. There is another reason why the ladies are interested in and almost fascinated by the Indian visitors. Their apparel is of almost indescribable splendour, they literally blaze with jewels—caftans of crimson and green velvet, of blue and yellow satin, of brocaded silk and 'kincob,' gorgeously adorned with gold and silver embroidery and networks of splangles; turbans with cloth of silver and cloth of gold, or of rarest fabrics, with white peacock and bird of paradise plumes and diamond aigrettes. As for the gems, one Prince wears a necklace of immense flat rose diamonds, another a breast-plate of emeralds, cat'seyes, and brilliants, another a belt of rubies, while great stones of possibly fabulous value flash from their finger-rings and from the hilts of their scimitars. In this resplendent group one Oriental Princess attracts equal attention and admiration. The foundation of her tasteful toilette is grandly Oriental; but her coiffure in white lace is wholly European, and she wears long *gants de Suède* with twelve buttons, and then carries a handsome white feather fan, thus presenting a pretty combination of the 'Arabian Nights' and the Rue de la Paix. Other Oriental grandees have meanwhile been conducted to places across the choir. Yonder is high-peaked cap of black astrakhan, and military uniform with immense gold epaulettes, is his Highness Alim'n Nasr Mirza Hissan ul Sultaneh of Persia; and near him, in a costume in which yellow satin adorned with pearls predominates, is His Royal Higness the Prince Devawongse Varoprakar of Siam."

In this neighbourhood, too, might be seen the Prince Fouatsu of Japan, Queen Kapiolani, and the Princess Lilinokalani. Large numbers of foreign officers are present, and their varied and brilliant uniforms add further to the splendour of the great assembly. The Beefeaters and the Gentlemen-at-Arms line the path along the which the Queen is to advance. When we add to this, to quote the *Times*, the sumptuous carpeting of the nave and the Royal *dais* figured with the Cross of the Bath, and manufactured of the particular shade of crimson associated with that Order, the indigo blue of the stalls and benches of the Canons and Prebendaries, the snowy surplices of the choir, and the scarlet, blue, and gold of countless uniforms blended into one harmonious whole, together with the subdued light of the grand old shrine, we have a picture of rare and surpassing beauty.

Under the control of the accomplished organist of the Abbey the organ had already played the march from *Lohengrin*, given by desire of the Prince of Wales, the Pontifical march by Lemmens, and Boscher's "Marche des Templiers," while the great personages had been coming up the nave. Suddenly the march from Handel filled the pile with thunderous melody, and the strains of the National Anthem followed, telling the vast assembly that Her Majesty was rolling for the Abbey procession. At twenty-five minutes to one, from above the conductor's rostrum, so worthily filled by Dr. Bridge, the four State trumpeters, clad in livery of gold, and wearing on their heads jockey caps of black velvet, blew a ringing blast, which reverberated through "long-drawn aisle and fretted vault," upon their silver clarions.

The Queen had come. The procession which moved up the ancient Abbey of Edward the Confessor was one calculated to fascinate the eye and stir the imagination. Such ordered pomp and State, so full of historic association, so fraught with reverent suggestions, is scarcely possible to any Court than that of St. James's on those occasions when it is associating in some solemnity of the State Church. The representative of the daily press in the Abbey thus describes the progress to the Throne, on which for the first time the Queen was to sit since a maiden Queen of eighteen she was crowned there:—

"First the Minor Canons and the Residentiary Canons of Westminster, with their bedels carrying their silver-tipped staves. The Canons wear copes, the body of the vestments being of a brown hue shot with golden threads, but the hoods of pure cloth of gold. Then the Bishop of London, the Archbishop of York, the Dean of Westminster, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Dean Bradley wears a rich cope above his alb and his scarlet doctor's gown; the Archbishop's are habited in sumptuous dalmatics of purple velvet, elaborately worked with gold embroidery. To them succeed two heralds, Lancaster and Windsor, in blazoned tabards. A group of Court officials in full uniform follow. Then a bevy of Royal Princes in splendid military array, the rear brought up by the Prince Imperial of Germany, the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, and the Prince of Wales, the Heir Apparent being in the uniform of a Field Marshal. This is a Collar Day, and every King, Prince, nobleman, and gentleman enrolled in the British orders of knighthood wears his full chivalric insignia. Now comes Garter King of Arms. Sir Albert Woods is bravely tabarded, and carries doubtless his "wande" or truncheon of heraldic supremacy; but to all appearance he is without his crown. Garter is followed by the Lord Steward and Lord Chamberlain, the latter carrying his wand of office, and walking, as Lord Chamberlain must do when they are the harbingers of the Majesty of England, backwards. The Earl of Lathom accomplishes his difficult feat of pedestrianism very deftly and gracefully as he immediately precedes Her Majesty the Queen, who enters the choir to the sonorously pealing forth by the organ of the National Anthem. Our beloved Sovereign is not followed by the Yeomen of the Guard. The 'Beefeaters' in their quaint Tudor garb—their scarlet doublets, embroidered back and front with the Royal crown and cipher in gold, their trunk hose, their ruffs and rosetted shoes, their low-crowned hats encircled by the white and red roses of the Houses of York and Lancaster, and their tasselled partisans—remain, with the Gentlemen-at-Arms, in the nave, which they line. The Queen is accompanied only by her children and her children's children, and attended by her Great Officers of State. Her Majesty, who looks remarkably well, and whose countenance literally beams with happiness, is clad in mourning; but she wears the insignia of many Orders, and her headdress of white lace is more of a coiffure than a bonnet. As she passes up the choir into the chancel, and on to the *dais*, she makes gracious and graceful inclinations to the spectators on either side. Conducted by the Lord Chamberlain to her throne, she first makes a reverent obeisance to the altar. She then seats herself; and until the service is concluded she will be invisible to the prodigious concourse of her loyal subjects in the choir; but her offspring on either side, and the clergy and the Kings in the sacrarium, will not cease to see her."

Elsewhere we have given the order of the Queen's approach to the far-famed Coronation Chair, in which she now sat, with her back to the audience.

Arrived at the Royal *dais* the groups of Princes and Princesses dispose themselves respectively to the right and left of the Queen, facing the altar, and with this arrangement the picture is complete. A noble picture it is. In the centre of the *dais* sits the Queen; the members of her family are grouped beside and behind her in the following order, reckoning in each case from left to right.

To the right:—

The Prince of Wales.	The Crown Prince of Germany.	The Grand Duke of Hesse.
The Prince William of Prussia.	The Duke of Edinburgh.	The Duke of Connaught.

The Grand Duke Serge of Russia.	The Prince Albert Victor of Wales.	The Prince Henry of Prussia.	The Prince George of Wales.
The Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.	The Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse.	The Prince Henry of Battenberg.	The Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen.
The Marquis of Lorne.	The Prince Louis of Battenberg.	The Prince Alfred of Edinburgh.	The Prince Christian Victor.

To the left:—

The Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.	The Princess of Wales.	The Crown Princess of Germany.

The Duchess of Edinburgh. | The Princess Beatrice Princess Henry of Battenberg. | The Princess Louise Marchioness of Lorne.

The Princess William of Prussia. | The Grand Duchess Elizabeth. | The Duchess of Albany. | The Duchess of Connaught.

The Princess Louis of Battenberg. | The Princess Louise of Wales. | The Princess Victoria of Prussia. | The Hereditary Princess of Saxe Meiningen.

The Princess Arthur of Hesse. | The Princess Maud of Wales. | The Princess Sophia of Prussia. | The Princess Victoria of Wales.

The Princess Margaret of Hohenzollern. | The Princess Victoria of Hohenzollern. | The Mistress of the Robes.

In front, with the exception of the Kings and Princes assembled in honour of the occasion, all are ranged on either side of the altar, facing it.

To the right :—

Prince George of Greece.
The Infante Antonio de Orleans.

The Princess Louis Jocham. | The Duke of Aosta.

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. | The Crown Prince of Greece.

The Crown Prince of Portugal.

The Crown Prince of Sweden.

The Queen of Hawaii. | The Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

The King of Saxony.

The Queen of the Belgians. | The King of the Belgians.

The King of the Hellenes.

The King of Denmark.

To the left :—

The Grand Duke Alexis Nicolaievitch Romanoff.

The Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia. | The Princess Philip Augustus Count of Paris.

The Prince Komatsu of Japan. | The Princess Louis Napoleon Count of Paris.

The Prince of Hohenlohe Langenburg.

The Hereditary Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

The Prince Ludwig of Baden. | The Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

The Hereditary Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. | The Infanta Eulalia.

The Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar. | The Crown Princess of Roumania.

The Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. | The Crown Princess of Portugal.

The Prince Ludwig of Bavaria.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

"Lend them," says a spectator of the scene, "to the accompaniment of organ and the trumpet and drum, looks forth three hundred voices, chanting, 'We praise Thee, O God,' and not the assembled thousands alone, but the arches itself, the walls, the stone, the arches, the very light that streamed through the coloured windows, seemed to join in singing that well-known *Te Deum*, that hymn of thanksgiving and praise for the fifty years of prosperity and happiness covered by the golden reign of Victoria the Good."

The service throughout was entirely musical. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Westminster, and the Bishop of London officiated. As a "thanksgiving and prayer" it is appropriately simple, with special music, partly selected by the Queen from the compositions of the late Prince Consort, partly composed and arranged for the occasion by Dr. Bridge, and rendered by a choir of three hundred voices recruited from all the Chapels Royal, St. Paul's, and other churches) and by the great organ of the Abbey, with the support of brass and drums. After a blessing upon the Queen has been asked in the shape of prayers and responses, the *Te Deum laudamus* of the late Prince Consort is performed, and proves to be an impressive work, simple in the execution, originally written for soli, chorus, and orchestra, but adapted by Sir Frederick and Jessie Ayland loss of effect. If it is the key of C, and is written in a solemn, and at the same time ceremonial, style, well adapted to the character of the words. Short soli are interspersed with the chorus, but upon the latter the chief burden of the work lies. Three special prayers are subsequently pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the terms printed below.

ALMIGHTY God, we humbly offer unto Thy Divine Majesty our prayers and hearty thanksgivings for our gracious sovereign lady, Queen Victoria, unto whom Thou hast graciously fulfilled full fifty years of sovereignty. We praise Thee that through Thy grace the hath kept the strength Thou gavest her in the day when Thou didst set the crown upon her head, bidding her "to do justice, stay the growth of iniquity, and protect the Holy Church of God; to help and befriend widows and orphans, to restore the things gone to decay; maintain the things that are restored; punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order; to keep the Royal law and lively oracles of God." We bless Thee that Thou hast heard through sorrow and through joy our prayer that she should always pursue the hearts of her people. And we humbly pray Thee that in the years to come she may rejoice in Thy strength; and, at the appointed time, have her entire hope Thine immortal kingdom. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ALMIGHTY God, who didst call Thy servant Victoria, our Queen, as at this time to the Throne of her ancestors in the providence of this realm; we yield Thee humble thanks for the abundance of dominion wherewith Thou hast crushed and enlarged her Empire, and for the love of her in which Thou hast knit together in one the hearts of many nations. We praise Thee for the rich increase of knowledge, with power for the spreading of truth and faith in her times; and for those all glorious works of peace. And humbly we beseech Thee that, guaranteeing both civil freedom and religious interest, and being protected from tumultuous and dishonest from all evil, the unnumbered peoples of her heritage may serve Thee, bearing one another's burdens and advancing continually in Thy perfect law of liberty, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O LORD our God, who upholdest and preservest all things in heaven and earth, receive our humble prayers with our hearty thanksgivings for our Sovereign Lady Victoria, as unto day by day over us Thy grace and providence for our Queen, and be together with her sons, Albert Edward Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family, that they all, ever trusting in Thy goodness, protected by Thy power, and crowned with Thy grace and heavenly favour, may continue before Thee in health, peace, joy, and honour, and live long and happy lives upon earth, and after death may obtain everlasting life and glory in the Kingdom of Heaven, by the merits and mediation of Christ Jesus our Saviour, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth ever one God, world without end. Amen.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who had read the prayers, while the Dean of Westminster read the lessons, preached the Benediction. Here a very pathetic and touching scene occurred. Her Majesty had been much moved during the service, and now the Princess and Princesses of the Royal Family advanced to the Coronation Chair, lent the Lord, and kissed the hand of Her Majesty, who rose and embraced each affectionately, even calling back for that purpose the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Crown Prince of Germany, who at first had only kissed the Royal hand. Then the Stately pageant moved away under the glorious roof-screen Down up the great doors, once more to pass through the patiently-waiting throngs who were as closely packed as ever in the streets and thoroughfares of the world's metropolis. On the return to Buckingham Palace the route by through Parliament Street, Pall Mall West, and St. James's Street, the Life two avenues splendid in upholstery, in flags and flowers.

DRESSES AT THE ABBEY

THE *Daily Telegraph*, describing some of the dresses worn at Westminster Abbey on Jubilee Day, says: "The Crown Princess of Germany and Prussia wears a green silk, of which is of silver and gold embroidery in a Turkish design, wrought with and silver and gold thread. The train is of pale French-grey corded silk, and. At each side it is folded back from the embroidered front, and held with a loop or two of its own material. The front is gracefully tied with knots and long ends of dark olive-green velvet. The bodice, made high to the throat, is of silk, with a vest of the embroidery bordered narrowly with the olive-green velvet. The bonnet is of the same embroidery to the front of the dress, and trimmed with grey tulle and olive-velvet ribbon. Princess Christian's dress is also grey, with a front of gold brocade, draped over white silk. Princess Beatrice wears a shade of pink, which is the same as that of the little nodded leaves of a tea-rose near the heart of the flower. The material is brocade of a kind soft rather than stiff, so that it takes pretty and natural-looking folds. One side of the front is veiled with white silk lace, embroidered with white silk. Beside this, the bonnet is turned over, showing a lining of dark-green coloured velvet. The bottom of the dress, with a little loose fresh-looking vest of embroidered lace, and bows of the dark velvet.

"The Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting wear all black or else mingled white with black. The Duchess of Buccleuch's gown is made, with the exception of a slight relief of jet-embroidered satin in front, entirely of alternately striped black plush and black silk gauze, studded thickly over with red jet. The Countess of Rosebery wears a thin of black brocade gauze over white silk, with a front of white silk, draped with old black lace. The Honourable Mrs. Ferguson's train is of very beautiful striped satin and moiré. The sides are of white moiré, bordered with jet and the front of embroidery on black silk lace. The sides cross front white, giving a pretty look of slanted white moiré veiled with old Venetian point lace. Amongst the dresses of the persons that of the Duchess of Buccleuch will stand out for softness and grandeur of colour. It is of velvet of a shade called royal purple, and trimmed with antique Malines lace. The Duchess's bonnet is of the same velvet, with a touch of the lace to make it in harmony with the dress. Her Grace of Montrose wears a dress of white and gold moiré. It is white in front with narrow decoping flounces of embroidered lace. The train at each side is wrought with gold shaded rose grey silk in a chevron embroidery design. The train is made with a vest of the same embroidery, and her Grace's bonnet is a triumph of taste and skill in lace and gold. Yet another Duchess in the grey, which no belle save that from a group of countess diamonds rises. The Duchess of Sutherland wears a Princess robe of very handsome pearl grey moiré, the front being slightly draped with jetted gauze, in which various lines of black velvet ribbon are inserted. The whole costume is elegant. The Marchioness of Dunmore keeps up the traditions of her name in dress worthy of a most stylish mingling of pale-blue silk, shimmering in China, and black Chantilly lace.

"Lady Shuttleworth wears a rich, yet grey-and-white moiré dress with a white vest of soft silk, and a grey velvet bonnet matching the darker shade of the brocade. Lady Hamilton's dress is of a tone of grey so pale that at some lights it looks white. It is striped with a shining satin in different widths so thickly that the whole material is hardly visible except for the lovely look it gives to the whole gown. Lady Frances Hoare-Dyke's dress is exceedingly pretty. It is of alternate stripes of brocade coloured silk grenat and fawn coloured corded silk, the latter worked in fawn-coloured silk, with a touch of strawberries in velvet and silk. Lady Rothwell wears a dress of grey satin, with a front of the same, trimmed with antique Greek lace. Lady Cardigan is in grey silk, with a front of much paler tone closely covered with embroidery in antique silver and several shades of the now universally favoured grey. Lady Edith Ashley wears dress of black silk and embroidery, and grey velvet. The Dowager Lady Down is in dove stone green corded silk, contrasted with two panels of striped embroidery on a pale lime-green ground, the design of which is outlined in white and green jet. The dress of Lady Lindsay of Balcarres is a grey shimmering summer. The train is of striped white moiré and satin, bordered

THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN—ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY ON THE DAIS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 21

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Which dearly do we love to trace;
As welcome as the flowers in May,
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As welcome as the wild bird's song,
Which greets us as we go along;
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And give both confidence and rest;
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And help the system in its course;
Perhaps you've ate or drank too much,
It will restore like magic touch.
Depression, with its fearful sway,
It drives electric-like away;
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What effects a perfect cure?
Why, Eno's famous Fruit Salt!

Free from Danger, free from harm,
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At any time a dainty draught,
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"Thou art above all gold and treasure! 'Tis thou who enlargest the soul, and openest all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for! and he who is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

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